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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS

TO

HIS GODSON

Collotype. *Oxford University Press.*

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Engraved from an original Picture painted by Gainsborough, in the possession of the Family.

UNIV. OF MICH.

LETTERS

OF

PHILIP DORMER

FOURTH

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

TO

HIS GODSON AND SUCCESSOR

Edited from the Originals, with a Memoir of Lord Chesterfield

BY

THE EARL OF CARNARVON

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Oxford
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
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My Dear Porchester,

Knowing the great interest which you have taken in these Letters, I desire now to inscribe your name on the first page, and to connect you with their publication.

Apart from my wish and my pleasure in thus associating our names, I feel that it is all the more appropriate that these Letters should now, after the lapse of more than a century, be dedicated to you, the great-grandson of Philip Stanhope—the godson of the great Lord Chesterfield.

To you then, my successor and his, I affectionately dedicate this volume.

Carnarvon.

September, 1889.

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MEMOIR OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

THERE have been many lives and sketches of Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, and I do not propose here to re-write them; but in giving to the world the MSS., which by a fortunate accident have been preserved from destruction or oblivion, I think it may be well to recall some of the characteristics of a great Eighteenth Century statesman, and briefly to indicate the new light in which these letters, written within a few years of his death, seem to reveal him. During the whole reign of George II, Lord Chesterfield was so prominent a figure at Court, in Society, and in Politics; he lived so much in the full sight of his contemporaries, as he still lives in every history or biography of the period; that few of the leading men of his age better deserve a careful consideration. He was certainly no ordinary reflection of his own time, but a marked individuality. Yet in the histories and biographies of his period he appears rather as a striking figure than as a man of human affections, passions, prejudices. His great contemporaries, Walpole, Bolingbroke, Pitt, fascinate us as much by their marked peculiarities of character as by their mental power; but Lord Chesterfield has mainly attracted modern interest by the cold glitter of his intellect. "His

delicate but fastidious taste, his low moral principle, his hard, keen, and worldly wisdom[1]," is the concise and, from the general point of view, the not unfair summary of his character; but these letters to his Godson and heir place him, I think, in a somewhat new light, and show that private sorrows and public disappointments, and the heavy hand of age, and still more the natural kindliness of temper, which had been concealed under the polish of society, had led him in the sunset of life to a somewhat different estimate of right and wrong from that which he once professed.

Lord Chesterfield's lot was cast in a critical and a very interesting period of English History. That period represents the establishment of the new dynasty, the real creation of our Parliamentary system and the rise of a brilliant literature, which, with many modifications but with no essential break, has flowed down continuously to our own times; and in each and all of these great incidents he played a conspicuous part. It was a long life. He began it with George I, he ended it under the great-grandson of George I. In early youth, and in the house of his grandmother, Lady Halifax, he had known Danby and Montagu, the statesmen of the Revolution; on one occasion he saw Richard Cromwell, then an old man, give evidence in a court of law before Chief Justice Holt[2]. He lived through two quarrels with two Princes of Wales; he acted either with or against all the great public men of that day—Bolingbroke, Walpole, Pulteney, Carteret, Pitt; he was intimate with all the greatest men of letters, with Addison, Swift, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Johnson; he knew Algarotti, Montesquieu,

[1] Lecky's Hist. of England, i. 379.

[2] Miscell. Works of Lord Chesterfield, and Memoir of his Life, by M. Maty, M.D., i. p. 9.

and Voltaire; he lived long enough into the reign of George III to see him victorious in his struggle with the Whig aristocracy—long enough to witness the beginning of his fatal contest with the thirteen Colonies of America; he foretold the French Revolution when the cloud was not bigger than a man's hand; he foresaw that the kingdom of Poland was on the verge of extinction; he anticipated the fall of Papal temporalities; he was the centre of fashion in England, and was well acquainted with foreign society; he was an acknowledged chief in the world of letters, whilst in politics he played his part as a successful diplomatist and an eminent administrator. He possessed all the honours that he cared for; when he retired from public life it was by his own choice; when again for a short time he re-appeared on the public stage it was only to render a great service to the country; and when he finally said farewell to all public life he knew how to withdraw with dignity to his books, his friends, and his stately mansion, retaining his mental faculties and his habitual courtesies up to death.

Let me briefly recall the leading events of the time. William III died in 1702, and Anne succeeded to his throne, but not to his Whig Parliament; her strong Tory sympathies and the general feeling of the country enabled her to reconstitute her ministry in the sense that she desired; and the first Parliament that was summoned in 1702 was emphatically Tory. Gradually, however, under the influence of Marlborough, of a great war, and of splendid national triumphs, the Tory elements in the Cabinet were eliminated; and when in 1705 another General Election took place, the Whig triumph was complete. The feeling of the country went with the matchless general who was winning laurels

for England such as had been for many generations unknown, and the remaining Tories were gradually driven out of the composite Cabinet. Higher and higher the wave of Whig success rose, till the next General Election of 1708 seemed to have perfected their ascendency. But, as often happens in politics, this great triumph only preluded the coming overthrow. The Queen was now bitterly alienated. Her old love and gratitude to the Tories, for a time restrained by the influence of her favourite, had returned; Marlborough's ambition had alarmed some; the fears of the clergy had moved others; and a sermon of Dr. Sacheverell's—the foolish discourse of a foolish clergyman, as it has been called, but nevertheless as strange a story as English politics have ever chronicled—told heavily upon the constituencies.

The General Election of 1710 resulted in a crushing defeat of the Whigs; in the dismissal of their leaders from the Government; and in the uncontrolled ascendency of a Tory administration for the next four years. But with those four years the sun of Tory rule set for more than forty years, and the long night of their discontent remained unbroken for more than a generation.

Bolingbroke wrote to Atterbury that the sorrow of his soul was that the Tory party was at an end; and so far as he was concerned he was right, for though he returned from exile in 1723, he did not live to see the creation of the new Toryism under George III.

But it was a critical time. A disputed title, a foreign prince, two opposite factions resolutely bent on each other's destruction, invasions from without, open and secret conspiracies from within, an unsettled peace, a treasury exhausted, and the apprehensions of national bankruptcy were the condi-

tions with which the English Government had to deal through the reign of George I[1]. In the same year that Atterbury went into exile Bolingbroke returned from banishment, but he found in power one whom not even his remarkable genius could unseat; and who, with many faults, was amongst the greatest and ablest of English statesmen. For more than twenty years Walpole by consummate capacity, single-handed, upheld his government, and for nearly the whole period preserved peace to England; and when he fell in 1742, by a combination of parties and politicians, he left no real successor. Amid many mediocrities there were but few statesmen to govern and guide the fortunes of the country, till in 1757, under the nominal headship of the Duke of Newcastle, the genius of Pitt restored confidence at home and created an Empire abroad. The closing years of George II were lit up by these splendid successes; but by that time Lord Chesterfield had ceased to take an active part in politics. His famous speech on the Reform of the Calendar was made in 1751, and his last public act in reconciling Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle was in 1757. In 1760 George III came to the throne, and Pitt was driven from office to make room for Lord Bute; and then followed a period of domestic factions and foreign misfortunes—Wilkes and the *North Briton*; Junius and his letters; the narrow obstinacy of George Grenville and the equally narrow obstinacy of the King; the mysterious illness of Lord Chatham; the fanaticism of Lord George Gordon; the loss of the thirteen Colonies and the accumulation of troubles—till in 1784 the younger Pitt opened a new chapter in our national history.

All this has been abundantly described, and if I now

[1] See Dr. Maty's Mem. of Lord Chesterfield, i. 34.

recall it in a few sentences, it is to mark the limits within which the principal events of Lord Chesterfield's career can be confined. He was born in London on September 22, 1694, and in 1712 he entered at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Two years afterwards he laid the foundation of his acquaintance with foreign society by visiting first the Hague—where some years later he played an important part as a diplomatist—and afterwards Paris; but in the following year, 1715, a career was opened to him through his relation, General (afterwards Lord) Stanhope, then high in office. He became Gentleman of the Bed Chamber to the Prince of Wales, and he entered the House of Commons as member for the now extinct borough of St. Germans. Like Charles Fox, he made his first speech while still under age; but when reminded of it, he at once left the House and the country, and went to Paris, till the possible trouble had blown over. In the following year the quarrel between the King and the Prince of Wales—a quarrel which was to be re-enacted in the two next generations—broke out. Lord Chesterfield sided with the Prince, though continuing to hold a respectful position as regards the King; and he retained such relations with the Court that in 1723 he was made Captain of the Guard, and in 1725, on the revival of the Order of the Bath, he was offered the red riband, which he declined.

In 1726 his father, the third Earl, whose ungenial disposition had done little to form or help his son[1], died, and he succeeded to the title by which he is known, and in the following year the King's death seemed to open to the young Lord

[1] "My father," he says in a letter to his son, "was neither desirous nor able to advise me." Dr. Maty's Mem. of Lord Chesterfield, i. 270.

Chesterfield high promotion in England. But, whatever the cause, he was not treated with much favour. Instead of receiving any office at home, he was sent as Ambassador to the Hague; where having with his habitual prudence surrounded himself with competent advisers, he remained popular, successful, and somewhat extravagant till the year 1732. During that time, however, he accepted the Garter and became Lord Steward, though he did not long retain this office; for his support was too independent and uncertain to please a minister who was said to require in his followers "a supple and inoffensive disposition[1]," and who certainly was always intolerant of all independence or rivalry. In 1733 he opposed Walpole's famous Excise scheme and was summarily dismissed from office[2], carrying with him into Opposition an antagonism which for many years made him one of Walpole's most powerful opponents.

His dismissal from office was so characteristic of the time, and of all parties concerned, that it may be told in somewhat more detail. On 11th April, the Government abandoned the Excise Bill; and on the 13th, Lord Chesterfield was visited with the Royal displeasure for his opposition to the bill. That day as he was coming from the House of Lords in the company of his intimate friend Lord Scarborough, and was walking up the great stairs at St. James', he was stopped by a servant of the Duke of Grafton, who said that the Duke had that morning been at Lord Chesterfield's house desiring to see him on a matter of importance. Lord Chesterfield, as his chariot was not ready, was taken home by his friend and immediately followed by the Duke of Grafton, who informed him that he came by the King's command to require the

[1] Lord Stanhope, Hist. of England, ii. 125. [2] Ibid. 169.

surrender of his white staff. Lord Chesterfield requested the Duke to assure the King that he was ready to make any sacrifice for His Majesty's service except that of his honour and conscience, and immediately complied with the demand. But this message did not restore peace between him and his Royal Master; for when Lord Chesterfield took the first opportunity of paying his respects he was so ill received that he did not again appear at Court till the necessities of the time occasioned his recall[1].

It was now that he married Melusina de Schulemberg, nominally the niece of the Duchess of Kendal, the Maypole as she was somewhat irreverently called by the wags of the day—of which marriage it is enough to say that it was apparently as little happy from a domestic as it was of value from a political point of view. "The Duchess of Kendal is dead," said Horace Walpole in 1743, "eighty-five years old. Her riches were immense, but I believe that my Lord Chesterfield will get nothing by her death, but his wife[2]." And "his wife" was not a great legacy. Her name rarely occurs in any of Lord Chesterfield's letters, and for some time they lived in two separate houses in Grosvenor Square. The marriage did not draw him into closer connection with the King's Government, whatever influence it may have had on his personal relations with the King; for during the next eight or nine years he was acting in hostility—and sometimes bitter hostility—to the Government. During the latter part

[1] Dr. Maty's Mem., i. 66.

[2] H. Walpole's Correspondence, i. 245. Melusina was supposed to be the daughter of George I, and was created by him Baroness of Aldborough and Countess of Walsingham in 1722. Mrs. Oliphant, in a very interesting and graceful sketch of Lord Chesterfield, says that her name does not occur half a dozen times in his correspondence. Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II, i. 161.

of this period he was frequently in alliance with Lord Carteret; but when in 1742 Lord Carteret succeeded to the real, though not the nominal leadership, of the new administration, Lord Chesterfield did not join him. On the contrary, as he had formerly assailed Walpole, so now he denounced with equal vehemence Walpole's successor; and in his private letters two years later his dislike of Carteret and Pulteney—the "two lords" as he calls them, and as they had then become—is constantly declared in very forcible language. This dislike indeed appears to have grown rather than to have decreased. In May, 1745, when he was established as Viceroy in Ireland, and when political intrigue was, as usual, busy in London, he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle: "The Prince, Lord Granville and Company, neither can nor will support you. They want the power as well as the places, whereas my friends in the opposition only want the places without being or meaning to be your rivals in power[1]." But Lord Carteret's rule was a short one; and, when out-manœuvred by the Duke of Newcastle he was compelled to resign, Lord Chesterfield, as one of the leaders of the coalition, or broad-bottomed party as it was termed, came in. But before he entered on his short viceroyalty in Ireland, he undertook another brief mission to the Hague to concert military operations with the Dutch Government. His work there was eminently successful, and on its completion he undertook the government of a country, which then, as afterwards, in its unhappiness and discontent was the perplexity of English statesmen, but in which his name stands

[1] Newcastle Correspondence in the British Museum. Lord Carteret had by that time become Lord Granville, as Pulteney had become Lord Bath.

pre-eminent for clear wisdom and administrative capacity. He entered upon and he closed his task with scant royal favour to cheer him. "You have received your instructions, my Lord," were the only words which were vouchsafed him by the King[1]; and when on his return from Ireland he might naturally have anticipated some royal recognition of an eminently successful administration, he wrote on the 24th of April, 1746, to the Duke of Newcastle: "For many reasons I think it would be better that I should kiss the King's hand at his levee than go into the closet; therefore, pray let it be so, and don't endeavour to facilitate or procure a private reception for me, which can have no good and may have some silly effect[2]"—a curious illustration of the relations of English sovereigns and their best servants at that time. For a brief period Ireland had rest under his sensible and impartial rule.

In 1746 he was recalled to England, became Secretary of State, attempted—as was the object of every contemporary statesman—to guide and influence the King through the lower agencies of Court favouritism, and when worsted, as was natural, by old schemers in this ignoble competition, he resigned. But he resigned with dignity. "The post I was in," he says, "though the object of most people's views and desires, was in some degree inflicted on me[3];" and his conduct was in conformity with his words. The King—who had regarded him with coldness, if not with aversion, from his anti-Hanoverian policy, his connection with the Duchess of Kendal, and some questions of property arising under the will of George I, perhaps also from recol-

[1] Dr. Maty's Mem. of Lord Chesterfield, i. 38.
[2] Newcastle Correspondence in the British Museum.
[3] Letters to his Son, Lord Stanhope's edition, vol. i. 56.

lections of the part which he had taken in the old family quarrel—now parted from him with apparent regret, and offered him a dukedom; which, with his usual good sense, he declined.

In great and small things alike he seems to have made his influence felt; and during the anxieties of 1745, when a Scottish army had marched to Derby and the Dynasty in England was tottering, Ireland remained absolutely quiet. He neglected no precaution, whilst he ridiculed the panic-stricken counsels of violent partisans, and he showed so fair and reasonable a temper in his dealings with the Roman Catholic population that he inspired them with confidence in his impartiality and goodwill. When one morning he was informed that the people of Connaught were rising, he looked at his watch and with composure replied, "It is nine o'clock, and certainly time for them to rise; I therefore believe your news to be true[1]"; and when at the close of his Viceroyalty he said farewell to Ireland, persons of all ranks and religions followed him to the water's edge praising and blessing and entreating him to return. No ruler was ever more easy of access, more free from the least shadow of corruption, more ready to reward merit, more indulgent when indulgence was safe, more firm when firmness was necessary. "Sir," he said to an agent of the Pretender, "I do not wish to inquire whether you have any particular employment in this kingdom, but I know you have great influence among those of your persuasion. I have sent for you to exhort them to be peaceable and quiet. If they behave like faithful subjects they shall be treated as such, but if they act in a

[1] Dr. Maty's Mem. of Lord Chesterfield, i. p. 320.

different manner I shall be worse to them than Cromwell[1]." On another occasion, when at variance with the lawyers—perhaps not less difficult to deal with, though in a different way, than Popish recusants—he said to the Master of the Rolls, with whom some dispute had arisen: "Master, you must do the King's business or be turned out of your office, and if you are, I shall not do with you as they do in England, for you shall never come in again as long as I have any power." To him might be applied, though in a somewhat different sense from that of the original passage, "consilio neque lingua neque manus deerat."

And yet in this very eventful period of his public life there is so curious a contrast to his ordinarily measured language and moderate action that I am bound at least to record if not to explain it; and all the more that it has never been noticed. It is perhaps one of those cases where a man of a generally balanced and even temper allows himself an extravagant license in speech upon a subject beyond his own sphere of action and responsibility, and writes or talks in a fashion wholly at variance with his ordinary practice. Whilst singularly moderate and lenient in the Ireland which he was governing, he places no restraint on his language with regard to the distant Scotland, which was in the throes of rebellion. No expedient is too stern to "clean out that sink of rebellion;" no measures of fire and sword and confiscation are too ruthless, no counsels of severity were ever more unrelenting than those which he addresses to the Home Government. "Recall," he writes in a private letter to the Duke of Newcastle, "your Scottish

[1] There is a private letter from him dated 24 October, 1745, in the Newcastle Correspondence in the British Museum, and written from Ireland to the Duke of Newcastle, in which he uses nearly the same language.

heroes, starve the whole country indiscriminately by your ships, put a price upon the heads of the chiefs, and let the Duke put all to fire and sword[1]." Again he says to the same correspondent with still greater deliberation: "I make no difficulty of declaring my opinion that the Commander in Chief should be ordered to give no quarter, but to pursue and destroy the rebels wherever he finds them[2]." He does not even scruple to recommend those barbarous methods which were common after Monmouth's rebellion, and which as a matter of fact were adopted in 1746, and to say, "Were I to direct, I would have a short Act of Parliament for the transporting to the West Indies every man concerned in the Rebellion, and give a reward for every one that should be apprehended[3]."

The letters which I am now quoting have never, as far as I know, been published. They lie buried in volumes of very interesting political correspondence in the British Museum; and it is astounding to read such words in Lord Chesterfield's handwriting. But perhaps he himself furnishes the key to his own intemperate advice; for on another occasion he says, "I own I cannot keep my temper when I reflect that twice within my time a country by which England can never be benefitted should have put England to such expense and trouble[4]." Even after making allowance for the effect which two rebellions within thirty years had produced upon his mind, and for a far greater severity of judgment in the Eighteenth Century than is sanctioned by our milder code of political morality, it is difficult to believe that we are reading the words of one and the same man, who governed Ireland so

[1] 20 March, 174⅝. Newcastle Correspondence in the British Museum.
[2] Ibid., 29 Sept., 1745. [3] Ibid., 5 Oct., 1745. [4] Ibid., 2 Nov., 1745.

wisely and leniently, and who would, if he could, have crushed Scotland so remorselessly. It is a remarkable illustration of the contradictory natures which can cohere in the same individual, and a not less striking warning to politicians—if politicians were capable of being warned by the teachings of History—how the national hatreds and antipathies of one generation can be succeeded by the opposite feelings in the next.

His Irish administration was signally successful, and after the lapse of nearly a century and a half his Viceroyalty is still remembered with gratitude; but Dublin was a poor substitute for St. James'. "I pity you all," he says, in September, 1745, when writing on domestic politics to the Duke of Newcastle, "but pray pity me a little too, who am as much plagued with little business as you can be with great. For though here are no parties of Whigs and Tories, no formed opposition, yet every connexion, nay almost every family, expects to govern, or means to distress if they cannot govern, the Lord Lieutenant."—"The drudgery here," he writes, a few months later, "is uninterrupted and intolerable to one naturally so lazy as I am[1]." And, "The rest of my stay here shall be as short as I can possibly make it, though it cannot be half so short as I wish it[2]." But the party squabbles and the parliamentary wrangles, the intrigues for pensions and places, the chaplains who wanted to be bishops, the bishops who wanted to be translated, the utter inability to obtain from the Home Government support or help, form the smaller part of his private correspondence. A larger portion of it is devoted to the foreign politics with

[1] 11 January, 1746. Newcastle Correspondence; British Museum MSS.
[2] Ibid., 18 February, 1746.

which he was familiar, or the ministerial struggles at home; which, if morally not much nobler than their Irish counterparts, were on a larger and a more important scale. In these private and unreserved letters his distrust of the King whom he considers hostile to himself, his dislike to Frederick, then Prince of Wales,—"Young Master," as he calls him, and whose character he thus tersely sums up:—"I know him better than you do and I know he has neither love nor hatred in his temper, and those who are the worst with him to-day are as likely, as those who are the best, to be well with him to-morrow[1]," his aversion to the "two Lords"—Bath and Granville—who were at this time acting together, and his distrust of Mr. Pitt—all these feelings are described with force and freshness. Occasionally his advice is characteristic both of the man and the times:—"some public brand," he says, "should be put upon Granville and his followers before the meeting of Parliament, the Finches turned out, garters properly disposed of;" or again, when writing to the Duke of Newcastle in February, 1746, he says:—"You must be called for again and upon your own terms. When that day comes and I think it cannot be far off, point de foiblesse humaine point de quartier, I beseech you; and let no ill-timed decency, candour, levity, or heroism weaken or spoil the best and most solid settlement of an administration that it was ever in people's power to form—in short don't be subjectum lenis in hostem[2]."

In this rather fiery and uncompromising phraseology there is the same ring as in the counsels which he gave on Scotch affairs and which I have already quoted. In both cases he

[1] 11 January, 1746. Newcastle Correspondence; British Museum MSS.
[2] Ibid., 18 February, 1746.

wrote from Ireland, and the anxieties of a stormy time seem to be reflected in the language of his correspondence; but in all or almost all other periods of his life his words and acts were of the measured type that I have described. When he retired from Office in 1748 he virtually ceased to engage in the war of politics, and true to the Horatian inscription[1] that he put up in the library of the new and stately house which he had just built, and which, though it has passed into stranger hands, still bears his name, he gave himself up to the books and the society which he loved so well. Occasionally he came forward, as in the Reform of the Calendar, in 1751, where his cultivated mind and his long experience of affairs gave him deserved weight; but the infirmity of deafness was now closing rapidly upon him, and in 1755 he pathetically complained that he was disqualified by it from all further public business.

But one more signal act of public service remained to do, and though comparatively little has been said of it, it had the largest consequences upon English history. In 1757, Lord Chesterfield re-appeared for a short time to smooth personal and political difficulties and to effect that junction of Mr. Pitt with the Duke of Newcastle, which led to those memorable triumphs abroad that made England famous, and were only brought to a conclusion by the accession of George III and his Scotch favourite. The crisis was a serious one, and it is clear that, so far as personal feeling was concerned, Lord Chesterfield's disposition to Mr. Pitt was not

[1] Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitae jucunda oblivia vitae.
See Letters of Lord Chesterfield, edited by Lord Stanhope, i. 108.

very friendly. In a private letter to the Duke of Newcastle he acknowledges that he "has no partiality for him," and on another occasion he says "he is grieved and astonished at the unaccountable conduct of Pitt;" but on this occasion, when the fortunes of the country were trembling in the balance and it seemed hard to re-construct a stable Government, he put aside all private predilections and antipathies; and though "the wretched state of his health would not permit him," as he says, "to lye for a night in town," he came up from Blackheath where he then lived, and threw himself into the negotiations with so much vigour and address that success was achieved in a great measure by him. There is an interesting letter of the 3rd of June, 1757, in the British Museum, in which he describes an interview which he had had at Lord Bute's desire, and from which it is plain how considerable a part Leicester House and the small Court there were already taking in political affairs,—whether always a very prudent one may perhaps be doubted. Lord Chesterfield says:—"If I am not mistaken, his part of the Royal Family are now in a way of being wiser than they have been lately;" and Lord Bute's influence on this occasion seems to have been conciliatory and judicious. Lord Chesterfield's conduct certainly was as straightforward as it was prudent. He insisted that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke should be made acquainted with all that had passed, that they should meet Lord Bute and discuss the affair with him in order that there should be no "mistakes or mis-repetitions," and he refuses to occupy the position of "middle man." This letter was written by Lord Chesterfield to the Duke of Newcastle on the 3rd of June; on the 4th it was transmitted by the Duke to the King, and on the same

day the King gave leave to the Duke to take action upon it[1]. By the 29th the negotiations had been successfully closed, and the famous administration of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt formed.

The character of the Duke of Newcastle as a minister has received some of its accepted colour from the well-known sketch of him by Lord Chesterfield. The Duke, he says, "lost an hour in the morning and was all the day looking after it;" but in his private correspondence with the Duke there are no traces of any want of respect. He writes with unreserve, he offers the fullest counsel as to persons and places and policy, and his best wishes and services are given without stint. It may perhaps be doubted whether Lord Chesterfield's sarcastic portrait of the old Minister is a perfectly fair representation of him. It is difficult indeed to suppose that even in those days of parliamentary intrigue and borough-mongering any one could have remained for so many years the presiding spirit of successive administrations had he been so wholly incapable as the Duke of Newcastle is commonly represented to have been; and any one who will read his voluminous correspondence in the British Museum will at least recognise the laborious spirit and the remarkable detail with which it is conducted.

This was the last great public event in Lord Chesterfield's career. Gradually the prospect darkened; public life

[1] The King was evidently afraid of Pitt, and in giving his consent he writes to the Duke of Newcastle: 'If Pitt will come in with a great number of followers, it is impossible you can direct the administration.' Newcastle Correspondence; British Museum MSS. With all his defects, and in spite of occasional quarrels, I imagine the Duke of Newcastle to have been a persona non ingrata to the King and Royal Family.

had abandoned him, and private trouble thickened. The son on whom he had lavished such affection and care deceived and disappointed him, and finally died in 1768 at a comparatively early age.

But with this crushing blow a new and wonderful and scarcely-known chapter in this remarkable man's life was opened. He had already acknowledged his Godson, Philip Stanhope, to whom these letters are addressed, and had charged himself with his education; and while the boy was still very young, he seems to have formally and entirely adopted him as the heir not only to his title and property, but to his affections[1]. He honestly endeavoured to perform what he had undertaken; he spared neither expense nor trouble for the boy; and if he fell into occasional error in his mode of education, the mistakes cannot in my opinion be set against the great affection and good sense of his general bringing up. But he was not destined to complete the task which he had undertaken. On 24th March, 1773, the old statesman died in his 79th year.

Such very briefly is an outline of Lord Chesterfield's career. Let me now for a few pages consider how far the popular estimate of him is correct. I confess it does not seem to me an altogether accurate or just one. He was emphatically a man of the world, and for the most part he showed the hard

[1] The marriage of Lord Chesterfield's brother, Sir William Stanhope, late in life, rendered doubtful for awhile the succession of young Philip Stanhope to the title; but in September 1759 Lord Chesterfield wrote to Mr. Stanhope, "In all events I assure you I shall have the same concern and attention for STURDY," by which name he designated his Godson, "that I have hitherto had, and when I must no longer consider him as my grandson, I will look upon him as my great grandson, and while I live, grudge no trouble nor expense for his education." Corresp. with Mr. A. Stanhope, p. 3.

and worldly side of his character; but it was also a kindly one with a depth of affection and devotion which makes his life to my mind a very pathetic combination of opposite feelings and qualities. There is a half-length portrait of him at Bretby, painted in 1769, in a grayish white coat and his blue riband, with the bushy eyebrows and piercing eyes, the hooked nose, the shrewd look, and the somewhat cynical humour, which can be traced in all his likenesses. But if the face is carefully examined it is easy to distinguish lines of kindliness and good nature. This portrait was painted at the time that these letters to his Godson were written, and reflects perhaps some of those softened feelings which may be traced in them, though what we may now detect he probably would have scorned to admit. The social standard which he had prescribed for himself, the cynical tone which he had adopted, and the inflexible self-control into which he had trained himself, in part perhaps disguised from himself, and certainly hid from others, the kindlier and softer feelings that had gradually grown up in a long and chequered career.

No one will form a correct estimate of Lord Chesterfield's character who does not assign great weight to this remarkable self-control which from first to last illustrated his life alike in great and in small things. When young he formed the resolution of rising early, and he adhered to it; when he accepted Office he laid aside his unfortunate passion for cards; when later compelled from increasing deafness to abandon public life, he said with perfect composure that his books, his horses, and his writings would suffice his wants. When the son of his hopes disappointed him he did not allow a complaint to escape

his lips; when that son died prematurely, unlike Burke, in somewhat similar circumstances, he accepted the blow with outward stoicism, and turned, as these letters show, to a new object upon which to concentrate his affections.

Lord Chesterfield in declining age did not seek occupation in the pursuits which have amused or solaced many English statesmen in their homes. He had not the specially English love of country or country pursuits. It is true that a stately line of elms at the Viceregal Lodge in Ireland, and a still statelier avenue of Spanish chestnuts at Bretby, remain as a record of his taste; but his heart was not in such things. Though at the end of his life he called the cabbages his "fellow vegetables," and took some interest in growing fruit in his garden at Blackheath, he had no love for his garden like Bacon or Sir W. Temple; he could not plant trees by torchlight like Lord Chatham; he could not exchange letters with his gamekeeper like Walpole, or hunt like Wyndham, or grow turnips like Lord Townshend, or in the seclusion of an old Manor-house handle the samples of wheat, call every hound by his name, laugh, talk, dine, and smoke like Bolingbroke. He hated the country, and he detested field sports. "Eat game," he says, "but do not be your own butcher and kill it." Even Bretby, with its picturesque park and its then romantic house of quaint courts and formal gardens, had no charm for him. He denounced it as "a seat of horror and despair, where no creatures but ravens, screech-owls, and birds of ill omen seem willing to dwell." His life was spent in great towns, and his greatest interest was in building his fine house in London. "I love Capitals extremely," he said[1]; "it is in Capitals that the best company is to be

[1] Letters to his Son, i. 291.

found;" and, again, he stamps with his approval the proposition that "there are only three Capitals, London, Paris, and Rome; and that London is the only place to live in." When he did not live in London, he lived as near it as was possible. His brother, John Stanhope, who died in 1748, left him his villa at Blackheath, where many of the letters in this series were written. Of this he gradually grew fond, embellishing it, filling it with pictures, and looking upon it as a sort of Tusculum. But Lord Chesterfield was not romantic or imaginative or impulsive. He had no taste, as Lord Stanhope says[1], for abstract science when it could not be turned to some practical purpose; if he ever had any romance he had educated himself out of it; if he was ever impulsive he had trained himself to a calculating and even judgment. Every act of his life bears witness to this. He refused the Bath in 1725 as too little; he declined a Dukedom in 1748 as too much; he accepted the Garter in 1730 as the appropriate recognition of his position. The same features come out in these letters, written as they are at the close of his life, and with a complete unreserve.

Lord Chesterfield's history has, I think, this further peculiarity. It was one of contradictions, of anticipations not fulfilled, of failure in the field where success seemed most likely, and of success where there was the least promise of it. His social and courtly qualities seemed to mark him out for Court favour; but when he tried by his influence with Lady Suffolk and Lady Yarmouth to govern the King, he signally failed. Sir R. Walpole with his coarse jokes, the Duke of Newcastle with his "hubble-bubble" manners, as Lord Shel-

[1] Hist. of England, iii. 329.

burne once described him, and his rather maudlin cajolery, out-manœuvred him in the public race; and if he ever counted upon his marriage to bring him royal favour he incurred the corresponding enmity of the Queen, whose influence in that strange Court was an all-powerful factor.

Again, with every qualification for Office, it was his fate during the greater part of his public life to be in opposition; but it was not the vehement and indiscriminating opposition which partisans applaud, and which wins men popularity with their followers. If he was not, like Lord North, "irreconcileable to no man," his enmities were neither many nor abiding; his self-control, of which I have already spoken, his balanced temper. his singular acuteness of intellect, seemed to keep him always in a certain mean. "Ne quid nimis," he once wrote, "is a most excellent rule in all things[1]," and in this, no less than in the liveliness of his wit and eloquence, he resembled the great statesman of the Revolution, his maternal grandfather, the Marquis of Halifax[2], who far and beyond all other public men of his time held a singularly even course amidst the contentions and violences of party controversy. The characteristics of Lord Halifax may be distinctly traced in his grandson.

His first office was with the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II, but his attachment to the son did not involve a quarrel with the father; he spoke and he wrote of Hanover and Hanoverian policy in terms which displeased the King but which did not produce the permanent alienation that accrued in some other cases; he held office under Walpole and yet he voted against his Excise Bill. He was unsparing in his

[1] Letters to his Son, i. 294.

[2] See Burnet, quoted by Lord Hervey, Memoirs of the Reign of George II, i. 97; and Lord Macaulay, Hist. of England, iv. 543.

denunciations of the Government during those memorable years when it was tottering to its fall; but when the fallen Minister became Lord Orford and took his seat in the House of Lords, whilst many of his political opponents would not acknowledge or even bow to him, Lord Chesterfield wished him joy[1].

These are, I think, some of the lights and shades which bring into clear relief the strong personality of the man, and belong to the individual far more than to the circumstances of his time. In whatever stage of our constitutional history Lord Chesterfield had lived, his character would, I imagine, have been equally marked. Rightly or wrongly he could not be in an extreme, and in an age of bitter partisanship he often stood almost alone. In 1737 he took the principal part in destroying Walpole's Playhouse Bill, for licensing—or, as it was termed, gagging—theatrical representations; in 1744 his balanced judgment was shown in his opposition to a measure for visiting with distant and far-reaching penalties the descendants of the Pretender. As he had in his earlier days taken a strong part against the Jacobites, he now recognised that the time had come when the new dynasty no longer needed extraordinary defences. When after 1745 others, as Lord Stanhope says, clamoured for the extreme penalties of the law, prisons, scaffolds, disarming Acts, his voice was for schools and villages to civilise the Highlands[2]. In all these respects he had essentially the

[1] Letters of Horace Walpole, i. 132.

[2] Lord Stanhope, Hist. of Eng., iii. 327. This is certainly at variance with the passages from his private correspondence with the Duke of Newcastle, which I have already quoted, and which were unknown to Lord Stanhope; but the apparent inconsistency may perhaps be reconciled by the fact that the private letters were written during the heat of the struggle, the public expression of opinion cited by Lord Stanhope occurred after the close of it. It may perhaps be said that, as Lord

mind of a statesman, uninfluenced by the passions of the moment; more truly than any of his contemporaries he measured some of the real causes of Irish disaffection; and almost alone of observers he foretold the terrible catastrophe that was impending in France[1]. Nearly forty years before the deluge of the French Revolution broke upon King and Church, and Nobles and People,—all alike blind to coming events,—Lord Chesterfield summed up in a single sentence as true now as then, his estimate of the incapacity of Frenchmen for Constitutional government: "Vous savez faire des barricades, mais vous n'élèverez jamais des barrières;" and in a famous letter he counted up the signs and the causes of the coming tempest. "All the symptoms," he wrote, "which I ever met with in History previous to great changes and revolutions in government now exist and daily increase in France." "Il avait," as a gifted critic has said, "le coup d'œil lointain, et les vues de l'avenir[2]." All this undoubtedly meant statesmanship of a high order, and some may think that it should have earned the practical rewards of statesmanship in the shape of a long tenure of office, great administrative success, and a prosperous career. That it failed to do so may, I think, be assigned to the cautious, moderate, and balanced character to which I have referred.

On the other hand, in the Republic of Letters, where his rank and title counted for comparatively little, he had the

Chesterfield declared that he would be worse than Cromwell in Ireland if rebellion should break out there, so he would have carried into effect his desperate remedies in Scotland if he had been on the spot and in authority; but taking his whole conduct and character into account I do not think it would have been so, and I prefer the explanation that I have suggested.

[1] On this well-known prediction of Lord Chesterfield see Maine's Popular Government, pp. 1-4.

[2] See Sainte-Beuve, Essay on Lord Chesterfield.

misfortune to incur the enmity of three men whose writings have had extraordinary currency, and one of them extraordinary authority—Horace Walpole, Lord Hervey, and Dr. Johnson [1]. All of them have said the bitterest things of him that wit and sarcasm and intellectual power could devise; and yet, in spite of their censure, and moreover in that very field of literary distinction to which Lord Chesterfield seemed least to pretend, he has gained an eminence from which nothing, so far as we can see, is likely to displace him.

Lord Hervey's portrait of him is so highly coloured by personal dislike that it would be absurd to accept it except with very large qualifications. "He was a stunted giant," Lord Hervey says; "he had a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human being to be without being deformed; and a broad rough-featured ugly face, with black teeth and a head big enough for a Polyphemus [2]."

This can hardly be true, though, as in the case of Wilkes and Cardinal de Retz, and many others, the social attraction and the physical repulsion may have been curiously united in the same person; but the portraits of him convey a very different impression. Nor again, when Lord Hervey says that Lord Chesterfield had neither honour nor principle, is there anything known of him to warrant such a statement. He lived at a time and in a society where the level of public morality was often low; and in political strife he did not disdain to use measures of intrigue which were common to Walpole and Townshend, and Sandwich and Newcastle. But as compared with his contemporaries he used them

[1] Lord Chesterfield also offended Smollett; but Smollett's day and literary influence are of the past, and it is scarcely worth while, except as an historical fact, to mention the circumstance.

[2] Lord Hervey's Memoirs of George II. vol. i. p. 96.

sparingly; and his rivalry with political competitors did not blind him to their merits. He was not, I think, inclined to take credit for what was not his own. "All our measures," he once said in 1737, when he was acting with Lord Carteret, "were of Carteret's dictating; and all the honour is his[1]."

To incur Dr. Johnson's displeasure was a more serious calamity; for posterity has been disposed out of regard for his moral worth sometimes to give to his opinion more than its just weight; and on Dr. Johnson's opinion much of the common estimate of Lord Chesterfield has been founded. As with Lord Hervey, so it must be admitted that Dr. Johnson's judgment of Lord Chesterfield originated in personal dislike. The story is well known. Johnson, who was till then on friendly terms with Lord Chesterfield, had an appointment with him and was kept waiting for a short time in an adjoining room while Lord Chesterfield was talking to Colley Cibber[2], the actor; which so offended the great but touchy writer, that he rushed out of the house in indignation at the slight which he thought had been put upon him. Cibber with his fund of anecdote and play-house gossip must have been very pleasant company, and it is clear that Lord Chesterfield, familiar as he was with French society, where actors and actresses were freely admitted to great houses, and where the theatre exercised so large an influence, was fond of such company. Garrick mentions with much satisfaction a dinner with him[3]. Lord Chesterfield in fact, though a man of the world, had a genuine admiration for

[1] Lord Hervey, ii. 403.

[2] Johnson called Cibber a 'poor creature'; but that was hardly the opinion of contemporaries.

[3] Forster's Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith, i. 242.

all intellectual merit. "I used to think myself[1]," he says, "in company as much above me when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes of Europe;" and it is not improbable that he may on this particular occasion have preferred the lively conversation of the clever actor to the somewhat sententious declamation of the philosopher. It is also of course possible that the interview lasted longer than was intended; though Lord Lyttelton[2] declared that Colley Cibber had been only ten minutes with Lord Chesterfield. If however this, or even more than this, was the whole ground of offence, it is hard to perceive a just cause of complaint.

So too the well-known letter, which has been called a "noble" piece of writing, and in which Dr. Johnson revoked the dedication of the great Dictionary which he had intended to inscribe to Lord Chesterfield, can hardly I think be defended. It is at best the production of a sensitive, and a not very reasonable man. The great Lexicographer could not be fair to his political opponents or to those who had the misfortune to incur his displeasure. He hated Dissenters with an irrational hatred, and Whigs with a still more bitter animosity. "He is a cursed Whig, Sir," he said of one eminent member of the Party, "a bottomless Whig as they all are now;" and in his report of the Parliamentary debates he boasted that "he had taken care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of the argument." It is clear that the reasoning of such a one-sided disputant in his own quarrel needs to be carefully considered: and certainly the moral worth of character, as apart from the merits of the conten-

[1] Letters to his Son, Lord Stanhope's edition, i. 80.
[2] See Boswell's Life of Johnson, annotated by A. Napier, i. 199-200.

tion, cannot be allowed to decide the question. It may be difficult now to allot the precise proportions of blame to each disputant; but probably neither was wholly free from blame. The two men, holding in those days extremely different positions, had been on very friendly terms—appreciating each other and ready to give and receive marks of esteem and consideration. But Johnson was very sensitive and exacting; and Lord Chesterfield was, according to Johnson's not very consistent description, "dignified and insolent[1]," which last epithet, if it had any real meaning, probably indicated a strong sense of his own position as a statesman and a leader of society, indisposed to carry his complaisance towards one, whose intellect he respected but whose manners were abhorrent to him, beyond certain limits. The result was consequently not wonderful. Dr. Johnson certainly sought and accepted Lord Chesterfield's patronage; he waited according to his own account in Lord Chesterfield's antechamber; he dedicated his great Lexicon to him; he was distinctly the gainer by Lord Chesterfield's laudatory articles on his dictionary in the *World*; he condescended to receive the trifling gift of £10 from him—but he was also touchy, and he broke away from the relationship which he had once cared to cultivate. Then he indulged in sarcasm, which Lord Chesterfield fully repaid; and with two such men, one of whom did not forgive and the other did not forget, the quarrel became implacable. It matters little now who first began the war of words; Johnson called Lord Chesterfield "a wit among Lords and a lord among wits," and Lord Chesterfield called Johnson "a respectable

[1] H. Walpole in 1745 speaks of a eulogy by a Dublin gentleman on Lord Chesterfield's great qualities, particularly his affability.—i. 413.

Hottentot." It has been contended that Lord Chesterfield did not apply the term "respectable Hottentot" to Johnson, but to some other unknown person[1]; but Boswell believed that such was his intention, and I own that this seems to me the most probable. The sarcasm in each case had a certain proportion of truth, and as neither can claim to be absolutely blameless, so neither can claim the palm in the controversy.

Dr. Johnson on one occasion said that almost all Lord Chesterfield's witty sayings were puns[2]; but this was clearly a mis-statement; in one of these letters, indeed, of Nov. 9, 1768, Lord Chesterfield says, "A pun, which is not true wit, must come naturally, or it is not to be borne with[3]." Again, the Duke of Newcastle, "my old kinsman, is dead and for the first time is quiet," was a not unfair description of the fidgetty, intriguing politician who with inferior abilities had made and un-made governments and played so large a part in parliamentary life; but "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we do not choose to have it known[4]," is a better specimen of humour. His declaration that if the people of England wished to prevent the Pretender from obtaining the Crown[5] they should make him Elector of Hanover, for they would never fetch another King from there, was as witty as it was

[1] Dr. Johnson, his Friends and his Critics, by Dr. G. B. Hill.

[2] Boswell's Life of Johnson, ii. 201.

[3] Pope had a higher and a more correct opinion of Lord Chesterfield's powers when one day at Stowe he borrowed his diamond ring, and with it wrote on one of the glasses:

"Accept a miracle instead of wit;
See two bad lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

[4] See Lord Stanhope's Preface to his edition of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, i. xxiii.

[5] Letters of Horace Walpole, i. 219.

true to the political feeling of the day. Nor did his ready humour fail him in the presence of Royalty. When he waited on the King with a commission to be filled up in favour of a person to whom his Majesty had a strong aversion, George II angrily refused to sign the warrant, and said, "I would rather have the devil." "With all my heart," replied Lord Chesterfield; "I only beg to remind your Majesty that the commission is addressed to our right trusty and well-beloved cousin." The clever answer had its effect, and the King laughed and consented[1]. But perhaps the best and neatest epigram of his, which has been preserved, was that which he wrote upon the full-length portrait of Beau Nash, placed in the Pump Room at Bath between the busts of Newton and Pope:—

"This picture placed the busts between
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

Or, once more, to quote a less known instance, some lines which he wrote to a young lady who wore an orange breast-knot at a Dublin ball—white being at that time adopted as the French colour[2]—are worth recalling:—

"Pretty Tory, where's the jest
To wear that riband on thy breast,
When that same breast betraying shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?"

In some of Lord Chesterfield's sayings there is occasional sarcasm, but not much that can be called malice. He constantly lays down the precept never to offend by a witty saying[3], and he was generally true to his rule. One of the

[1] Dr. Maty's Mem. of Lord Chesterfield, i. 324.
[2] Mrs. Piozzi's Autob. i. 44.
[3] Letters to his Son, i. 277.

few couplets which I can recall, that has a personal sting in it, is one which he is said to have improvised, when challenged to make verses on Sir Thomas Robinson, who was very tall:—

> "Unlike my subject now shall be my song,
> It shall be witty and it shan't be long."

But it would be wrong to measure Lord Chesterfield's wit by the merely smart sayings or graceful epigrams that have survived him. He conceived of wit in a much larger sense, and what the charm of his conversation must have been we can now only imagine from the general tradition that has come down to us, and from what he himself has left in writing. It was the conversation of the "Salon" in its best form, transported from France to England so far as England was then capable of receiving it, the embodiment of the brilliancy, the cleverness, the polish, the wide range, and the aspiring intellect of the Eighteenth Century—a conversation which would not tolerate a fool or a bore, but which in his own words "would no more bear a dictator than a free Government would." "If God gives you Wit," he writes in a very charming letter to his Godson, "which I am not sure that I wish you, unless He gives you at the same time an equal portion at least of judgement to keep it in good order, wear it like your sword in the scabbard, and do not brandish it to the terror of the whole company. If you have real wit, it will flow spontaneously and you need not aim at it, for in that case the rule of the Gospel is reversed, and it will prove 'seek and you shall *not* find.' Wit is so shining a quality, that everybody admires it, most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it unless in themselves. A man must have a good share of wit himself to endure a great share of

it in another. When wit exerts itself in satire it is a most malignant distemper; wit it is true may be shown in satire, but satire does not constitute wit, as most fools imagine it does. A man of real wit will find a thousand better occasions of showing it. Abstain therefore most carefully from satire; which though it fall upon no particular person in company, and momentarily from the malignity of the human heart pleases all, upon reflection it frightens all too; they think it may be their turn next, and will hate you for what they will find you could say of them, more than be obliged to you for what you do not say. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours. The more wit you have the more good-nature and politeness you must show, to induce people to pardon your superiority, for that is no easy matter[1]."

But even this admirable analysis of Wit falls short, I think, of his description of "Je ne sçay quoy." It would be difficult to find anything on such a subject where the touch is lighter, the turn of expression happier, and the distinctions more delicately drawn. "Je ne sçay quoy," he says, "is a most inestimable quality, and adorns every other. . . . It is in my opinion a compound of all the agreeable qualitys of body and mind, in which no one of them predominates in such a manner as to give exclusion to any other. It is not mere wit, mere beauty, mere learning, nor indeed mere any one thing that produces it, though they all contribute something towards

[1] It is perhaps worth while to compare this description of wit with that of a very different writer:—

"Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer;
Hast thou the knack? hamper it not with liking;
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear."

G. Herbert, Temple, Church Porch.

it. It is owing to this 'Je ne sçay quoy' that one takes a liking to some one particular person at first rather than to another. One feels oneself prepossessed in favour of that person without being enough acquainted with him to judge of his intrinsick merit or talents, and one finds oneself inclined to suppose him to have good sense, good nature, and good humour. . . . . It is in short an extract of all the Graces. Here you will perhaps ask me to define the Graces, which I can only do by the 'Je ne sçay quoy,' as I can only define the 'Je ne sçay quoy' by the Graces. No one person possesses them all; but happy he who possesses the most, and wretched he who possesses none of them."

Once more, from the art of conversation he passes with the same ease to that of letter writing; and the rules by which he says it should be governed would not be inapplicable to our own times, if telegrams and the slip-shod style of modern correspondence had not virtually destroyed the art as our forefathers understood it. "Letters of business must be answered immediately, and are the easiest either to write or answer, for the subject is ready and only requires great clearness and perspicuity in the treating. There must be no prettynesses, no quaintnesses, no Antitheses, nor even wit. 'Non est his locus.' The letters that are the hardest to write, are those that are upon no subject at all, and which are like Small Talk in conversation. They admit of wit, if you have any, and of agreeable trifling or *badinage*. For as they are nothing in themselves, their whole merit turns upon their ornaments; but they should seem easy and natural, and not smell of the lamp, as most of the letters I have seen printed do; and probably because they were wrote in the intention of printing them."

These and numberless other such passages, which the readers of these letters may easily note for themselves, seem to me to rank deservedly high in this class of writing, and to bear full comparison with the famous "Letters to his Son" written many years before. I do not indeed forget that Lord Macaulay—for whose judgment I shall always entertain the highest respect, and from whom I venture to differ with the greatest distrust of my own opinion—has expressed a very depreciatory opinion on those "Letters," whilst he has at the same time accorded the highest praise to the wit, taste, and eloquence of Lord Chesterfield, declaring that "what remains of his Parliamentary oratory is superior to anything of that time that has come down to us, except a little of Pitt's." "I think," he adds, "Lord Chesterfield would have stood higher if we had been left to judge of his powers only by tradition and by fragments of speeches preserved in Parliamentary reports[1]." I confess that this seems to me to savour of paradox, and I cannot believe that the common consent of four generations on the literary merits of the famous letters is far astray.

But no one has ever questioned Lord Chesterfield's great intellectual ability. His contemporaries admitted it without a dissentient voice. Lord Shelburne mentions that, when a youth, he had met Lord Granville and Lord Chesterfield, and was very much struck by the difference between these two great statesmen; but that he was specially impressed by the wit, brilliancy, and good breeding of Lord Chesterfield[2]. Even those who liked him least have borne witness to his mental eminence. Lord Hervey says that he "had the most

[1] Lord Macaulay to Mr. M. Napier, Oct. 21, 1833.
[2] Life of William, Lord Shelburne, by Lord E. Fitzmaurice, i. 17.

conversable entertaining wit," but that from his propensity to ridicule he was liked rather than loved[1]; and even Dr. Johnson admitted that the remarkable circulation which the Letters to his Son attained was not wonderful as he was a statesman, a wit, and one accustomed "volitare per ora[2]." Horace Walpole repeatedly refers to his eloquence. In 1741 he alludes to a very fine speech which, when assailing Sir R. Walpole's then tottering administration, he made on the Address against the House of Hanover[3]; and again in 1743 he observes that he was in the House of Lords and heard Lord Chesterfield make the finest speech that he had ever heard for the discontinuance of the Hanoverian troops[4]; and yet, as Lord Stanhope observes, H. Walpole had heard his own father, had heard Pitt, had heard Pulteney, had heard Wyndham, had heard Carteret, when he made this remarkable admission[5]. In those days it was not considered the duty of a public man to pour out daily a flood of speeches on all conceivable subjects; Parliament and pamphlets constituted almost the sole arena in which political questions were debated; and thoughts were more matured and words more carefully weighed from the absence of pressure and precipitation and popular influences. It may be well doubted whether statesmanship has gained by the change of practice, and whether the best of our contemporary speakers would not speak better and more wisely if more time for reflection were allowed. Lord Chesterfield's speeches are said to have been carefully prepared; and they were addressed to an audience which was then not only powerful but critical and highly cultivated.

[1] Lord Hervey, Memoirs of the Reign of George II, i. 95.
[2] Boswell, ii. 302.
[3] Letters of Horace Walpole, i. 96.
[4] Ibid. i. 281.
[5] Hist. of England, iii. 326.

Of two of his speeches, one was said to have rivalled Demosthenes and the other Cicero[1]; and the recollection of his famous speech on the Reform of the Calendar[2] has been handed down with absolute and unqualified praise.

Such was the verdict of his own time, and in a great measure that verdict was given by those who were least friendly to him. He had quarrelled with Dr. Johnson; he was often on bad terms with the Court whose creature Lord Hervey was; and he was for a large part of his life in strong opposition to Sir R. Walpole, who had in his son a devoted adherent: yet each and all of these were compelled to bear witness to his great abilities. But I conceive him to have been quite as persuasive in secret council as he was eloquent in public debate. In his second embassy to the Hague, which he undertook at an anxious juncture in European politics, he discharged his mission swiftly and successfully; and he had many at least of the qualities which persuade or influence the judgment of others. He could be laborious and self-denying to a remarkable degree; he could pass from severe to gay; he had humour and ridicule at his command, and he could be either elaborate or simple[3] as the occasion seemed to require it. Lord Hervey has drawn a striking comparison between him and his friend Lord Scarborough, in which he attributes honour, principle, patriotism, love of truth to the one, and all the opposite qualities to the other, summing up the comparison in these words: "In short, Lord Scarborough was an honest, prudent man, capable of being a good friend; and Lord Chesterfield

[1] Dr. Johnson claimed the credit of having prepared some of these for Lord Chesterfield. Boswell's Life of Johnson, iii. 349.

[2] See Lord Campbell, Lives of the Chancellors, vi. 258.

[3] Letters of Horace Walpole, i. 361.

a dishonest, irresolute, imprudent creature, capable only of being a disagreeable enemy[1]." Yet Lord Hervey more than once describes how, by his power of persuasion, Lord Chesterfield was wont to win over to his views the mind of his friend, and how "he governed him as absolutely as he did any of his younger brothers[2]." Lord Hervey's accuracy in the comparison which he has drawn may well be doubted; but the fact of the intimacy is certain. "Lord Scarborough was," Lord Chesterfield says in rather touching words, "the best man I ever knew, the dearest friend I ever had . . . We lived in intimate and unreserved friendship for twenty years, and to that friendship I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own[3]."

There is a touching testimony to this intimacy at Bretby in the pencil drawing of the two Earls, reproduced upon the opposite page[4]. It was executed apparently in accordance with Lord Chesterfield's written instructions nearly three years after the unfortunate end of Lord Scarborough, and the motto, altered from Virgil's line, shows the lasting regret which still animated the survivor. Upon another portrait of Lord Scarborough, still at Bretby, the Horatian motto is written:—

> "Incorrupta fides nudaque veritas;
> Quando ullum invenient parem."

On those walls the old picture had hung for many years, its place unnoticed and its traditions forgotten, till in the sunshine of a bright autumn day I discovered the two lines which time and dust had almost effaced, and the recollection

[1] Lord Hervey, Memoirs of the Reign of George II, i. 99.
[2] Lord Hervey, Ibid. i. 188.
[3] Lord Chesterfield's Characters—under Lord Scarborough.
[4] For a more particular description of this interesting drawing, see p. lxxii.

of Lord Hervey's description of the intimacy of the two political friends came into my mind—with a certain sense of pathos for the generations that had for ever passed away, with their hopes and schemes and aspirations.

In 1768 Lord Chesterfield's son died, and a few years later his widow, Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, as a mere money-making speculation, unjustifiably published the famous Letters. An endeavour indeed was made to restrain their publication; a lawsuit was commenced and an injunction issued. But the dispute was compromised, the letters were published, and Mrs. Stanhope received over £1500 from Dodsley, the publisher. The full merit of the writing was at once recognised; and by the end of the century the work had passed through not less than eleven editions.

In 1773 Lord Chesterfield died, broken down by the infirmities of age, but true to the very last to the courtesies which had become a second nature. Lord Stanhope says that during the last five years of his life "his age was desolate and cheerless;" and from the materials which Lord Stanhope possessed the criticism seems not unfair. But these letters to his Godson let in a new light on the life of the old statesman, deaf and entirely shut out as he was from public affairs. They should be read in conjunction with the interesting volume of his correspondence with the boy's father, Mr. Arthur Stanhope of Mansfield, published many years afterwards in 1817, and they show him in the full vigour of mind, using his great stores of knowledge and devoting himself to the education of the youth whom he had adopted, and whom he thought he could mould to all that was great and courtly and honourable.

Neither age nor infirmity nor disappointment had in any way quenched the old fires—there is the same power of

idolising and idealising—the same class of precepts laid down with the same minute care—at times almost the same phraseology, and from first to last the same absorption of self in the life of another. But though very like, these letters are not identical with those written more than twenty years before. A careful reader will see changes in the spirit and general tone of thought. The affection shown to the Godson, as previously to the Son, is remarkable. The devotion of this cold man of the world to his Son in the midst of public anxieties and labours, and his absolute faith in him, are among the most touching incidents I can recall; but the gathering up afresh of the broken threads of a life's hopes and ideas, and the concentration of them on another young life with undiminished passion, love, subordination of self, at the end of his earthly journey, seem still more pathetic.

These later letters, now for the first time published, were originally given to me by my Father-in-law, the late Lord Chesterfield, the sixth Earl, and the son of the youth to whom they were addressed; whose genial and kindly nature is still well remembered by many now living. His wish was that I should undertake the task of editing them; but a variety of circumstances prevented this, and they passed out of my keeping and even knowledge. I feared indeed that they had become hopelessly mislaid. But this fortunately was not the case. I recently found them in perfect preservation, put away with other and miscellaneous papers. Some still have on them the seals and the postmarks; all are in the beautifully clear hand which is characteristic of Lord Chesterfield, and which perhaps has no rival amongst the statesmen of

his generation; but some are less perfect; many, in spite of his excellent advice to young Stanhope to date his letters, are undated.

These letters, like those to his Son, were never intended for publication; and herein was a somewhat curious fate. Lord Chesterfield distinctly owes his literary reputation to the "Letters to his Son." His speeches in the House of Lords, though very good, his acknowledged wit, even his short and admirable administration as Irish Viceroy, would in the estimate of subsequent times only have marked him out as one of the many able and brilliant men of his age. But his correspondence has given him an enduring life in the world of English literature[1]. By them he stands or falls; as Sainte-Beuve has said, he is the English Rochefoucauld; and yet those letters were never meant to be seen except by those to whom, and for whose guidance, they were written. His literary fame is in truth due to an accident; and strangely enough this accident has repeated itself in the case of the letters which I am now publishing. They, too, were never intended for the outside world; they, too, have been fortunately saved from destruction or loss; and they, too, when known can only enhance the reputation of the remarkable man who wrote them.

Of their character I need not say much. They will speak for themselves; but a few observations may not be out of place. Any one familiar with the Letters to the Son will be struck with the similarity of thought and even phraseology. Some indeed of these later letters to his Godson bear so close a resemblance to the previous letters written some twenty

[1] See in Lord Stanhope's Hist. of England, iii. 343, a brief but excellent description of the Letters to the Son.

years before, that they can only be explained by the existence of that tenacious memory which we know Lord Chesterfield to have possessed, and which he retained to the end of his life. On the other hand, there are, as I have said, some interesting differences, and much that is new.

The Letters to his Son, though commencing at a time when that son was a mere child, come down to a period of life when he had attained manhood. These letters, on the other hand, are addressed to a young boy, and looking to his age the tone seems often far too much above his comprehension and years—too much calculated to "make a little old man of him." At the same time it is right to remember that at the end of the Eighteenth Century boys often went to school and college, and were introduced to the world, earlier than is now the custom.

But if there was a difference of age in the Son and the Godson, there was a still more remarkable difference in the age of the man when he wrote the two series of letters. The letters to his Son were composed when he was in his full physical and intellectual strength,—many of them in the midst of the anxieties and labours of public business; whilst those to his Godson were written when political life was definitively abandoned, when age was heavy on him, and infirmities had, as he sometimes said, shut him out from the converse and the society which he loved best and in which he most excelled. But they show no sign of mental decay, they indulge in no regrets for the pleasures and interests which had already drifted away from him. There is not an ungenial word to sour the advice which he gives, or to cloud the young mind which he desires to educate. The full stores of a highly cultivated nature are always cheerfully, sometimes playfully poured out,

without stint and without any appreciable diminution of its ancient force.

But though the intellectual power in these later letters burns bright with the old fire, I think that a somewhat higher moral tone may be distinguished. It may have been due to age, or to disappointment, though with a rare stoicism no word of complaint here or elsewhere is allowed to escape his pen; but more serious thoughts and reflections than in the "Letters to his Son" find a place—repeated injunctions are given to be good and honest first, and worldly-wise afterwards. The general character of the instruction in its broad outlines is not altered; it remains much the same; but it is modified by a regard for more generous considerations, and by an occasional appeal to a higher tribunal than the selfish and cultured society which in earlier years was the great object of his worship. The Letters to his Son have been visited with great—though not too great—censure when the relations of father and son are taken into account. Dr. Johnson describes them in language which our more refined taste will not allow me to transcribe; Lord Stanhope—no unfriendly critic—goes so far as to say that they are repugnant to good morals; others have declared that there is hardly a trace of religion to be found in them; whilst others again have selected from this large repository of worldly wisdom some of the least pleasing axioms, and combined them into an odious portrait of the writer. I have no desire to offer any excuse for the really grave errors which find a place in them; they stand in their naked and glaring deformity; and for them the writer must be held responsible; but in comparing him with others of his own time it is generous

as well as fair to take note that the twenty years which had elapsed since the passages that were so worthy of blame were written, had produced a certain change. In this later correspondence there are precepts that indicate a higher and more serious standard of thought.

His general recognition of a future life is clear and frequent, and he never tires of dwelling on the inseparable connection which ought to exist between the duties that a Christian owes to God and to his fellow-men in all the mixed relations of life. "Our religious dutys, or obligations, are to love God and keep his commandments, which he has in truth written in the heart of every rational creature. The ten commandments, which are often called the Decalogue, set forth all our religious, and most of our moral dutys. Moral dutys, or obligations, are what we owe to our fellow creatures, that is, to all Mankind. God has created us such helpless creatures, that we all want one another's assistance. Were you the only human creature upon earth, what would you do for food, cloathes, beds to lye upon, and a house to live in? In short, for all the comforts of Life? You could not procure them yourself." . . . . "It was for this reason that our Almighty Creator made us with so many wants and infirmities, that mutual help and assistance are absolutely necessary not only for our well being but for our being at all. The Christian Religion carrys our moral dutys to greater perfection, and orders us to love our enemies, and to do good to those who use us ill. Now, as love or hate is not in our power, though our actions are, this commandment means no more, than that we should forgive those who use us ill, and that instead of resenting or revenging injurys, we should return good for evil. For example, if my enemy were hungry, or naked, in

sickness or in pain, I would relieve him to the utmost of my power, and so would you I am sure, because you are a good-natured benevolent boy." Again, "Si je pouvois empécher qu'il n'y eut un seul malheureux sur la Terre, j'y sacrifierois avec plaisir mon bien, mes soins, et même ma santé. C'est le grand devòir de l'homme, surtout de l'homme chretien." Again, "Ayez une grande Charité pour l'amour de Dieu et une extrème politesse pour l'amour de vous même." And still more earnestly, and in language which is almost theological in its tone, he says, "God has been so good as to write in all our hearts the duty that he expects from us, which is adoration and thanksgiving and doing all the good we can to our fellow creatures." "Believe," he says in another place, "every word in the Bible, as it was dictated by the Spirit of Truth," and "Dieu te benisse, car sans cela tout le reste est inutile."

There are other passages in the same sense that I might quote, but I will only refer to two more as in very curious contrast with the prevailing thought and practice of the time. "A gentleman," Lord Chesterfield says, "will never swear, for his word is his bond. I am sure that you will never swear or curse, for it is not only a crime in the eyes of God, but a sign of low and vulgar breeding." This, it must be admitted, at a time when the habit of swearing pervaded every class, was very unusual language to hold, and I doubt whether many parallels to it could be found among contemporary lay writers of eminence. Nor is the second instance less remarkable. It will be found in a letter of the 28th of March, 1763, where—it must be owned, with an unreserve which in our days would be thought out of place when addressed to a mere child—he explains the

difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy of birth, and concludes by saying that "un enfant né d'un marriage qui n'est pas legitime est le fruit d'un péché."

There are indeed a few passages in these letters which we could wish unwritten; there are expressions which the greater refinement of our times must pronounce coarse, and which I do not think the better judgment of his own day would have approved as addressed to a mere child. Occasionally too the old worldly wisdom seems to reassert its dominion in a hard and disagreeable form. There is, for instance, a letter which contains an estimate of women so low and debasing, that it can only be classed with the most cynical of the writer's earliest sayings and writings. There is also a letter of the 6th of December, 1766, where he comments on Mr. Arthur Stanhope's possible marriage in a tone very unbefitting one writing of a father to a son. On the other hand, these blemishes are few, and it is only fair in criticising them to observe that they are in direct opposition to all that he wrote at other times on the same subject[1].

Of the literary character of these letters I need say but little. They are written without effort or elaboration; but they seem to me to have the old force and humour, the great experience of the world, the knowledge of the "omne scibile" then considered necessary to the education of a finished gentleman, the unstudied elegance of diction, the happy power of inculcating in different forms the same precepts without wearying the reader, and the facility of expression, whether in English or French. From first to last the French language was a favourite study with Lord

[1] See p. 64, and Scheme of Education in the volume of Correspondence with Mr. A. C. Stanhope.

Chesterfield, and the large library which he left behind, and which is very interesting as showing the kind of collection[1] which a highly cultivated man of that day formed, not so much for show as for use, contains a considerable proportion of French literature. He is said to have learnt his French from a Norman nurse, and to the end of his life to have retained a Normandy accent; but he spoke, wrote, and thought in it with ease. He eulogises it as the international language, and tells his godson that it is "la langue universelle," though he very truly adds that it is not so rich as English. But though the idiomatic facility with which he wrote is remarkable, neither the grammar nor the spelling is accurate.

So also with Latin. When he left Cambridge, he says: "At the University I was an absolute pedant. When I talked my best I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious I quoted Martial; when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the Ancients had common sense, and that the Classics contained everything that was either necessary, useful or ornamental;" and to his Godson he says, "il faut savoir le Latin à fond;" yet oddly enough he sometimes is betrayed into a mis-quotation of his favourite authors. Thus on one occasion he quotes the "qui mores hominum multorum" as "qui mores multorum hominum vidit et urbes;" on another he turns the "Nos te Nos facimus Fortuna Deam" of Juvenal into "Nos te Fortuna Deam facimus coeloque locamus;" or

[1] There is a room at Chevening where the library of the first Lord Stanhope, the kinsman through whose good offices Lord Chesterfield first entered public life, is still preserved without alteration or addition,—a much smaller, but an interesting collection, and one which, if compared with Lord Chesterfield's library, marks the difference in the reading of a statesman in the early and in the later part of the eighteenth century.

the "veniam petimusque damusque vicissim" into "veniam damus petimusque vicissim;" or again, in the Horatian line, "Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa," which had formed the subject of the famous wager of Walpole and Pulteney in the House of Commons, he adopts the extraordinarily inexact form of "Nihil conscire sibi nullâque pallescere culpa." In this the absence of a public school training is evident. No Eton contemporary of Lord Chesterfield could have been betrayed into such errors; Bolingbroke, Walpole, Wyndham, Lord Chatham, Lord Lyttelton, or Sir C. Hanbury Williams would have scorned a false quantity; and it is clear that whatever was his general knowledge of the classics he had never been trained to the art of Latin versification.

Though these letters are written for the instruction of a child, there is a great deal in them which has an interest beyond this particular object. There are constant references to contemporary history, and indications of Lord Chesterfield's individual opinions on various subjects, that are, I think, interesting. His views on English History are, for the most part, the accepted views of the time; nor would it be fair to claim for them any special originality. But his knowledge of European countries, their forms of government and their affairs appears to me to be on the whole just and to have a very extended range. A considerable part of his private correspondence with the Duke of Newcastle in 1745-6, when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is devoted to the discussion of European politics; and, except Lord Carteret, few probably of his contemporaries were so familiar with foreign affairs. His account of Sweden, and Holland, of the small German princes, the Polish elections, the Venetian Constitution, of Russia and Turkey, though like an outline lesson it

naturally only glances at the prominent features, shows a very large and uncommon range of reading, both historical and contemporaneous. With the exception of Frederick of Prussia, whom he sincerely admired and whose invitation to visit him he always regretted that he had declined, he had no high opinion of Kings and rulers; still less of great conquerors, who are in truth "only illustrious robbers and murderers[1]." His estimate of Charles XII of Sweden is low; he convicts Catherine of the murder of her husband, and he unhesitatingly condemns Philip II of Spain as guilty of poisoning both his wife and son. But his greatest dislike is for the Popes and the Papal Court. His intellectual admiration of Leo X and the Jesuits compels him to make some exception in their favour; but he prophesies more than once that the Temporal Sovereignty, which our generation has seen crumble to pieces, cannot long last. Neither his mental constitution nor the philosophical atmosphere of his time allowed him to anticipate that marvellous revival of spiritual influence which we have witnessed nearly a century later; and in this he was in company with all the ablest thinkers of the day; but it is worth remembering that his prediction as to the temporal sovereignty of the Popes has been fulfilled. In his judgments on books and writers there are indications of opinions very inconsistent with our own, which mark the wide gulf of literary criticism that separates us from the middle of the Eighteenth Century. He has small admiration for the Koran—"le plus sot livre du monde;" or for Don Quixote; or for that

[1] A curious correspondence with these ideas is to be found in Lord Chesterfield's character of George I, whom he describes as "unfit and unwilling to act the part of a king, which *is to shine or oppress.*"

incomparable masterpiece of mediaeval thought and poetry, the Divine Comedy of Dante[1]. The appreciation of these great works in England has been in a great measure the result of Nineteenth Century study and criticism. Lord Chesterfield thought that "the easiest books are generally the best, and that an author who is obscure and difficult in his own language does not think clearly[2]." This dogma obviously disqualifies Dante, but was in conformity with the hard and unsympathetic philosophy of the Eighteenth Century. It is, therefore, not wonderful that Lord Chesterfield's favourite author was Voltaire, for whom he had so great an admiration and with whom he had had personal relations. The general course of his reading was, I imagine, of a practical rather than an imaginative character. The library which he collected, and which for his time was an excellent and extensive one, contains all the best works of reference, and perhaps illustrates his own dictum:—"Buy good books and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best if the editors are not blockheads[3]."

It remains to say something of the youth to whom these letters were addressed, though their real interest will be found not in him but in the author of them. Philip Stanhope was the son of Mr. Arthur Charles Stanhope of Mansfield, a somewhat distant relation of Lord Chesterfield though standing next in succession to the title. He was

[1] It is perhaps worth noting that the Countess Matilda, who played so great a part in the Papal controversies of the twelfth Century, and who, according to most Commentators, is placed by Dante in the Paradiso in so exalted a position, is involved by Lord Chesterfield in a common reproach in consequence of her devotion to the Papal cause.

[2] Letters of Lord Chesterfield, vol. i. p. 415.

[3] Ibid. i. p. 428.

born in 1755, and was consequently very young when the first letters in this series were written, and when he was virtually adopted by Lord Chesterfield. As far as I can see, Lord Chesterfield spared no pains in his education. In his correspondence with the child's father, Mr. Arthur Stanhope, he sketches the plan of education which, if life be spared to him, he contemplates for "my boy" as he calls him. He is to be "perfectly master of French," to be well taught in history, geography, dancing, in Italian and German; he is to have what is necessary for a gentleman in Greek and Latin; he is to study abroad, but it must be in the "little well-regulated republic of Geneva, where no indecorum escapes the knowledge or the punishment of the diligent magistrates, and if there are vices, as no doubt there are some, they are so secret that they neither give scandal nor bad example[1]." In truth, in Geneva, morals, and still more the rules of morality, were very rigid, and a strict censorship of literature and social amusements was exercised by the magistrates. Dress was regulated, the theatre was an abomination, and dancing was held in horror because it was through dancing that St. John the Baptist lost his head. But towards the latter part of the Eighteenth Century Geneva was reluctantly yielding to the seductive influences which had already led captive so large a part of the intellectual and cultivated world. Not only had Voltaire[2] fixed his residence at the gates of this Temple of Calvinism and was waging a more or less open war with his austere hosts, but a new element had sometime before this been

[1] Letters from Lord Chesterfield to A. C. Stanhope, Esq., pp. 27-32.

[2] See Vie intime de Voltaire aux Délices et à Ferney, 1754-1778, par Lucien Perey.

imported by a Colony of French emigrés, who after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had settled on Swiss territory and who by their lightheartedness and love of society tempered the puritanical severities of Genevese life. But Lord Chesterfield was a friend and admirer of Voltaire, and his sympathies with the gay and attractive side of French society were too strong to make him think that the presence of one or the other was a reason for keeping his godson away from Switzerland. If he indeed apprehended the exact state of affairs in the little republic, he probably considered the combination of Voltaire and the Genevese Consistory a very useful one for developing the character and qualities which he desired to see in his Godson. But the young man's foreign education was not intended to close with Geneva. When about nineteen or twenty he was to return to his own country through Flanders and Holland, at which age "he must and will be his own master; and probably my young Lord will make his own fate whether for good or bad, and there is no help for it;" but he shall not for the present visit Italy "which is so much frequented by our countrymen and which ruins so many of them, is a sink of Atheism and of the most degrading and scandalous vices, where the only innocent thing a young man can learn is to play upon the fiddle or the German flute." His moral aversion to Italy, which frequently occurs in his letters, almost reminds us of the fears of an earlier generation on the subject, embodied in the concise saying "Inglese Italianato è diavolo incarnato;" and, in some degree as an antidote to the risks of foreign travel, he lays great stress upon the tutor whom he desires to find for the youth. His estimate of such a man is high; he must be "a man of sound

learning and good sense;" but he adds with his usual reserve that he is sensible that it will be impossible to find any one that will answer all his views and that he fears he is in pursuit of the philosopher's stone [1].

Lord Chesterfield did not live long enough to institute this search; but he certainly was not fortunate in his choice of masters who directed young Stanhope's education in his earlier years.

A French dancing master, of the name of Robert, and a somewhat questionable assistant in the person of Cuthbert Shaw, a second-rate actor and poetaster, played the principal parts in the boy's earlier education, till the notorious Dr. Dodd became responsible for him. All this has been severely criticised, and not without reason; at the same time perhaps a modern critic is disposed to forget how different was the estimate of education then and now, and how limited was the field of selection for tutors and masters. For Robert and Cuthbert Shaw little can be said; but when Dr. Dodd was chosen he was at the height of his reputation as a popular preacher. He was Chaplain to the King, much admired by all the fine gentlemen and ladies of the time in Charlotte Chapel in Pimlico; he had a house in Southampton Row and another in the country at Ealing, and he had the charge of pupils of family and distinction—including young Lord Herbert, Lord Pembroke's eldest son [2], to whom allusion is made in these letters. The decline in

[1] Letters from Lord Chesterfield to A. Stanhope, Esq., p. 117.

[2] Lord Chesterfield was an occasional guest at Wilton, Lord Pembroke's fine house in Wiltshire, and has recorded his great admiration of it. "Pem," he says in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles of Aug. 16, 1748, "has improved Wilton so much that I hardly knew it again. It is now to my mind the finest seat in England." In his letters of an earlier date, to his son, he says of Lord Pembroke that "he never would know anything which he had not a mind to know,"—a doubtful

Dr. Dodd's position and his melancholy end were later. But the best and highest education which young Stanhope received—so far as he was then capable of profiting by it—was that given him in these letters and in his intercourse with his Godfather. As far as we can judge, the line which Lord Chesterfield adopted in his personal relations with the boy was kindly and judicious; he saw him frequently, he gave him the best of his mind, he took particular care not to let him be overworked[1]; and he describes how at times to secure the child's wandering attention he playfully held his head between his hands, and now and then used to tread on his toes to make him stand still[2]. So in these letters there is an amount of excellent advice and good sense—admirable at any time and perhaps unique in the period of English society when they were written. He again and again repeats that it is not family and high birth which make his Godson dear to him; but that it must be his good qualities; and whilst dwelling in every form of words upon his favourite topic of the duty and the art of pleasing, "God make you," he says, "an honest and an able man, but the former above all things"; he tells him that strict honour is essential not only to the character but to the happiness of a gentleman; he observes that courtesy is not merely to a man's equals but to his servants, and he never wearies of denouncing the "bestial," but then very common, habit of excessive drinking[3].

precept as applied to education, but sometimes a useful rule and gift in after-life. See Lord Stanhope's edition of the Chesterfield Letters, and Dr. Maty's Mem. of Lord Chesterfield.

[1] See Correspondence with Mr. A. C. Stanhope, p. 39.

[2] See Correspondence with Mr. A. C. Stanhope, p. 19.

[3] In a letter to Dr. Madden, at an earlier period, Lord Chesterfield says that if he had done some good in Ireland, it was that among other things he had "in some degree discouraged the pernicious and beastly habit of drinking."

Still more remarkable, when we consider the time at which he wrote, are the injunctions against passionate and intemperate speech, and—as a curious evidence of his superiority to the prejudices of the day—his praise of the Quakers for their control over the indulgence of anger. Even duelling—the then common and recognised mode of adjusting personal disagreements—is involved in his sweeping condemnation; for everything he says—in words almost worthy of Plato—should be done "in minuet time." Lying, swearing, cursing, foul language, coarse dissipation, and—though his conscience here could not have been quite clear—gambling are subjected to his scorn or blame, and are placed in a common category.

It would be hard to find any precepts clearer, wiser, or better expressed than the rules which he lays down for his Godson on all these subjects; and when he passes from the moral to the intellectual side of a young man's conduct the advice which he gives is as sound as it is beyond all criticism. Everything must be thorough—"à fond" as he expresses it. Whether at study or at play, everything must be done under the influence of "Les Graces" and with a desire to please; he must learn to give his attention to his work; he must study History with "l'Atlas sur la table," because History and Geography are inseparable; he must have the "hoc age," as he repeatedly inculcates; he must not, in short, be one of those youths who brought English manners at home and abroad into disrepute, and of whom Lord Chesterfield says that "they know nothing and love nothing but dogs and horses, racing and hunting; who seem afraid of being taken for gentlemen, and therefore dress themselves like blackguards."

This devotion to the Graces was the constant theme on which Lord Chesterfield loved to dwell; and no part of the instruction, which in the earlier Letters to his Son he sought to inculcate, has been more unfavourably and, as I think, more unfairly commented on. What he meant as a part has been understood as the whole; what he intended to apply to a particular case has been accepted as an indiscriminate precept for all. But in estimating Lord Chesterfield's writings, the character of the age in which he wrote should be borne in mind. It was an age of bull-baiting and cock-fighting, of gambling and gallantry, of duelling and betting, such as we can hardly now picture to ourselves. Nor was the habitual coarseness of language alike in men and women a less marked incident in the English life of the Eighteenth Century. We know, almost as well as if we were actually living in the midst of it, the habits and conversation of the Court; we have the correspondence of clever gentlemen and graceful ladies, and we are astounded at the total absence of a refinement which is now common. In some respects the educated conversation of England and France were in contrast to each other. Criticism, History, Philosophy governed and gave brilliancy to French drawing-rooms; men and women discussed the highest questions with a lightness of touch and a freedom of speculation such as the world had never seen before, and such as in its airy freshness it will perhaps never see again. The attraction to a cultivated mind was irresistible; and Lord Chesterfield had received his early impressions in French Society, where in spite of much moral laxity "le bon ton et le bel usage" was a great reality. It was a power which it is difficult to describe or define, for though its

existence was confined to a particular class of Society it descended by almost imperceptible degrees and differences into other ranks and exercised an unbounded influence over French thought and action. The gorgeous Court of Louis XIV, the magnificence of which would compel admiration but for the ruin which it contributed to bring on the country, and the splendour that surrounded the two successors of Louis, had created traditions and habits in the highest French Society which lasted down to the time of the Revolution, and which no other country could show. In England, on the contrary, the downright character of the people, their inveterate insularity, the pursuits of the highest classes, the country life which was always held in the highest account, were adverse to extreme social polish. Any countervailing influences of the Court were wanting; apart from the effects produced on the public mind by a comparatively wealthy and powerful aristocracy, there was neither magnificence nor refinement under the first or second George; and when George III succeeded, the homely life and unpretentious habits of the "Farmer" King were immeasurably removed from French ideas. But Lord Chesterfield had seen a very different picture abroad, and he was keenly alive to the difference of English manners; "la politesse," he says, "n'est pàs du cru de l'Angleterre;" and he is not altogether to be blamed if he desired to inculcate upon his adopted son and heir some of the courtliness and grace which had fascinated him in the stately palaces of pre-revolutionary France.

Such was the general training which Lord Chesterfield endeavoured to give his Godson—the training to make him a courtly, accomplished man of the world—and, if he failed in his attempt, it only proved the truth of the rather mournful

adage in all education, that as the young plant is by nature so in the main will be its aftergrowth. Something may be done to modify, to check, even to direct; but substantially nature will re-assert herself, even though, as the Latin poet says, she be driven out with a pitchfork.

In the wisdom of Lord Chesterfield's precepts most will concur, and of the affection which inspired them few, I think, who read these letters (and compare them with the correspondence with his father, to which I have already alluded), will doubt. Lord Stanhope says that Lord Chesterfield found his Godson "uncongenial to him," and the remark has been frequently repeated; but I venture to doubt the correctness of the supposition. It corresponds doubtless with the generally accepted character of the old statesman living in retirement and almost lost to the world at the time of which I am now writing,—hard, cynical, worldly, and selfish: but like many popular estimates of character, this was I believe an incorrect one; and there are numberless traces which bear witness to a genuine affection of Lord Chesterfield for his Godson; whilst there is nothing worth mentioning on the other side, except the famous paragraph in his will, in which he devises that his successor shall forfeit £5,000 if he frequents Newmarket, "that seminary of iniquity and ill manners [1]," and with characteristic humour leaves the recovery of the forfeit to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, with whom he had had some business dealings. If Lord Chesterfield in society seemed to look only on the hard side of things, if his marriage was of the same cynical kind, there is abundant evidence of his strong affection for his Godson and the desire to win the boy's confidence which

[1] Lord Chesterfield's Letters, preface by Lord Stanhope, i. xvii.

UNIV. OF MICH.

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PHILIP, FIFTH EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, AND HIS SON.

From a Painting by T. WEAVER. 1810.

well out like a stream from some rocky mountain, and which seem to me very touching and pathetic. "He loves me," Lord Chesterfield says in a letter to the boy's father, "as well as one creature can love another, and fears me as much, from love. I only regret, that I probably shall not live to see him the man that I am persuaded he will be[1]."

But the dream was not to be accomplished; and the hope of the old statesman was the father of his thought. Philip Stanhope was not the stuff out of which high eminence in statesmanship or letters could be carved; and all that can be honestly said of him is that he was a sensible and kindly, if rather common-place man, whose life was the absolute opposite to that of his Godfather, and whose mental qualities were eclipsed by the brilliant memories of his predecessor.

There are several portraits of him at Bretby and they all, though at different periods of life, represent the same characteristics. There is one by Gainsborough, painted in a red hunting coat after he had succeeded to the title, in the flush and vigour of manhood; and over it the accomplished Master has thrown a certain grace, which probably none but he could have given. There is also another and an interesting one, as showing the habits of dress at that day, in which in much later life he is represented as standing in his farm yard, dressed in the old blue and red Windsor uniform, wearing his blue riband and holding his son, a child of five or six years old, by the hand, while his agent points out to him the merits of a prize heifer. Both these pictures are very characteristic of him and his favourite pursuits, and both show the same features, the same look of goodnature, and

[1] Letters from Lord Chesterfield to Arthur Stanhope, Esq., p. 163.

the rather heavy build which corresponds with the nick-name of "sturdy[1]," which his Godfather bestowed upon him. But as bearing upon these letters the most interesting portrait is one of a nameless youth of some thirteen years old, in a fancy dress, with red rosettes in his shoes, and the word "ERIS"—thou shalt be—above his head. The picture is by Russell and bears date 1769,—the time when these letters were written, and the very year in which the companion portrait of Lord Chesterfield, to which I have already alluded, was painted. The features and the figure are those of Philip Stanhope; and, taking into account the likeness, the common date, the age of the boy, and the motto on the picture, I came to the conclusion that this was his portrait. But one of the letters in this series converted my general conclusions into certainty, for in it Lord Chesterfield says: "I have bespoke of Mr. Russell a picture of you singly with the attributes of a man of learning and taste: Anacreon, Horace, and Cicero lie upon your table, and you have a Shakspeare in your hand to suit with your dress." Such is the picture as it now hangs on the wall, and such was the link of connection in the two portraits of himself and his Godson which Lord Chesterfield intended to indicate—the old scholar and statesman holding in his hand the De Senectute; the youth leaning against a table on which lie—undisturbed—the classical volumes, that falsely symbolised the literary distinction which he never achieved.

Such indeed as he was when his Godfather idealised him, such he grew up,—a kindly, goodnatured, practical country

[1] Queen Elizabeth is said to have written the following couplet describing the qualities of some of the Nottinghamshire families of her day:

"Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,
Markham the lion, and Sutton the lout."

gentleman, devoted to his wife, a daughter of the Marquis of Bath, with apparently many friends and acquaintances, and still kindly remembered by some few very old people in his village of Bretby. His Godfather, in a posthumous letter[1] addressed to him, tells him that he will probably one day hold Office; and this prediction was fulfilled, for in 1798 he was appointed, in Mr. Pitt's Government, Master of the Horse; but his connection with Office was with the Court rather than with Parliament. He was apparently a favourite with George III; was constantly with the homely sovereign in his morning rides, his quiet whist parties, on board the royal yacht at Weymouth; and page after page of his diaries is filled with these simple entries. Though he was not such as his Godfather had hoped and planned, he was not wanting in accuracy and method. His diary was kept from day to day with great care and regularity, he wrote an excellent hand, he made out many of his own accounts; and in anticipation of our modern and more scientific practices he drew up a singularly careful and even interesting weather record which he entitled a meteorological Journal. In later life at least he was a sensible man above rather than below the average; and I am disposed to think that the pains which his Godfather had bestowed upon his education were not thrown away. He was not without humour of a certain kind; and Madame d'Arblay's sense of propriety in 1790 was unnecessarily shocked by what she supposed a violation on his part of the laws of society, but which in our day would pass as a good-humoured and harmless joke, and certainly not necessarily inconsistent with any rules of good breeding. "How," she says, "would that quintessence of high ton, the

[1] Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Lord Stanhope's edition, vol. ii, sub finem.

late Lord Chesterfield, blush to behold his successor, who with much share of humour and of good humour also, has as little good breeding as any man I ever met with[1]." He lived in London during the season, had a good French cook[2] who paid him the compliment of dedicating to him two elaborate volumes on the art of cookery, and he was popular at Court and in Society; but his heart was in the country and in country pursuits. Here his worst and greatest mistake was the hasty sanction which he gave in early life to an unscrupulous agent for the destruction of the old Hall at Bretby,—a picturesque and perhaps unique house built on the plan of old Versailles, with curious courts and formal gardens and terraces and fountains, and associated with traditions that had become historical. Years afterwards, it is said, when passing through Birmingham, he was struck with the beauty of some old carvings in a shop and found on enquiry that they had formed part of the magnificent mansion, which in the ignorance of a very young man and on the representation of others—probably interested persons—he had allowed to be pulled down. The work of destruction was complete; "periere ruinae;" and, with the exception of the stables and some part of the offices, nothing now remains to show what this interesting building was. The present house, of a wholly different construction and character, was built near, though not on the precise site, from the designs of Wyatt, and there these letters, which had probably been brought from Chesterfield House, slumbered for many years. I can only hope that they will appeal to others

[1] Diary and Letters, v. 92.

[2] The Modern Cook, by M. Vincent la Chapelle, Chief Cook to the Earl of Chesterfield. 1783.

not less than they have appealed to my mind. For to me they seem not only most interesting but singularly charming; the humour, the wit, the play of character, the great range of knowledge, the unabated power of thought, the affection and human sympathy—remarkable at any time of life but particularly striking in one broken by age and infirmity—present a picture very different from that which has been commonly accepted as the portrait of Lord Chesterfield. I can honestly say that I began my task with little interest, perhaps with prejudice; I have ended it with strong interest, sympathy, and appreciation.

A FEW words are perhaps desirable as to the general principle on which I have proceeded in the editing of these letters. I have published everything. There are some among these letters which repeat the same ideas; there are others which were designed for elementary education; but throwing light, as I think they do, upon the character and life of a very eminent man, and in some degree also upon the manners and circumstances of the time, I have thought them all worthy of publication. Occasionally the MS. is defaced or torn; and in a very few cases I have omitted some words, which reflected the coarse phraseology of the day, and which marred the otherwise blameless character of the composition. These omissions are indicated by asterisks.

The order in which these letters are arranged has been a question of considerable difficulty. Many are undated, or—

in defiance of Lord Chesterfield's own rule—only carry the day of the week, or are wholly without either date or address; whilst the old postmarks, which do not indicate the year, are of no use in deciding the question. The letters had at some time been put together by some contemporary hand, but so carelessly that in order to ensure, approximately at least, some chronological order, a re-arrangement was absolutely necessary. This has been done, and I believe that their order is now as nearly correct as at this distance of time is possible. In some cases particular letters contain sufficient internal evidence to indicate their position, as in that of 31st March, 1764, where Lord Chesterfield speaks of the eclipse of the following day; in other cases the tables for ascertaining any day in the week since the introduction of the new style in 1752 have determined the date; in some other instances the order is clearly decided by a comparison with letters in Lord Chesterfield's correspondence with Mr. A. Stanhope. Wherever I have inserted a date, I have done so either from a reference to this correspondence or by the aid of the chronological tables. The orthography, both in English and French, is often inexact; and the same words are sometimes spelt differently in the same letter. I have not thought it right to correct these inaccuracies; it is better that Lord Chesterfield's letters should be presented with their blemishes, as with their merits, as they stand. But there are a very few instances where there was an obvious slip of the pen, such as "no" for "know," etc., and where it is impossible that there can be the slightest doubt as to the writer's intention; and here I have thought it only reasonable and just to make plain the manifest sense of the passage. I have numbered the

letters; and I attach a specimen of the handwriting, which has all the best characteristics of the period.

It is right to give some explanation of the fourteen letters on the Art of Pleasing, or as Lord Chesterfield describes them, the Duty, Utility, and Means of Pleasing, which will be found in the later part of this series, and which have already appeared in print, though in a very incorrect and garbled form. Their history is so curious a one that it deserves mention. They were first published in the February, March, April, and May, 1774, numbers of the "Edinburgh Magazine and Review," as a "Series of Letters from the Earl of Ch—rf—d to Master Stanhope." In 1776 they were copied into a Dublin edition of the Letters to the Son, and with a further inaccuracy superadded, they were stated to have been addressed to the Son instead of the Godson. In 1778 they were reproduced in a supplementary volume to Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield by B. W. of the Inner Temple. In 1783 they were again published in London in a separate form, and lastly, in 1845, Lord Stanhope reprinted them in his excellent edition of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. It is to these fourteen letters that Horace Walpole alludes in his Royal and Noble Authors, as well as in his Marginal Notes to Dr. Maty's Memoirs. It is a question of some interest how these letters originally reached the Edinburgh Magazine. That they were surreptitiously or improperly obtained can hardly be doubted; that they were transcribed by an ignorant and unintelligent copyist will be clear to anyone who will compare them with the originals now given. The preface to the edition of 1783, to which I have already referred, contains the following passage: "They were chiefly written

during the Earl's residence at Bath and received by his Pupil, who was then under the care of Dr. Dodd, that unfortunate and much-to-be-lamented victim to dissipation and extravagance, by whom they were copied, and as is generally believed, transmitted to the press through the disgraceful channel of a provincial magazine." This indicates the contemporary view; but it may be doubted whether the unfortunate clergyman was wholly responsible for the misappropriation, though it is likely that it occurred under his roof. The errors in the Magazine and in all subsequent reproductions would seem to point to some less practised hand.

The illustrations in this volume perhaps require, even at the risk of some repetition, a few words of explanation. The portrait of Lord Chesterfield, holding the De Senectute of Cicero, is as an old man in 1769, and is reproduced from an engraving; and that of the Godson, in the fancy dress in which he had probably acted in one of the plays alluded to in these letters, and with the De Amicitia before him, is the one to which I have already referred, which was painted at the same time. The later portrait by Gainsborough was taken when Philip Stanhope had succeeded to the title; and the last, perhaps the most interesting because most characteristic picture represents him in the yard of his home farm wearing his blue ribbon—as was then customary on other than state occasions--looking at a prize heifer and holding his young son by the hand. In addition to these is a representation of old Bretby or Bredby or Bradby Hall; the destruction of which, in all its quaint and formal picturesqueness, is the cause of a never-ending regret.

The sketch of Lord Chesterfield and Lord Scarborough is taken from a pencil drawing at Bretby by T. Worlidge, and inside the frame is a slip of paper in Lord Chesterfield's handwriting—perhaps an instruction to the artist—in the following words:—

"The Earl of Scarbrough sitting on one side of a Table towards the end of it, and Lord Chesterfield on the other. Two or three books scatter'd upon the Table. These words written over the Earl of Scarbrough's chair. AVULSO DEFICIT ALTER."

The date of the drawing is 1743, and looking to that date and the fact that the motto is placed over Lord Scarborough's head, it is clear that it was intended to record their long friendship and his unfortunate death.

I must, in conclusion, take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to Mr. Maunde Thompson, the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, for the assistance which he has given me in regard to the extremely interesting MSS. which are under his charge; to Mr. Doble, of the Clarendon Press at Oxford, for the Index to these Letters; and to Mr. J. McCraw, for his valuable help in the difficult task of determining the sequence of these letters. I have added a short chronological table of the principal events of Lord Chesterfield's life.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF THE

PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LIFE.

1694. *Birth of Lord Chesterfield.*

1702. *Accession of Queen Anne.*

1712. *Lord Chesterfield entered at Cambridge.*

1715. *Appointed Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales and entered the House of Commons.*

1723. *Appointed Captain of the Guard.*

1726. *Death of his father, the third Earl.*

1727–8. *Death of George I, and appointment of Lord Chesterfield as Ambassador at The Hague.*

1730. *Lord Chesterfield appointed Lord Steward and invested with the Garter.*

1732. *Expelled from Office in consequence of his vote on the Excise Bill.*

" *Birth of his Son.*

1733. *Married Melusina de Schulemberg.*

1737. *His fine speech against the Bill for Licensing Theatrical representations.*

1739. *War with Spain and strong opposition by Lord Chesterfield, Lord Carteret, and others to Sir R. Walpole.*

1742. *Fall of Sir R. Walpole. Lord Carteret's Government formed, which, however, Lord Chesterfield did not join.*

1744. *Fall of Lord Carteret. Coalition Government. Lord Chesterfield appointed Envoy to The Hague.*

1745. *Viceroy in Ireland.*

1746. *Lord Chesterfield Secretary of State.*

1748. *His resignation.*

1751. *His speech on the Reform of the Calendar.*

1752. *His deafness became serious.*

1755. *His deafness was so severe that he complained he could no longer take part in public affairs.*

" *Birth of Philip Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield's Godson and Successor (28th November).*

1757. *Lord Chesterfield emerged from his retirement to effect a reconciliation between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt.*

1760. *Accession of George III.*

1761. *Commencement of Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson.*

1768. *Death of his Son.*

1770. *Last Letter of this series to his Godson.*

1773. *Lord Chesterfield's death.*

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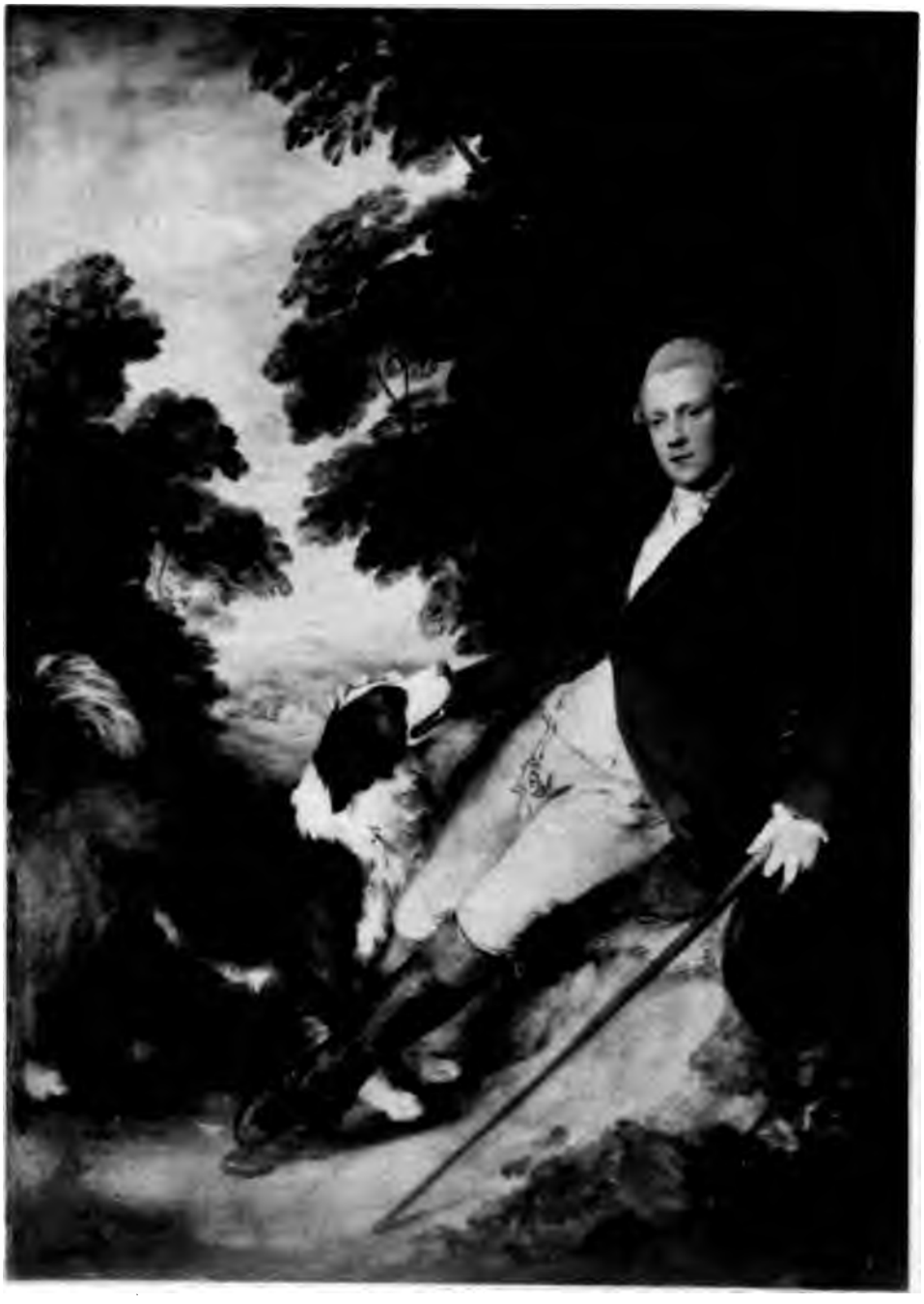

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PHILIP, FIFTH EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

From a Painting by GAINSBOROUGH.

UNIV. OF

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LETTERS OF LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS GODSON.

I.

A Gift to the Godson for his First Letter.

LONDON *July y^e* 28th 1761.

DEAR GODSON,

I was agreably surprised with receiving your letter written all with your own hand, which at five years and a half is, upon my word, a great performance. What will not that Herculean hand of yours so red and so blue do in time, that can do so much already? Seriously, I see that you have been a very good boy, and have applied yourself to your book, for I take it for granted that your reading keeps pace at least with your writing. I do not know if you remember (but I am apt to think you do) that I promised to send you a watch for the first letter you should write to me with your own hand. Now as a Man of Honour performs whatever he has promised, even without being put in mind of it, I have bought you a watch which I will send you by the first opportunity. It is not, as you will find, a very costly one; but perhaps it may answer your present purposes as well as a better. You may, and I suppose will, set it and wind it up ten times a day, and if you drop it upon the Forest it will be no great loss. You shall have one much better when you can talk and write French currently; and for

every considerable improvement, I will give you something still much better. So that it will be your interest to take pains. Study heartily, and play vigorously; but always do one or the other, and never be idle. I hope you play often with the pictures upon your Globe, and ask your Papa a thousand questions about them, for they are as like as ever they can stare, to England, France, Spain, Italy, and every other Country in the world. You have likewise the pictures in Ovid's Metamorphoses to play with for variety. There you will find Jupiter with his Eagle and his thunderbolt, Juno with a fine tame Peacock, Venus with a pair of very pretty turtle Doves, and Diana who carrys half the Moon upon her head, and a bow and arrow in her hand. If I were you, I would ask Papa several questions about those people, as who they are, and what is their business.

Bon soir petit Drole, et aimez moy, car je vous aime beaucoup. Adieu.

CHESTERFIELD.

This last line is for you, and your first Minister Jack, to lay your heads together about.

II.

Diversion ordered, Study requested, Ignorance despised.

LONDON *Nov*: 3d 1761.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

See how punctuall I am. I received your letter but yesterday, and I do myself the honour of answering it to day. You tell me that when you are at Monsieur Robert's, you will obey my orders, but that is a very unlimited engagement,

for how do you know what orders I shall give you? As for example, suppose I should order you to play and divert yourself heartily, would you do it? And yet that will be one of my orders. It is true I shall desire you at your Leisure hours, to mind your reading, your writing, and your French, but that will be only a request, which you may comply with or not as you please; for no man who does not desire to know, and to be esteemed in the world, should be forced to it, for it is punishment enough to be a blockhead, and to be despised in all companys.

I fancy you have a good memory, and from time to time, young as it is, I shall put it to the tryal; for whatever you get by heart at this age you will remember as long as you live, and therefore I send you these fine verses of Mr. Dryden, and give you a whole month to get them by heart.

When I consider Life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet fool'd with hope, Men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think tomorrow will repay,
Tomorrow's falser than the former day;
Lyes worse, and when it bids us most be blest,
With some new hope, cuts off what we possest.
Fond cozenage this, who'd live past years again?
Yet all hope pleasure from what still remain;
And from the dregs of life, think to receive,
What the first sprightly runnings could not give.
I'm tired of seeking for this chymick gold,
Which fool's us young, and beggars us when old.*

And so God bless you. CHESTERFIELD.

* Aurengzebe, Act IV, Scene 1.

III.

Illness of the Writer.

LONDON, *April ye 20th*, 1762.

BEST OF BOYS,

I have hardly recovered the use of my hand well enough to write to so great and little a Penman as you are. Upon my word you have improved very much in your writing and you do very well to mind it, for it is a shame to see what a hand some people even of fashion write. I wait for your arrival in Town, which I hope is not very remote, to recover my Geography, which I know that you are very well able to revive; but we will leave time for play too, for that is very necessary. Be all alive and merry, and you will study the better for it. Tell your Papa with my compliments, that I do not write to him by this Post, because that two letters on one day, are yet too many for both my hand and my head, which still continue very weak; for though my pains are pretty much abated, I have neither recovered flesh nor strength since my illness. And so, I heartily bid you good night.

Yours

CHESTERFIELD.

To Philip Stanhope, Esq.,
at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire.

IV.

On Languages: Spanish for Prayer, German for Command, Italian for Love, and French for Conversation.

DEAR PHIL.

I must tell you that you do not make that quick progress in French which I expected from your facility to

learn; and I can assure you that your Papa will expect when he comes to town, to find that you can speak and read French very readily, and will, I fear, be disappointed and angry, if you do not. Therefore pray apply yourself close to it and do not be giddy, nor think of your Hobby horse while you are reading it. Whatever you hear or see, ask *coment appelle t'on cela en François*, or, *comment dit-on cela en François*. Ask Monsieur Robert how everything that you see at dinner is called in French, soit Mouton, Bœuf, Veau, Cochon, Volaille, ou Poisson. And when you would have anything, ask for it in French, and say, Monsieur, voulez bien me faire la grace de me donner de cela. Il faut parler François à tort et a travers d'abord, pour le parler bien dans la suitte. La langue Françoise est une langue de Société, et de conversation, et on l'apprend mieux en conversant que de toutte autre mannière. Le Grand Empereur, Charlequint, disoit que s'il vouloit parler à Dieu, il luy parleroit en Espagnole; s'il vouloit parler a son Cheval, ce seroit en Allemand; s'il vouloit parler à sa Maitresse ce seroit en Italien; mais que s'il vouloit parler aux hommes ce seroit en François. Now do you know why he appropriated these several languages to these several purposes. It was because Spanish is a pompous sollemn language, and therefore fittest to address God in. German is a very rough language, and therefore the fittest to speak to his Horse. Italian is a very soft musical language, made up chiefly of vowels, and therefore he would speak it to his Mistress. But he preferred French for conversing with Men, and indeed it is the best fitted for common conversation. But *a propos*, do you know who this Emperor Charles the fifth, or as he is called in French, Charles le quint was. He lived in the middle of the sixteenth century. He was Emperor of Germany, King of Spain and the West Indies, he had all Flanders, and most part of Italy. All which he left, and retired to a Monastery in Spain where he dyed. He gave up the Empire to his brother Ferdinand, and Spain and the Indies, Flanders and

Italy, to his son Philip the second, your namesake. Here is enough for this time if you read it with attention, for without attention nothing is to be done. And so God bless you.

CHESTERFIELD.

Monday July ye 19th 1762.

V.

The Degradation of Ignorance.

BLACKHEATH *July ye 27th* 1762.

DEAR PHIL

I send you here inclosed, another little scrap of the History of that great Prince King Edward the third, which if you read with attention you will remember as long as you live; for memory is nothing but attention. His son the *Black Prince*, would have been as great a King as his Father was, but unfortunately he dyed before him; and his son Richard the second who succeeded Edward the Third was so weak and so contemptible, that he was deposed, and Henry the fourth usurped the Crown. I believe Richard had no attention to anything but his pleasures.

Eh bien! qu'avez vous fait de bon apres que je vous ay vû hier? vous aurez sans doute étudié le François, et la Geographie; car je sçay bien qu'il n'y a rien que vous craignez tant que de passer pour un ignorant, et en effet il n'y a rien qui avilisse et degrade plus un homme que l'ignorance. On meprise un ignorant, on le montre même au doigt, et avec raison, parcequ'il ne tient qu'à lui de ne l'être pas. Le Savoir ne demande que de l'attention, et je sçay que vous en aurez beaucoup. Adieu mon enfant, réjouissez vous, soyez gay, et attentif a vos plaisirs, comme a vos études.

CHESTERFIELD.

VI.

King Edward the Third and Eustace de Ribaumont.

The King who was not distinguished by his arms and who fought as a private man under the standard of Sir Walter Manny, remarked a French Knight called Eustace de Ribaumont who exerted himself with singular vigor and bravery, and he was seized with a desire of trying a single combat with him. He stepped forth from his troop, and calling out Ribaumont by name (for he was known to him), he began a sharp and dangerous encounter. He was twice beat to the ground by the valour of the Frenchman, and he twice recovered himself. Blows were redoubled with equall force on both sides, the victory was undecided, till Ribaumont finding himself to be left almost alone, cryed out, Sir Knight I yield myself your prisoner, and at the same time delivered his sword to the King. At night Ribaumont with other French Officers supping with the Prince of Wales, the King came into the room, and publickly gave the highest praises to Ribaumont, called him the most valorous knight that he had ever been acquainted with, and confessed that he had never been in such danger, as when he was engaged in battle with him. He then took a string of Pearl which he wore about his own head, and putting it upon Ribaumont's head, said to him, Sr Eustace, I bestow this present upon you, as a testimony of my esteem for your bravery. You are no longer a Prisoner and I acquitt you of your ransom.

VII.

Historical Scraps: John, Henry III, Edward II, Edward III.

John, surnamed, *sans terre.*

He succeeded Richard, but without any other right to the Crown, than the Will of Richard who left it him. He would have governed tyrannically, but the Barons, that is, the great and powerfull men of the Kingdom, were too hard for him; and obliged him by force to sign the two famous Charters, called Magna Charta, and Charta de Foresta, which confirm the Rights and Libertys of this Nation. He reigned eighteen years. He had all the ill qualitys that a King could have, and that is saying a great deal.

Henry the Third,

his eldest son, who was only ten years old then, succeeded him, he was a very weak man, arrogant in prosperity and abject in adversity.

Edward the Second,

succeeded his father Edward the first, but was like him in no one respect. He was a poor weak creature, and always governed by favourites, of whom one Piers Gaveston was the Chief and was hanged by the Barons. Edward was deposed by the Parliament and his Crown given to his son. His Queen and her lover Mortimer soon after had him put to death in a most barbarous manner.

Edward the Third,

succeeded him, and being under age, was for some time under the government of the Queen his Mother, and her lover Mortimer. But he soon broke loose from them and took the government into his own hands, seized the person

of Mortimer who was hanged, drawn and quartered. Edward claimed a right to the Crown of France, and nearly conquered that kingdom, with the assistance of his son the Black Prince, so called because his Armour was black. This Black Prince was one of the greatest, and most humane Heros of that, or perhaps any other age. The King goes with an Army into France and intirely routed the French army at Crecy near Amiens. The Black Prince by his bravery and conduct, contributed greatly to this victory. Edward founded the Order of the Garter. This great King dyed in 1378, that is, the latter end of the fourteenth Century.

VIII.

Work and Play: Learning and Ignorance.

BLACKHEATH, *July y^e* 30th 1762.

DEAR PHIL.

Yesterday I overheared a Dialogue just before my door, between two boys, one of which seemed to .... a very good boy, and put me in mind of you; the .... naughty boy, and very unlike you. I here send .... very words as nearly as I can remember them.

A. Come let us go and play.

B. No, I cannot now, for I have my task to get for tomorrow.

A. Never mind that. What are you affraid of being ....

B. Why to tell you the truth, I should not much like to be whipped, but I am affraid of something much worse.

A. What can that be?

B. Of being a Dunce, a blockhead, and being laughed at and despised by all my acquaintance.

A. Let them laugh, I will not mind them, I will play on.

B. But my friends and relations would all forsake me, and then what could I do?

A. Why, play on and not mind them.

B. But then I should have nothing to play with. Besides as I . . . .

A. That is what I never will do.

B. Do as you please; but I am resolved not to be pointed at for an ignorant Blockhead, and to be forsaken and hated by my friends and relations, for the sake of half an hour's more play in the day. You will see who will have the best of it seven years hence.

A. I do not think of seven years hence.

B. So much the worse for you. Good b'ye to you, I will go and get my exercise ready for to morrow.*

. . . . very well, which of these two Boys you will chuse . . . . and you will every day more and more find the benefit . . . . *a Quatrain de Pibrac*, which, though not very . . . . very good sense. I here transcribe it for you.

Le bon Enfant va à l'ecole,
Craint Dieu, aime sa parole
L'Enfant pervers n'a de Dieu crainte
Et ne fait rien que par contrainte.

Vous étes ce bon enfant la, c'est pourquoy je vous aime beaucoup. Adieu petit bon homme.

CHESTERFIELD.

* Where the blanks occur the MS. is defective.

IX.

Duty to God, and Duty to Man.

DEAR PHIL. *Aug.* 2 [1762].

Though I generally write to you upon those subjects which you are now chiefly employed in, such as History, Geography, and French, yet I must from time to time remind you of two much more important dutys which I hope you will never forget, nor neglect. I mean your duty to God, and your duty to Man. God has been so good as to write in all our hearts, the duty that he expects from us; which is adoration and thanksgiving, and doing all the good we can to our fellow creatures. Our conscience, if we will but consult and attend to it, never fails to remind us of those dutys. I dare say that you feell an inward pleasure when you have learned your book well, and have been a good boy, as on the other hand I am sure you feell an inward uneasyness when you have not done so. This is called *conscience*, which I hope you will always consult and follow. You owe all the advantages you enjoy to God, who can and who probably will, take them away, whenever you are ungratefull to him, for he has Justice as well as Mercy. Get by heart the four following and excellent lines of Voltaire, and retain them in your mind as long as you live.

> Dieu nous donna les biens, il veut qu'on en jouisse,
> Mais n'oubliés Jamais leur cause et leur Auteur;
> Et quand vous goutez sa Divine faveur,
> O Mortels, gardez vous d'oublier sa Justice.

Your duty to Man is very short and clear, it is only to do to him whatever you would be willing that he should do to you. And remember in all the business of your life, to ask your conscience this question, *Should I be willing that this should be done to me?* If your conscience, which will always tell

you truth, answers NO, do not do that thing. Observe these rules, and you will be happy in this world, and still happier in the next. Bon soir mon petit bout d'homme.

CHESTERFIELD.

X.

The Duty of Pleasing.

DEAR PHIL BLACKHEATH *Aug. ye 11th*, 1762.

In my last, I mentioned to you your duty, towards God, and towards [men], which I hope you will both remember and practise, and then you will be esteemed and respected by all good Men. But there is a lesser duty, which I would have you study and observe, that you may be loved by all mankind. I mean the duty of *pleasing*. I dare say you love to be pleased; then should you not endeavour to please others; this is but doing as you would be done by. You can only please by attention, complaisance, a gentleness and sweetness of manners, a civility upon all occasions, and a chearfull and engaging countenance. Observe attentively what pleases you in others, and do the same, and you will be sure to please them. Ce n'est pas assez d'être Estimable et respectable, mais il faut nécessairement être *Aimable*. Et si vous l'étes, comptez que vous serez aimé. Quel plaisir, a un cœur bien fait, de plaire! Tout le monde s'empresse a vous faire plaisir a leur tour. On vous procure tous les agrémens possibles. Adieu.

CHESTERFIELD.

XI.

Rough Manners: John Trott, the Two-legged Bear.

DEAR PHIL BLACKHEATH, *Aug*st. *ye* 18 [1762].

I cannot enough inculcate into you, the absolute necessity, and infinite advantages of pleasing, that is *d'etre aimable*; and it is so easy to be so, that I am surprised at the folly, or stupidity of those who neglect it. The first great step towards pleasing, is to desire to please, and whoever really desires it, will please to a certain degree. La douceur et la politesse dans l'air et dans les manieres plairont toujours. I am very sorry to tell you that you have not l'air de la politesse; for you have got an odious trick of not looking people in the face, who speak to you, or whom you speak to. This is a most shocking trick, and implys guilt, fear, or inattention, and you must absolutely be cured of it, or no body will love you. You know what stress, both your Father and I lay upon it, and we shall neither of us love you, till you are broke of it. I am sure you would not be called John Trott, and both I and others will call you so, if you are not more attentive and Polite. I believe you do not know who this same John Trott is. He is a Character in a play, of a Brutal Bearish Englishman; for there are English two legged Bears, and but too many of them. He is rude, inattentive, and rough, seldom bows to people, and never looks them in the face. After this description of him, tell me which would you chuse to be called, John Trott, or a well bred gentleman. C'est a dire voudriez vous être aimable, ou brutal. Il n'y a point de milieu, il faut opter, et être l'un ou l'autre. I know which you will chuse, I am sure you will desire and endeavour to be *Aimable.*

Keep all your Papa's letters, in the order they were writt, and you will have a short but true history of England to read over alltogether. Adieu petit bon homme, soyez aimable et ayez de l'attention.

CHESTERFIELD.

XII.

The Well-bred Gentleman.

DEAR PHIL— *Monday morning* [1762].

You say that you will not be John Trott, and you are in the right of it, for I should be very sorry to call you John Trott, and should not love you half so well as I do, if you deserved that name. The lowest and the poorest people in the world, expect good breeding from a Gentleman, and they have a right to it; for they are by nature your equals, and are no otherwise your inferiors than by their education and their fortune. Therefore whenever you speak to people who are no otherwise your inferiors than by these circumstances, you must remember to look them in the face and to speak to them with great humanity and *douceur*, or else they will think you proud and hate you. I am sure you would rather be loved, than either hated or laughed at, and yet I can assure [you] that you will be either hated or laughed at, if you do not make yourself *Aimable*. You will ask me perhaps what you must do to be *Aimable*? Do but resolve to be so, and the business is almost done. Ayez seulement de la Politesse, de la Douceur, et des attentions, et je vous reponds que vous serez aimé, et d'autant plus, que les Anglois ne sont pas généralement aimables. Among attentions, one of the most material ones, is to look people in the face when they speak

to you, or when you speak to them, and this I insist upon your doing, or upon my word I shall be very angry. Another thing I charge you always to do; which is, when you come into a room, or go out of it, to make a bow to the company. All this I dare say you will do, because I am sure that you would rather be called a well-bred Gentleman, than John Trott. I therefore send you this pocketbook, and will one day this week send for you to dine with me at Blackheath before the days grow too short. Adieu soyez honnête homme.

CHESTERFIELD.

XIII.

Some Rules for the Behaviour of a Well-bred Gentleman.

DEAR PHIL [1762.]

As I know that you desire to be a well bred Gentleman, and not a two-legged Bear, and to be beloved, instead of being hated or laughed at, I send you some general rules for your behaviour, which will make you not only be loved but admired. You must have great attention to everything that passes where you are, in order to do what will be most agreable to the company.

Whoever you speak to, or whoever speaks to you, you must be sure to look them full in the face. For it is not only ill bred, but brutal, either to look upon the ground, or to have your eyes wandering about the room, when people are speaking to you, or you are speaking to them. When people speak to you, though they do not directly ask you a question,

you must give them an answer, and not let them think that you are deaf, or that you do not care what they say. For example if a person says to you *this* [*is*] *a very hot day*, you must say, yes or no Sir.

You must call every gentleman, Sir, or My Lord, and every Woman, Madam.

You must never upon any account put your fingers in your nose, for that is excessively ill-bred, very nasty, and will make your nose bleed and be very sore. What is your handkerchief for?

When you are at dinner you must sit upright in your chair, and not loll. And when anybody offerrs to help you to anything if you will have it you must say, *yes if you will be so good*, or *I am ashamed to give you so much trouble.* If you will not have it, you must say, *no thank you*, or, *I am very much obliged to you.* You must drink first to the Mistress of the House and next to the Master of it.

When you first come into a room you must not fail to make a bow to the company, and also when you go out of it.

You must never look sullen or pouting, but have a chearfull easy countenance.

Remember that there is no one thing so necessary for a Gentleman as to be perfectly civil and well bred; nobody was ever loved that was not well-bred; and to tell you the truth, neither your Papa nor I shall love you, if you are not well-bred, and I am sure you desire that we should both love you, as we do now, because you are a very good boy. And so God bless you.

XIV.

Un Honnête Homme, et le Ton de la Bonne Compagnie.

DEAR PHIL. BLACKHEATH. *Thursday* [*Aug.* 1762].

My letters, you will say grow very frequent, but I write them with pleasure, in hopes that they may contribute to your improvement, if you will give attention to them; for as I have often told you, without attention, there is no improvement. I would have you used betimes to the style and manner of people of fashion, or as it is called in French, *Le ton de la bonne compagnie.* For which reason I shall from time to time send you Dialogues between people of fashion *et du bon ton.* For instance I now send you one here enclosed, supposed to have passed at dinner, which will teach you a little how to behave yourself at table; and I have put the English translation over against it in another column, but I shall not always do so, and in a little time I shall only write in French, and leave you to translate it, with the help of your Dictionary and of Monsieur Robert. Il y a un langage bas et vulgaire du peuple, dont il n'est pas permis a un honnête homme de se servir. Il faut qu'il parle plus élégamment, et d'un meilleur ton. Observe that, un honnête homme in French, signifys oftener a Gentleman, and a well bred man, than an honest man. I hope you will deserve to be called *un honnête homme* in every sense of the word, for to be a well bred Gentleman without being an honest man at the same time, is a very poor recommendation, and to be an honest man without any good breeding, is, to be a very disagreeable man. When either Monsieur Robert or you write to your Father, put the letters in the enclosed cases which I have franked. Adieu petit Drôle.

XV.

Dialogue at Dinner.

[*August* 1762.]

Dialogue a Table.

Auray' je l'honneur de vous servir de cette soupe?

Je vous rends mille graces, Je vous suis tres obligé.

Vouddriez vous plutôt être servi de cette Fricassée de Poulets?

Si vous voulez bien.

Moy, Je mangeray de ce paté de Godiveaux.

Il me semble Monsieur que vous preférez le haut goût, le composé.

Je vous demande pardon, en general, Je m'en tiens a l'uni, et pour mon ordinaire Je préfére une bonne piéce de bœuf, de Veau, ou de Mouton, a la broche ou bouillie, a tous les ragouts du monde, et Je suis sur que c'est bien plus sain.

Vous suivez donc le conseil de l'avare de Molière, qui dit qu'il faut manger pour vivre, et non pas vivre, pour manger.

Tout étre raisonnable doit pensér de la sorte, mais il

Dialogue at dinner.

Shall I have the honour to help you to some soup?

I give you a thousand thanks (*that is no*).

Would you rather I should send you some of the Fricassée of Chickens?

If you will be so kind.

I will eat some of the sweet-bread Pye.

You seem to me S^r^ to preferr high tastes and dressed dishes.

I beg your pardon, in general I stick to plain meat, and for constant eating, I preferr a good Joynt of Beef, Veal, or Mutton, roasted or boiled, to all the ragoûts in the world, and I am sure it is the wholesomest.

Then you follow the advice of the Miser in Molière who says that one must eat to live, and not live to eat.

Every rational being ought to think so; but I own it

faut avouér aussi qu'il est difficile d'observer cette regle a une Table comme celle cy.

Mais il n'y a rien de trop.

Voyons en le menu.

Je ne l'ay pas sur moy, ce sera pour une autre fois.

would be difficult to observe this rule, at such a Table as this is.

There is not too much.

Let me see the bill of fare.

I have it not about me, that's for another time.

XVI.

The French Language.

MON CHER PETIT GARÇON

Qu'avés vous fait depuis que je vous ay vû? Vous aurés sans doute bien appris ce que Monsieur Robert vous aura enseigné, c'est a dire, avec beaucoup d'attention, car sans beaucoup d'attention, on ne comprend pas ce qu'on apprend, et on l'oublie aussitôt. Même si on ne jouë pas avec attention, on ne sera jamais que Mazette, a quelque jeu que ce soit. Le *Hoc age* est egalement necessaire en toutte sorte de choses. Il me paroit que le François va assez bien, et que vous en scavés deja beaucoup, de sorte que je vous écriray ordinairement en François, pour vous y éxércér d'autant plus. Mais comme il y a plusieurs mots qui sont d'usage dans les bonnes compagnies, et que pourtant vous ne trouvérés ni dans votre Grammaire ni dans votre Vocabulaire, Je vous en envoye cy joint un petit nombre, avec leur traduction vis a vis, et vous les apprendrés par cœur. Adieu divertissés vous bien, mais apres avoir appris bien; alors vive la gayeté et la bagatelle; elles sont de saison.

CHESTERFIELD.

XVII.

French Words, Phrases, and Idiomatic Expressions.

Décrotter.	To Clean.
Décrotter un Jeune homme.	To Pollish a young Man, to give him the air and manners of good company. To form him.
Le petit Stanhope est un Joli garçon, mais pas encore tout a fait decrotté.	Master Stanhope is a pretty Boy, but he still wants a little more pollishing.
Engourdir. Cet homme la paroit engourdi.	That man does not seem alive, he is benummed, dull and heavy.
Il faut le degourdir.	One must rouze and enliven him.
La compagnie des femmes de condition degourdit un Jeune homme.	The company of women of condition animates and forms a young Man.
C'est un dégourdi, un délié.	He is a clever shrewd, Young Man.
Bizarre.	Odd, Whimsical.
Cette femme est bizarre, Elle n'agit que par Caprice.	That woman is very odd, very whimsical, she does nothing but by Caprice.
Une Boutade.	Sudden start, a sally.
C'est un homme a Boutade on ne scait par ou le prendre.	He is so strange a Man and acts so by starts and sallys, that one does not know, where to have him.
Gauché.	Lefthanded.
Gauche.	Awkward.
Un honnête homme doit se garder bien d'etre gauche.	A Gentleman should take great care not to be awkward.

Maussade.	Dirty, disagreeable and awkward both in mind and body.
Cette femme n'est pas laide, mais elle est furiéusement Maussade.	That Woman is not ugly, but she is horribly dirty, disagreeable and awkward.
Sombre.	Grave, dark, Gloomy.
Il siéd tres mal a un Jeune homme d'étre sombre, on ne le pardonne pas même aux Vieillards.	Nothing becomes a young Man worse, than to be dark, grave, and gloomy, one can hardly forgive it in an old Man.
Un Vacarme.	A Bustle, a disorder.
Il y a vacarme dans cette Maison, entre le Mari, la femme et les enfans.	There is great disorder quarelling in that Family, between the husband, the wife and the Children.
Un Charivari.	A Confusion of different sounds.
Il y a beaucoup de Charivari dans la rue.	There is a great noise and bustle in the street.
Ce concert est si mauvais que c'est plutot un Charivari qu'une Musique.	This concert is so bad, that it is rather a confused Jumble of sounds than Musick.
Un Tintamarre.	A great noise.
Les Graces.	Something gracefull, genteel, and engaging in the air and figure.
Cette Dame est paitrie des Graces.	That Lady is a compound of all the graces.
C'est un grand bonheur de possédér les Graces.	It is a great happyness to possess the graces.
Agacér.	To invite, to encourage.
Une Femme Coquette agaçe les amans.	A Coquet Woman encourages and invites Lovers.

Un qui [quid?] pro quo.	The taking one thing for another, a mistake.
Dégingandé.	Disjoynted, awkward, ill made.
Cette Femme est une grande dégingandé.	That Woman is a tall, awkward and disjoynted figure.
Un distrait.	A man that is absent in company.
Il n'y a rien au monde de plus desagreable ni de plus choquant qu'un homme distrait, qui n'a point d'attention pour la compagnie, qui ne sçait pas de quoy il est question, et qui s'il répond aux questions qu'on lui fait, ne répond que par des Coqs-a-L'âne. Il faudroit réveillér un tel homme a force de Chiquenaudes et de Nazardes.	There is nothing so disagreeable and shocking as an absent man in conversation, who has no attention for the company, and does not even know what is doing in it, and who if he answers at all to the questions that are asked him, always mistakes and blunders. Such a man should be rouzed by Chiquenaudes and twinges by the nose.
Une Mazette.	A Bungler, a Man that does nothing well.
Je ne suis qu'une Mazette au Jeu.	I am a bungler at Play.
Dégringoler.	To go off one after another, by degrees.
La Compagnie commence a degringoler.	The company begins to go off.
Cet homme la degringole.	That man will not last long.
Narrér.	To relate.
C'est un avantage de sçavoir bien Narrér.	It is an advantage to know how to relate, how to tell a story well.
Un Fanfaron.	A boasting cowardly Bully.
Une Cotterie.	A set of company that lives together.

Prônér quelqu'un.	Commending anybody with zeal.
Les mauvais Auteurs ont toujours des prôneuses.	Bad Authors have always some women to commend, or to puff them.
Galimatias.	Nonsense.
C'est un fin Galimatias ou je comprends rien.	It is absolute nonsense, which I can neither make head nor tail of.
Un petit Maitre.	An impertinent lively young Fellow.
Les petits Maitres ont un certain Jargon, qui impose, sur tout aux femmes.	Those impertinent Coxcombs have a certain cant which sometimes imposes upon people, especially women.
Une Caillette.	A woman who pretends to wit and knowledge, but has neither.
Une Femme a pretensions.	A woman that pretends to beauty, wit, and all talents and accomplishments.
Cette femme est insupportable avec ses pretensions, elle veut briller, et elle vous excide.	That Woman is insupportable with all her pretensions; she would fain shine, and instead of that she only provokes, and tires one's patience out.
Engouëment.	An extravagant liking.
Elle est engouée de touttes les nouvelles modes.	She is extravagantly fond of all new fashions.
Un bon mot.	A witty saying.
Une Pagnoterie.	A low vulgar jest.
Un mauvais plaisant.	A wag, a buffoon.
Un Fat.	A coxcomb.
La Fatuité.	The insupportable vanity of a Coxcomb.
Un Imbécille.	A Fool, or Idiot.

Un Charlatan.	A Mountebank, or any Man that pretends to what he knows nothing of, a Quack.
Un Goinfre.	A Glutton. A Man who intrudes himself to good tables.
Un Hableur.	A great and silly talker.
Un Tartuffe.	A designing Hypocrite.
Une Precieuse.	An affected superfine Lady.
Un Rustre.	A country Clown.
Le Bel usage.	The custom or fashion of good company.
Ce mot n'est plus du bel usage.	This word is no more used in good company.
Le bon ton, ou le ton de la bonne compagnie.	The style and manners of people of fashion, or of good company.
Un honnéte homme ne doit pas avoir le Stile ou les mannieres du peuple.	A Gentleman must by no means have the Style or manners of the Vulgar.
Le Peuple.	The mob, the ordinary people.
Le peuple craint toujours quand on ne le craint pas.	The mob fear, when they see that they are not feared.
Un Faquin.	A Scoundrel.

XVIII.

Des Babioles.	Baubles.
Les vieux enfants s'amusent souvent avec des Babioles aussi bien que les Jeunes.	Old children often amuse themselves with Baubles, as well as young children.

Des Colifichets.	Trifling Ornaments.
Des Bagatelles.	Things of no consequence. Trifles.
Cet Homme n'est occupé que de bagatelles, il ne songe a rien de serieux ou de solide.	That man is intirely taken up with trifles, and never thinks of anything serious or solid.
Une Guenille.	A Ragg.
Cet Homme est si avare qu'il ne porte que des guenilles, on le diroit un gueux.	That man is so covetous that he is all in raggs, one should take him for a Beggar.
Des Haillons.	The worst and coarsest raggs.
Se parér.	To dress and adorn one's self.
Se déparér.	To dress unbecomingly.
S'emparer.	To take possession of.
Les gens qui ne sçavent pas vivre s'emparent souvent de la Conversation.	People who are not well bred often usurp the whole conversation.
Frivole.	Idle, trifling.
Une Femme frivole.	A silly trifling woman.
Un Homme de mise.	A man that is well received in good company.
Compte.	An account, a reckoning.
Comte.	A Count, an Earl.
Conte.	A Story, a tale.
Au bout du compte.	After all, however.
Conte a dormir debout.	A long dull story.
En conter a une Dame.	To make love to a lady.
Conter des Fleuréttes.	To say tender things, to make love.
Il compte sans son hôte.	He reckons without his Host. He will be disappointed.

Il n'y trouvera pas son compte.

He will not find his account in it, or, it will not turn out to his advantage.

Quels contes ?

What idle silly stuff.

Un Siécle.

A century, or, one hundred years.

Nous sommes a present au dix-huitiéme siécle.

We are now in the eighteenth century.

Epoque.

A remarkable period of time.

Le Regne d'Alexandre le Grand fait Epoque.

The reign of Alexander the Great is an Epocha, or an aera.

L'Epoque des Chretiens, est la Naissance de Jésus Christ, qui arriva il y a 1762 ans, et nous comptons de la.

The aera of the Christians is the Birth of Jesus Christ, which happened 1762 years ago, and we reckon from that period.

La conquête de l'Angleterre par Guillaume le Conquerant fait Epoque dans notre histoire.

The Conquest of England by William the Conqueror, is a great aera in our History.

L'Invention de l'imprimerie est aussi une grande Epoque dans la Republique des lettres. Il y a, a peu pres trois cent ans.

The invention of printing is also a great aera in the Republick of letters. It was discovered about three hundred years ago.

L'Usage de la Boussole aussi fait une Epoque tres remarquable en fait de Navigation. Il y a quatre cent cinquante ans, a peu pres.

The use of the compas, is a great aera with regard to Navigation. It was found out, about four hundred and fifty years ago.

La Pierre d'Aimant, dont on fait les Boussoles et qui indique toujours le Nord.

The load-stone, with which compasses are made, and which always points to the North.

XIX.

Un Vaurien.	A good for nothing fellow.
Un Bourru.	A sullen, ill-natured ill-bred fellow.
Un Damoiseau.	An affected Fop.
Un Malotru.	A clownish, awkward ill-bred Man.
Une Femme homasse.	A great masculine Woman.
Une Femme pour être aimable doit avoir beaucoup de douçeur et de delicatesse.	A Woman to be agreable, should have a great deal of softness and delicacy.
Entregent.	Easy conversation, or chit chat.
Cette Dame a un entregent charmant, mais l'autre n'est qu'une bavarde.	That Lady has a charming easy chit-chat, but the other is only an incessant talker.
Le peuple rit, et ne sourit jamais, au lieu que les honnêtes gens sourient souvent et ne font jamais des éclats de rire.	The vulgar laugh aloud but never smile; on the contrary people of fashion often smile but seldom or never laugh aloud.
Les gens mal élevés, et qui n'ont pas l'usage du monde sont ordinairement deffiants et soupconneux en compagnie, si l'on se parle a l'oreille ils croyent qu'on se mocque d'eux, au lieu qu'on n'y pense seulement pas.	Ill bred people who have not been used to good company, are generally distrustfull and jealous, and if people chance to whisper, they suppose that they laugh at them, whereas they do not so much as think of them.
Un Avanturiér.	An adventurer, a man who has no visible livelyhood.

Un Chevalier d'Industrie.	A Sharper.
Un Filou.	A Pick-pocket.
Un Brétteur, un batteur de pavé.	A Bully, a quarrelsome fellow.

XX.

Un Parvenu.	A Man of no rank or substance who has made his own fortune.
Il y a bien des parvenus qui tiennent Carrosse a present qui montoient il n'y a pas longtems derriere celuy des autres.	There are many people who now keep their own coaches, and who not long ago got up behind other peoples.
Un Quidam.	A person unknown, a No body.
Une Femme a pretensions.	A Woman that pretends to wit, beauty, or any qualifications which she does not possess.
Cette Femme m'excéde avec ses prétensions.	That woman provokes one with her pretensions.
Une sotte Fiérté.	A silly pride.
Il n'y a que les sots qui sont fiérs de leur naissance ou de leur rang.	None but Fools are proud of their birth or rank.
Une Cohuë.	A great disorderly crowd.
Un homme avantageux.	A man who in all that he says or does thinks of his own advantage.

En traittant avec un tel homme il faut etre bien sur ses gardes, car il est tres avantageux.

Une Bagarre.

If one has any dealings with such a man, one must be upon one's guard, for he has always his own advantage in view.

A quarell or riot among the mob where there are blows.

XXI.

Drunkenness.

Un Yvrogne est un animal, un Cochon qui ne merite pas le nom d'un homme, puisqu'il avilit et degrade la nature humaine. Il boit du vin jusqu'au qu'il se rend malade et vomit. Quand il est yvre, il ne peut pas marchér, il chancéle, il tombe, et souvent ce casse le cou. Ce qui est encore pire, il perd l'usage de sa raison, et de son sens commun, il ne scait plus ce qu'il dit, ni ce qu'il fait, Il est quérrélleur, il se bat sans scavoir pourquoy, et quelquefois il est tué. Il s'attire toutte sorte de maladies, et ne se porte jamais bien. Il put de la bouche, il est mal propre, et n'est jamais admis dans la compagnie des honnêtes gens. Fuyez le vin, car c'est un poison lent, mais sur.

XXII.

Henry IV of France.

Henri quatre, ou *Henri le Grand* fut encore un des hommes célébres du seizieme siecle, et né l'an 1553.

Il fut premierement Roi de Navarre, mais il devint Roy de France par la mort de Henri 3.

et un honnête homme ne peut pas s'en passer dans la Société.

Vous verrez par la çy-jointe a quoy votre Pere s'attend de votre part, et il ne tient qu'a vous de remplir son attente, en vous appliquant a vos études. Voicy le juste Eloge que Ciceron, mon Auteur favori, fait des lettres. Haec studia Adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, Secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium praebent; delectant Domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant Nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur *. En voicy la traduction en François que je vous conseille de traduire en Anglois, pour vous en souvenir mieux. Les lettres sont l'aliment de la Jeunesse et la Joie de la vieillesse, elles nous donnent de l'éclat dans la prosperité, et sont une ressouce une consolation dans l'adversité, elles font les delices du cabinet, sans embarrasser ailleurs la nuit elles nous tiennent compagnie a la campagne et dans nos voyages elles nous suivent. Il n'y a rien de plus vray, croyez moy, Adieu.

Mardi soir.

XXV.

The Grace and Ease in the Manners of a Well-bred Man.

MON CHER PETIT GARÇON— 27 *Sept*: [1762].

Vous avés donc un Maitre a danser, J'en suis bien aise, car il faut qu'un honnête homme aye bonne grace, en marchant, en saluant, en s'asseyant, et en se tenant debout; cela est plus important que la danse. Votre Maitre vous enseignera sans doute, a vous presenter comme il faut quand vous

* Orat. pro Archia, c. vii.

entrés dans une chambre. Ce qu'il faut faire de bon air, sans effronterie, et sans timidité ou mauvaise honte, et avec l'assurance ferme d'un honnête homme. Quand Jean Trott entre dans une chambre, il a l'air si embarrassé et si gauche, qu'on diroit qu'il vient de faire quelque mauvais coup. Les graces du corps, previendront ceux, qui ne vous connoissent pas d'ailleurs, en votre faveur. Souvenés vous qu'il ne faut negliger aucun des moyens de plaire, c'est le grand article dans le commerce du monde. Tâchés de plaire, par votre air, par vos maniéres, par vos mœurs, par votre douceur. Ce Jeu la vaut bien la Chandelle, et les applaudissements que vous y gagnerés, flatteront bien votre vanité, et votre amour propre. Par exemple, ne seriés vous pas charmé de sçavoir qu'on dit, il faut avouer que le petit Stanhope se presente de la meilleure grace du monde, qu'il est poli, qu'il a les maniéres engageantes, enfin qu'il est tres aimable? Eh bien, il ne tient qu'a vous, qu'on dise tout cela de vous. Vous avés surement votre petite portion de la vanité humaine, et je serois faché que vous n'en eussiés pas; puisque c'est une cause qui produit souvent de tres bons éfféts. Un Jeune homme qui n'a point de vanité, point de desir de briller, point d'ambition de surpassér ceux de son age, devient negligent, indolent, parresseux, enfin il doit etre bête. Adieu mon cher. Vive la joye, vive la danse, soyez gai et eveillé.

CHESTERFIELD.

J'auray un petit present pour vous, quand vous vous presentérés de bonne grace dans une compagnie.

XXVI.

Attention to Learning: Hoc Age.

DEAR PHIL. BLACKHEATH. *Wednesday.*

Now that your Papa and Mamma are both gone and have left you to my care, I am both your Father and Mother. Before they went they made me promise them upon my honour, that I would write them a true account of your behaviour at Monsieur Roberts, particularly with regard to good breeding, and attention. Now as you know that a Gentleman must keep his word punctually, *car un honnête homme n'a que sa parole*, I dare say you will behave so well that I may with truth give them a good account of you. Remember your Father's rule which he has so often repeated to you of *Hoc age*. You understand those two Latin words; they mean do whatever you are doing with attention. When you are upon your Hobby Horse, do not think of your learning; but then when you are learning do not think of your Hobby Horse. *Soyez vif mais ne soyez pas etourdi*, that is in English, be lively but not giddy. I dare say you would have me love you, and so I do now; but I tell you plainly, that I shall love you no longer than while you have attention and good breeding. Have you examined upon the Map of Germany, in what place the late battle was fought, how near it was to Cassel, have you seen where the river Fulda runs, which the French have passed? Have you also examined where the Spanish army are got in Portugal, have you found Almeyda, Miranda, and Chiave?* Whenever you read the newspapers, you must have your book of maps by you, and look into it to find the situation of every one place that is mentioned in them. To

* The fortress of Almeida was taken by a joint Spanish and French force from Portugal in August, 1762; and this would seem to determine approximately the position of this letter.

be sure you have got by heart the list I gave you of all the Kings and Queens of England, I shall examine you about it the next time I see you. Those names that are written in greater letters than the rest, were the most considerable amongst them, as Edward the first, Edward the third, Henry the fifth, and Queen Elizabeth. Here is enough for this time. Adieu mon cher enfant, divertissez vous bien, a vos heures de loisir, mais aussi ayez beaucoup d'attention quand vous étudiez; et ayez toujours beaucoup de politesse et touttes les maniéres d'un honnête homme; alors Je vous aimeray beaucoup.

CHESTERFIELD.

To Master Philip Stanhope
At Mr Robert's boarding House in Marybone.

XXVII.

Gift of a Silver Pencil-case.—Necessity for Progress in French.

Lundi 4 *d'Oct.* [1762].

MON CHER PETIT EVEILLÉ

Comme je n'ay pu vous voir aujourd'huy, et que peut-être Je ne le pourray pas de toutte la semaine, Je vous envoye cette lettre, pour vous en faire mes excuses. Je l'accompagne aussi d'un petit present, parce qu'on dit que les petits presents entretiennent l'amitié, et je me flatte d'avoir quelque part a la vôtre. C'est un porte-crayon d'argent massif au moins, dont un bout porte un crayon noir, et l'autre un crayon rouge, de sorte qu'il ne tient qu'a vous de faire comme l'Empereur de la Chine, qui quand il repond aux placéts, ou aux representations qu'on lui fait, se sert toujours du pinceau rouge. Vous connoissés un peu le dit

Empereur de la Chine, ou du moins vous sçavés ou il demeure, et que c'est a Pekin ; mais je croy que vous n'avés pas oui parler de Confucius le célébre philosophe ou sage de la Chine, qui est mort il y a bien deux mille ans. Il a écrit des livres excellens de morale, qui sont regardés comme les loix de la Chine, et réspéctés comme telles. Cela soit dit en passant. Au reste faittes vous des progrés rapides, etonnans, prodigieux, dans le François? Je voudrois que vous fussies un veritable petit François avant que Monsieur votre Père revienne en ville. Comme il en sera surpris et charmé! Cela peut facilement arriver si vous le voulés bien. Pourquoy n'enseignierés vous pas le François a votre Elève le petit Douglas, en le lui parlant toujours? Cela vous seroit bien glorieux. Je suis impatient de vous revoir depuis que vous avés votre Maitre a Danser, étant persuadé que vous avés deja le maintien noble, et les graces en marchant et en saluant; J'auray presque honte de paroitre devant vous. Je le risqueray pourtant la semaine qui vient. En attendant divertissés vous. Bon jour petit drôle.

XXVIII.

The Denomination of the Horses of a Six-horse Carriage.

Vendredi 29 *d'Oct*^{bre} [1762].

Vous voila donc mon cher petit Drôle sur votre bonne foy et en quelque façon hors de page. Votre Pere et votre Mere sont a la campagne; moy J'y vais demain, mais hereusement Monsieur Robert reste, qui nous vaut tous, vis a vis de vous. Il faut donc tacher de meriter ses éloges a notre

retour, en vous appliquant sans la moindre distraction a apprendre ce qu'il vous enseignera. Je m'attends au moins a de grands progres, en six semaines que Je seray absent, et si cela arrive, Je vous apporteray quelque chose de bien joli de Bath.

Le carosse est il cassé, et les chevaux sont ils estropiés? J'ay ouï dire qu'une des roues du carosse est cassée, et qu'un des timoniers est boiteux. Scavés vous, par parenthése comment s'appellent les chevaux de votre attelage? Les deux les plus prés des roues s'appellent les Timoniers, les deux immediatement devant eux s'appellent Chevaux de la volée, et les deux premiers de tous, sont le cheval du Postilion, et le cheval de main. A cette heure vous pourres parler Ecuries avec qui que ce soit; quoy qu'au vrai, il vaut mieux parler de toutte autre chose, puisque ce n'est pas la le departement d'un honnête homme. Il vaut bien mieux a mon avis jouer au volant et fouetter votre toupie. C'est un exercice qui vous rendra fort et adroit. Adieu.

XXIX.

The Fable of the Oak-tree and the Birch.

Samedi matin.

Vous avez donc bien appris, et avec attention ces deux ou trois derniers jours, preuve que vous pouvez bien faire quand vous le voulez. Il faut donc le vouloir toujours. * * * * * * * Positivement, Je ne veus pas que vous soyiez un ignorant et un vaurien. A-propos Je vous diray une Fable, et souvenez vous en. Du tems jadis il y avoit un vieux Chêne superbe, qui se trouva planté tout pres d'un Bouleau (a Birch-tree) qui est le plus vilain des arbres. Le Chêne indigné de ce voisinage, dit au Bouleau, retire-toy

chétif arbre, ne m'approche pas, tu n'es bon qu'a faire des verges et des balais, au lieu que moy, Je fais les couronnes des Heros et des Conquerans. Tout beau s'il vous plait repliqua le Bouleau, il est vray que vous couronnez les Heros, mais il est aussi vray que je les y prepare, et que sans mes branches dans leur jeunesse, ils ne meriteroient pas, souvent les votres, dans leur âge plus avancé. Vous comprenez bien, Je croy, la morale de cette Fable; tachez donc d'en eviter l'application trop sensible * * * * *

En vérité, Je suis charmé des manières de votre petite sœur, elle n'est point du tout Enfant, et elle se conduit en compagnie comme une grande personne. Elle a des *attentions*, elle n'est jamais distraitte, et elle regarde toujours en face, ceux qui lui parlent, et ceux a qui elle parle, et elle s'applique a tout ce qu'on lui enseigne, si bien que Je croy que le Bouleau ne lui sera pas necessaire. J'espere aussi qu'il ne vous sera pas necessaire non plus, mais prenez-garde, car si vous le rendez necessaire, sur ma parole vous l'aurez, et de la bonne sorte. Adieu.

Sachez que les Grecs et les Romains couronnoient leurs Heros et leurs hommes Illustres, de couronnes faittes de feuilles de Chene, ou de Laurier.

XXX.

La Politesse.

A BATH *ce 4ième Nov.* 1762.

Hé bien, mon petit gaillard, qu'aves vous fait de bon, de beau, ou de grand depuis que je vous ay vû? Vous avés sans doute appris a merveille, mais avec attention. Vous avés apparemment joué de même, et cela n'est que juste.

Moyénnant quoy vous aurés fait de grands progrés, dans le François, et au volant. A ce dernier, si j'ose le dire, vous étiés un peu mal-adroit. Une Dame m'a mandé qu'elle est allé vous faire sa cour, chez Monsieur Robert, et que vous l'avès réceue on ne peut pas mieux. Elle fait de grands éloges de votre politesse, et me prédit que vous sérés honnête homme. Voyés ce que c'est que la politesse! On gagne par la l'amitié, et les louanges de tout le monde. Mais comme dans ce monde, il n'y a gueres de biens, sans quelque alliage, elle m'ecrit en même tems que le magnifique carrosse a six chevaux, est brisé en mille pieçes. Consolons nous en pourtant, en faisant reflexion, que c'etoit une Babiole audessous de votre age, et qui ne convenoit qu'aux petits garçons en bavette; au lieu que les jouéts plus sortables a votre age, sont ceux qui exigent de la force et de l'addresse, comme le volant, la balle, la toupie, et le petit palét. Au réste quelquechose que vous fassiés, souvénés vous toujours de *Hoc age* que votre Papa vous a si souvent recommandé, et sans lequel on apprend sans profit, et on joue sans se divértir. Adieu mon Eveillé.

CHESTERFIELD.

To Master Philip Stanhope
at Mr Robert's boarding School at Marybone by London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

XXXI.

Philip Stanhope Seven Years of Age.

a BATH, *ce* 13 *Nov.* [1762].

C'est ce qui s'appelle écrire, Mon cher petit Drôle, et Je ne croy pas que Cadmus, qui a inventé les lettres, il y a trois ou quatre mille ans, ait mieux écrit que vous. Avoués que c'etoit une belle invention du dit Sieur Cadmus de peindre les pensées, et de parler aux yeux. Par exemple

votre Papa, et moy, nous vous parlons souvent, a plus de cent milles de loin. Vous avés donc eu sept ans compléts le dixième du courant; Je vous en fais mon compliment, et d'autant plus volontiers, qu'au bout de chaque sept ans, on change et toujours pour le mieux. Avant que vous eussiés sept ans, vous n'étiés réellement qu'un enfant, et les jeux d'enfants vous convenoient, mais a present, quoyque Je ne vous diray pas que vous étes un homme, vous étes pourtant plus en train de l'étre, et on s'attendra a toutte autre chose. Vos Jeux doivent étre forts et robustes, pour vous donner de la force et de la vigueur. De même vos études doivent étre plus serieuses, et vous dévés vous y appliquer avec plus d'attention, car on seroit fort surpris, et même choqué de voir un jeune homme qui a passé sept ans, et qui ne sçeut pas la Géographie, l'Histoire, le François, l'ecriture et l'arithmétique passablement bien; et surtout on éxige a cet age des manières et une grande politesse, car c'est la ce qui distingue le plus un honnéte homme du petit peuple, qui est toujours grossier, brutal, et enfin Jean Trott. Adieu mon petit bon homme, portés vous bien, apprenés bien, et divertissés vous bien.

Faittes bien mes complimens à Monsieur Robert.

To Master Philip Stanhope
at Mr Robert's boarding School at Marybone by London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

XXXII.

Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, and Vandals.

A BATH *ce* 20 *Nov*: 1762.

Je suis bien aise, mon cher petit Drôle, que vous honorés Monsieur Cadmus pour l'amour des lettres; par consequent vous détésterés les Goths, les Visigots, les

Ostrogots et les Vandales, qui dans le quatrieme siécle, et aprés, ont fait ce qu'ils ont pû pour les detruire. Quels noms barbares me dirés vous, et qui etoient ces Coquins la? C'etoient pour ainsi dire des Bêtes feroces, qui habitoient les païs steriles, du Gothland et de la Tartarie septentrionale, et qui chassés de leurs tanières par la faim, sortirent en essaims, et inondérent et subjuguerent toutte l'Europe. Ils firent la guerre non seulement aux hommes, mais même aux Arts et aux Sciences, detruisant tout ce qu'ils trouvoient de Livres, et des beaux Monumens de l'antiquité, comme les batimens, les Statues, et les portraits. Depuis ce tems la on donne aux ignorans, et aux Garçons qui n'apprennent pas bien, le sobriquet de Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Vandales, etc., des noms que je suis sur que vous ne meriterés jamais, puisque vous vous piqués de bien apprendre.

Comment, un habit rouge avec un Galon d'or? C'est au mieux que cela. Un honnéte homme ne neglige pas son ajustement, et en meme tems il n'y fait pas trop d'attention. On me mande que vous jouéz aux quilles on ne peut pas mieux, cela et le Volant, et la Toupie, valent bien mieux pour s'echauffer, que d'étre frilleux au coin du feu. Il fait bien froid, mais aussi je sçay que vous le bravez.

Le François sans doute va a souhait, et je m'attends a mon retour en ville, de vous trouver un petit Marquis François, vif, gai, et un petit *brin* etourdi, mais avec tout cela extrémement Poli.

Bon soir je t'embrasse.

Mes complimens a Monsieur Robert sont toujours sous-entendus.

XXXIII.

The Invention of Printing and of Gunpowder.

a BATH *ce* 27 *Nov*: [1762].

Puisque vous sçavés tant de gré a Cadmus pour avoir inventé les lettres, vous respectérés a proportion ceux qui ont perfectionné cette invention par l'imprimerie. L'Imprimerie n'a été decouverte que dans le quinzieme siecle, c'est a dire entre les années 1400, et 1500; or avant cet epoque tous les livres etoient Manuscripts, c'est a dire, etoient ecrits de la main, ce qui demandoit beaucoup de tems, et coutoit furieusement de l'argent. En ce cas la qu'auriés vous fait, vous qui aimés a lire? Car je ne croy pas que vous ayiés assez d'argent pour achétter des Manuscripts? On doute encore de l'endroit ou l'imprimerie a été decouvérte, les uns disent que c'etoit a Harlem en Hollande, et les autres a Strasbourg en Alsace, mais comme je croy que cela vous est a peu pres egal pourvu que vous ayiés des livres, Je n'entreray pas dans la discussion de cette dispute. Souvenés vous seulement que l'imprimerie a été decouverte dans le quinziéme siécle, et que c'est la grande epoque dans la Republique des Lettres. Au reste le terme sçavant pour l'imprimerie est la *Typographie.* Vous ayant parlé de ces deux bonnes et utiles inventions les Lettres et l'Imprimerie; je vous en diray une autre, qui est destructive et Diabolique; c'est la poudre a canon, et les Armes a feu. L'Inventeur etoit Bernard Swarts di Fribourg en Allemagne, l'année 1380, c'est a dire dans le quatorzieme siecle. Ce miserable etoit un Moine, qui imagina ce moyen expeditif pour detruire le genre humain, au lieu de faire tout le bien qu'il pouvoit a son Espéce, selon qu'il y etoit obligé, par la Religion et la Morale.

Cette Lettre est bien serieuse, faittes y reflexion et souvenés vous en, mais qu'elle ne vous empéche pas pourtant d'étre vif, joyeux et petillant, car vous et moy nous aimons la Joye, et quelquefois même la bagatelle. Il faut rire et badiner a propos, car il y a tems pour tout. Adieu mon petit garçon. C.

To Master Philip Stanhope
at Mr. Robert's boarding School at Marybone by London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

XXXIV.

The De Medicis and the Revival of the Arts and Sciences.

a BATH *ce 2d Decem* : 1762.

Mais c'est que vous ecrivés a peindre, mon cher petit Marquis, puisque Marquis y a. Comment! une longue lettre, et un P. S. a peu prés de meme longueur, c'est un ouvrage penible. Voyés ce que c'est d'avoir passé sept ans; tout devient plus facile après cet age la, et l'on aime à travailler, parceque l'on sent que cela est necessaire pour figurer un peu parmi les honnetes gens. Vous n'aimés donc pas ces barbares, a noms baroques dont Je vous ay parlé dans ma derniere, et vous avés raison, car c'etoient de grandes Bêtes; mais pour vous consoler de leurs ravages, Je vous diray a present, qu'apres l'ignorance qu'ils avoient repanduë par toutte L'Europe, les arts, les sciences, et les belles lettres, se firent a la fin Jour, par l'encouragement et la protection de Côme de Medicis et de ses fils, qui etoient Ducs de Florence, et qui firent venir de Constantinople a Florence, des Manuscripts et des Sçavans; et le Pape Leon dix, qui etoit aussi de la Famille de Medicis y contribua

beaucoup, par son amour pour les lettres, et par sa liberalité envers les Sçavans ; mais d'ailleurs, c'etoit un franc Scélérat. Comme petit Marquis, vous me dites que vous voulés étre tres poli, il le faut absolument, et vous prenés la bonne methode pour le devenir, puisque vous voulés remarquer ce que les honnêtes gens font, et vous former sur eux. Les petits garçons Anglois sont en general tres rustres, par exemple, il y a icy un petit garçon assez joli d'ailleurs, qui ne regarde jamais en face ceux qui lui parlent, ni ceux a qui il parle, de sorte que l'on diroit qu'il a fait quelque mauvais coup. J'en ay parlé a ses parens qui m'ont promis de l'en corriger a quelque prix que ce soit. Comment va la danse? Avés vous encore appris a faire le coup de Chapeau, et a saluer en marchant sans vous arréter. Il est absolument nécéssaire qu'un petit Marquis aye des Graces; et de plus l'habit rouge et or, semble l'exiger.

Adieu Je t'embrasse. Vive la joye, et quelquefois la bagatelle.

P.S. J'avois oublié de vous marquer que c'etoit au quinziéme siécle que les Arts et Sciences commencérent a revivre, et que c'etoit au seizieme siecle que Leon dix siegeoit a Rome.

XXXV.

The Behaviour of a Young Man at Table.

a BATH *ce* 8 *Decem* : 1762.

Comme Je scais que vous voulez étre honnête homme et du bon ton, aussi bien que sçavant, Je vous envoye le reçit d'une conversation qui s'est passée entre une femme de qualité, et un Jeune homme de condition a Table, puisque cela pourra en pareil cas vous être utile. Le jeune homme étoit tout frais venu de la campagne, et comme elle avoit de l'amitié pour lui et pour ses Parens, elle se chargea

volontiers du soin de le décrotter, et de lui donner peu a peu le ton de la bonne compagnie. S'Etant donc mis a table, elle lui dit, Voulez vous que je vous serve de cette soupe?—Oui Madame.—Mais Monsieur on ne répond pas comme cela, Oui, tout cruement.—Comment faut il donc repondre?—Mais il faut dire si vous voulez bien me faire cette grace Madame, ou, si J'osois vous donner cette peine.—Je le diray donc une autre fois.—Voila vos deux coudes appuyéz sur la table, cela ne se fait point. C'est un manque de Politesse impardonable.—Je me garderay donc bien de le jamais faire a l'avenir.—Voulez vous que Je vous serve de cette fricassée Monsr.?—Si vous voulez bien me faire cette grace Madame. —Bon, je vois que vous avés profité deja, de mes instructions. Mais que vois-je! C'est que vous me faittes peur, voulez vous vous couper la gorge?—Qu'est ce que c'est Madame?—C'est que vous mangez du couteau, on ne mange que de la fourchette, ou de la cuillière, cela fait frémir de voir avaler un couteau.—Je l'ay vu faire pourtant a bien des gens.—Je n'en doute pas, mais jamais a des honnêtes gens.—A votre santé Madame.—Mais fi donc, cela ne se dit point, quand on boit a la santé d'une Dame, ou même d'un homme pour qui l'on a du respect, il faut dire J'ay l'honneur de boire a votre santé, ou bien, est-il permis de boire a votre santé. Mais en voila bien d'une autre.—Et quoy Madame?—C'est que vous avés pris de si furieux morceaux a la bouche, que vous en avez les Jouës enflées comme celles de Renommée quand elle entonne sa Trompette. On ne fait jamais cela dans les bonnes compagnies, et on n'en mange pas moins pour cela.—Je m'en souviendray bien, et ne le feray plus.—Hé bien en voila assez pour cette fois. Mais un autre jour J'auray encore bien des choses a vous dire, au sujet de la politesse et des belles manières.—Je vous en seray tres obligé Madame, car Je voudrois bien être tres poli.

Et tu le veux bien aussi J'en suis sur mon petit Marquis, et sur cela Je t'embrasse.

C.

XXXVI.

Small Talk for Ladies, and Knowledge in Conversation with Men.

a BATH. 14 *Decem*: 1762.

Chaque lettre que vous m'écrivez, Mon Cher petit Marquis, est une preuve du progrés que vous faittes dans l'écriture; continuez sur ce ton la, et avec le tems vous ecrirés mieux que personne. Les petits Marquis François sont souvent tres aimables, par leur Politesse, et leur enjouement, mais ils sont rarement sçavans, ce que je vois que vous voulés être. Il faut que les manieres et le sçavoir marchent ensemble. Il faut se faire a tout, Il faut avoir du *trin tran* et un certain petit caquet avec les Dames, et il faut du solide et du sçavoir avec les hommes. François premier, Roi de France, qui vivoit vers la fin du quinzieme et au commencement du seizieme siecle, etoit brave, galant, et avoit du Sçavoir, pour ce tems la. Il encouragea et protegea les Sçavans, les Arts, et les Sciences, et il fit venir d'Italie en France des gens de lettres, et a talents, des Peintres, et des Sculpteurs. Enfin il etoit ce qu'on appelloit dans ces tems la, un *Preux Chevalier*. Notre Roi Henri 8 qui etoit son contemporain avoit aussi quelque sçavoir, et il écrivit même contre Martin Luther, sur quoy le Pape lui donna le titre de Deffenseur de la Foy, que nos Rois gardent encore. Au reste ce Martin Luther la etoit un moine Allemand, auteur de la reforme, c'est a dire de la Religion Protestante que nous professons actuéllement. Mais vous me demandérés peut etre, qui est ce Pape. Je vous diray donc que c'est un vieux Fourbe, qui est Eveque de Rome et qui dans les tems d'ignorance passoit pour

infaillible, et le Vicaire de Jesus Christ, mais a present on s'en mocque.

Je seray en ville le commencement de la semaine qui vient, et nous nous verrons bientôt : serés vous bien aise de me voir ; pour moy Je seray bien aise de vous revoir, et Je rapporte une fort jolie chose d'icy, dont Je vous feray cadeau.

Adieu petit Garçon de passé sept ans.

XXXVII.

Les "Complimens sur le Nouvel An" (1763). *Hoc Age encore.*

[31 *December* 1762.]

Vous m'avés fait de tres bonne grace vos petits complimens sur le nouvel an, Je vous les rends de tout mon cœur, puissiez vous en avoir un grand nombre et des plus heureux. Ce dernier article depend presque uniquement de vous, car vous ne pouvés pas étre heureux a moins que d'étre aimé, estimé et respecté, des honnêtes gens. Pour étre aimé, il faut étre doux, bon, compatissant, et chercher a plaire. Pour étre estimé il faut étre parfaittement honnête homme, integre veridique et ferme. Enfin pour étre respecté, il faut briller par des talens et un sçavoir superieur. Tout cela depend de vous, mais pour y parvenir il faut necessairement que vous vous appliquiés a bien apprendre, il ne faut jamais penser qu'à une chose a la fois, il faut *le Hoc age.* Or, avouez que vous étes un petit etourdi, et que pendant que vous étes à faire une chose vous pensez a une autre ; et ce n'est pas la le moyen de parvenir. Mais je suis persuadé que, dans cette nouvelle année, surtout ayant passé sept ans, vous ne

preniez un autre ton, si vous voulés que Je vous aime. Je verray par les progrés que vous férés cette année, si vous souhaittez que je vous aime ou non. Adieu mon cher petit Marquis.

Vendredi, veille de la nouvelle année.*

XXXVIII.

"Scraps of History:" François I, King of France.

[1763.]

Comme il est absolument necessaire que vous sachiés parfaittement l'Histoire, et que pourtant votre petite cervelle n'est pas encore posée pour en retenir une suitte, Je vous écriray de tems en tems de certains petits traits d'histoire les plus remarquables; souvenez vous en bien et m'en rendez compte quand je vous verray, ou bien je pourray me fâcher.

François premier, Roy de France nacquit à la fin du quinzième siécle, c'est a dire l'année 1494. Il fut surnommé le Père des lettres, parcequ'il introduisit les belles lettres, les arts et les Sciences en France. Il fit venir les savants, les Peintres, les Sculpteurs d'Italie qui etoit alors le sejour des beaux arts sous la protection de la Maison des Medicis Ducs de Florence. Il fut tres brave de sa personne, et ce qu'on appelloit dans ce tems de Chevalerie, *Un preux Chevalier.* Il etoit presque toujours en guerre avec Charlequint L'Empereur d'Allemagne, et ils s'envoyerent reciproquement des Cartels pour se battre en Duel, mais ils ne se battirent point. François mourut au milieu du seizieme siecle, l'année 1547. Il fut defait, et pris prisonnier par les Espagnols, dans la bataille de Pavie, et emmené a Madrid. Adieu petit etourdi, appliquez vous.

A Phillippe le petit Marquis de Marybone.

* This was evidently written 31 December, 1762.

XXXIX.

"*Scraps of History:*" *Charles V, Emperor of Germany, and others.*

Mardi matin [1763].

Je vous ay dit dans ma derniere lettre, comme quoy le Roy François premier a introduit et protegé les belles lettres, les arts, et les sciences, en France; il sera question a present de son contemporain Charlequint qui etoit aussi un grand Empereur. Il etoit brave, actif, mais inquiet, jamais en repos. Presque toujours en guerre, tantot en Allemagne, tantot en Italie, tantot en Espagne, et quelquefois en Affrique. Il possedoit de vastes Etâts, car il avoit l'Allemagne, l'Espagne, toutte la Flandres, et une grande partie de l'Italie, outre l'Amerique qui etoit nouvellement decouverte. A la fin, las de touttes ces fatigues, et peut-être aussi des vanitez mondaines, il abdiqua tous ces êtats, l'année 1556, c'est a dire vers le milieu du seizieme siecle, et se retira dans un Couvent en Espagne, ou il mourut deux ans apres, c'est a dire en 1558. Il ceda l'Empire d'Allemagne a son frère Ferdinand, et l'Espagne, l'Italie, et la Flandres a son fils Phillipe second. Je remarque qu'il y a eu plusieurs rois et princes qui ont porté votre nom. Il y a eu Phillippe de Macedoine qui fut pere d'Alexandre le Grand, il y a eu aussi cinq rois d'Espagne du nom de Philippe; il y a eu des Phillipes rois de France, entre autres Phillipe le Bel. Il y a eu aussi Phillippe le Hardi et Phillipe le Bon, ducs de Bourgogne, mais comme vous ne serez ni roi ni prince, je vous conseille de vous contentér du surnom de Phillipe le Bon. Adieu, appliquez vous. *Hoc Age*, et ne soyez point etourdi, mon cher petit bout d'homme.

XL.

"Scraps of History:" Henry VIII, Pope Leo X, Martin Luther, John Calvin.

Lundi matin [1763].

Je vous ay parlé mon cher petit drôle, dans mes deux dernieres lettres, de François premier, Roy de France, et de Charlequint, Empereur de l'Allemagne, qui etoient contemporains, et qui regnoient dans le seizieme siecle; mais ce siecle la produisit aussi plusieurs autres hommes célébres dans leur differens gens [genres?], dont je vous diray deux mots a present. Henri VIII, Roy d'Angleterre qui etoit brave de sa personne, magnifique, mais brutal et cruel. Il avoit epousé six femmes de suitte, dont il repudia deux, seulement parcequ'il s'en etoit degouté, et il fit decapiter deux. Il avoit du Sçavoir pour ce tems-la, et il écrivit un assez mauvais livre de Controverse contre Martin Luther, et c'etoit pour ce bel ouvrage que le Pape lui donna le titre de *Deffenseur de la Foy*, que les Rois d'Angleterre ont toujours porté depuis. Mais son meilleur ouvrage, c'etoit sa fille, la Reine Elizabeth, dont avec le tems vous entendrez parler beaucoup.

Le Pape Leon 10 de la Maison de Medicis, siegeoit aussi dans ce siecle; il etoit sçavant lui-même, et protegeoit les Sçavants mais d'ailleurs, grand vaurien.

Martin Luther, un Moine Allemand qui etoit le fondateur et l'auteur de la Religion Protestante, que nous professons actuellement. Il reforma les abus et les erreurs de Papisme.

Jean Calvin qui poussa la Reforme encore plus loin. Il etoit tres sçavant, mais naturellement sombre, pour ne pas dire cruel; car il fit bruler Servet, parcequ'il ne pensoit pas comme lui.

Voicy bien des articles historiques à la fois, que vous apprendrez d'abord par cœur, et que vous oublierez une heure après, faute d'attention. Mais il faut espérer que quelque petite chose en restera, dans votre petite cervelle.

Ce qu'on appelle l'Histore en general, est réellement l'Histoire de l'Homme, qu'il ne faut pas ignorer, si on veut connoitre les autres, ou soy-même. Adieu.

XLI.

"Scraps of History:" Sweden; the linked Studies of Geography and History.

Mardi [1763].

Vous m'avés demandé l'introduction a l'Histoire Universelle par Puffendorf, et je vous l'ay envoyée, mais qu'en ferés vous? Votre petite cervelle etourdie, et inappliquée, ne voudra jamais lire, encore moins retenir l'Histoire d'aucun pais tout de suitte. Il faudra donc vous indiquer des morceaux d'Histoire detachez et frappans, qu'il n'est pas permis d'ignorer, et qu'avec le tems vous joindrez ensemble. Par exemple, dans l'Histoire de Suede, dont Puffendorf etoit, cherchez le regne de Gustave Vasa ou Ericson qui etoit veritablement grand homme et grand Roy; apres des travaux infinis il rétablit la Liberté de son pais, et en chassa Christienne second Roy de Dannemarck et un monstre de cruauté, qui l'avait conquis. Apres cela cherchez le regne de Gustave Adolphe, qu'on appelle avec raison le Grand Gustave, et qui etoit non seulement grand Roy et grand Conquerant, mais tres honnête homme, et ce dernier est le plus beau de ses titres. Apres lui, faittes un peu connoissance avec sa fille, la fameuse Reine Christine qui lui succeda. C'etoit une femme

tres singuliere, qui avoit beaucoup de connoissance, qui sçavoit touttes les langues, qui avoit commerce de lettres avec tous les Sçavans de l'Europe, et qui faisoit le Philosophe, et qui en etoit si entichée, qu'elle renonça a la Couronne de Suede, pour courir le monde et étaler son esprit et son sçavoir. Elle se fit Catholique de Protestante qu'elle etoit élevée, et mourut a Rome. Enfin elle etoit plus qu'un peu folle. Mais elle avoit du grand. Le dernier regne qui mérite votre petite attention en Suede, est celuy de Charles douze; célébre par son courage feroçe, par ses victoires et ses defaittes. Je vous ay aussi envoyé le petit Atlas, que Monsieur Robert me demanda pour vous il y a quelque tems. Souvenés vous de l'avoir toujours sous vos yeux quand vous lisez l'Histoire. Quand votre Pere et votre Sœur arriveront, ce qui sera bientôt, ils vous examineront vigoureusement sur l'Histoire et la Géographie et il ne seroit pas décent que votre Sœur en sçeut plus que vous. Il vous faut donc payer d'attention, c'est a dire, de memoire, car la memoire n'est autre chose que l'attention. Adieu mon cher petit drole.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's boarding School at Marybone by London.

XLII.

Louis XIV et son Siècle.

Lundi matin. 21 *Mars.* [1763].

Si vous connoissez Louis quatorze, au moins vous ne le connoissez guères, et il vaut bien la peine que vous le connoissiez parfaittement. Par la mort de son Père Louis treize il devint Roy l'année 1643, n'ayant que cinq ans, c'est-à-dire, plus de deux ans moins que vous. Croyez vous qu'a cinq ans, ou même a sept ans et demi on puisse être

capable de gouverner un Royaume? Vous avouerez peut être que non. Que faire donc en pareil cas? Il fallut avoir recours a une Regence; c'est a dire qu'il falloit quelqu'un pour gouverner et lui et le Royaume, c'est pourquoy sa Mere Anne d'Autriche fut fait Regente durant sa minorité. Il mourut a Versailles l'année 1715, de sorte qu'il avoit regné 72 ans. Il avoit beaucoup de grand, il etoit libéral, magnifique en tout, il encourageoit les arts et les sciences et donnoit des pensions aux gens de lettres par toutte l'Europe. Il etoit presque toujours en guerre pour assouvir son ambition demesurée, et il y fut toujours heureux jusqu'a l'an 1701, qu'il fut toujours battu, par le Duc de Marlborough et le Prince Eugene. Quoy qu'il encourageoit les lettres, il etoit lui-même d'une ignorance crasse, et vous seriez honteux meme à votre age de n'en sçavoir pas plus que lui. Cette ignorance le rendit si bigot, qu'il chassa de son Royaume deux ou trois cent mille bon sujets Protestants, parcequ'ils ne croyoient pas précisement tout ce que lui croyoit croire, car il n'en sçavoit rien. Quoy qu'il fut guerrier, on pretend qu'il ne fut pas brave, et qu'il ne payoit gueres de sa personne. Il etoit fort hautain, aimoit a representer et a jouer le rôle de Roy. Avec tous ces deffauts, son regne avoit beaucoup de brillant, et l'on appelle encore, et on appellera toujours le dix-septieme siecle, le siecle de Louis quatorze. Souvenez vous qu'il etoit tres ignorant, et que s'il est honteux a un Roy de l'être il est encore plus honteux a un particulier. Je suis sur que vous n'aurez pas cette honte parceque vous vous appliquerez, moyennant quoy vous vous souviendrez, car la memoire n'est que l'attention. Adieu mon petit homme, Je t'embrasse.

XLIII.

Louis XIV: Madame de Maintenon.

Mercredi matin [1763].

Il me reste encore beaucoup a vous dire au sujet de Louis Quatorze. Il etoit peut-être le plus bel homme de son Royaume. Il etoit deux fois aussi grand que vous. Il etoit tres adroit dans tous les exercices du corps, dansant et montant a cheval en perfection. Tres poli quoyque tres hautain. Il aimoit la flatterie quelque outrée qu'elle fut, et jamais Roy n'a été plus flatté, ni mieux flatté que lui. La France fourmilloit alors de beaux esprits, qui rencherissoient l'un sur l'autre pour le flatter. Corneille, Racine, Despreaux, La Fontaine, et plusieurs autres ont immortalisez par leurs ouvrages Louis 14 et son siecle. Il épousa l'année 1660 l'Infante d'Espagne, en consequence du traitté des Pirenées, dont ce mariage etoit le grand objet. Il n'en eut qu'un fils, qui s'appelloit Monseigneur le Dauphin, comme tous les fils aînez des Rois de France s'appellent. Il epousa en secondes nopces, Madame Scarron la veuve d'un Poete burlesque, mais comme il sentoit bien que ce mariage le degradoit, il ne le declara point dans les formes, et elle ne prit pas le titre de Reine, et fut toujours appellée Madame de Maintenon. C'etoit une femme de beaucoup d'esprit et d'un grand merite. Elle lui survecut quatre ou cinq ans. J'ay parlé de l'Infante d'Espagne que Louis 14 epousa; il faut vous expliquer ce que veut dire ce mot. Sachez donc que tous les enfans des Rois d'Espagne s'appellent par excellence Infantes, comme s'il n'y avoit pas d'autres Enfants au monde. Par exemple si vous etiez le fils du Roy d'Espagne comme graces a Dieu vous ne l'êtes pas, vous seriez appellé l'Infant Don Philippe. Adieu mon petit Nom Substantif et du genre Masculin, puisque vous le voulez.

XLIV.

Louis XIV: Mazarin.

Lundi matin, 28. *mars*. [1763].

Encore Louis quatorze! C'est qu'il fait presque seul l'Histoire du dernier siécle. Je vous ay deja dit qu'il etoit Magnifique en tout, et son Palais qu'il fit bâtir a Versailles en est une preuve eclatante. C'est le plus grand et le plus dispendieux qu'il y ait en Europe. Il a couté des sommes immenses, dont ses sujets se sont ressentis. Il etoit debauché, et avoit eu plusieurs maitresses, entre autres La Duchesse de la Valière, Madame de Montespan, et Mademoiselle de Fontange; dont il eut plusieurs Enfans naturels. Un enfant naturel est un enfant qui n'est pas né d'un marriage legitime, mais qui est le fruit d'un péché. Pendant sa Minorité qui fut longue, la Reine sa Mere, Anne d'Autriche, gouverna le Royaume, et elle fut gouvernée elle même par le fameux Cardinal Mazarin dont vous entendrez souvent parler dans l'Histoire. Quand ce Cardinal qui etoit grand Pillard, et fort odieux a la France mourut, Louis Quartorze n'eut plus de premier ministre et gouverna par lui meme. Louis 14 avoit une ambition demesurée, mais elle etoit mal placée; il vouloit seulement gouvernér et conquérir; au lieu que si son ambition eut été de se faire aimer, et de se faire instruire, cette ambition auroit été louable. Je vous recommande cette ambition la. Faittes vous instruire, soyez appliqué, attentif, et alors tout le monde vous aimera, comme Je vous aime, mais sans cela, on se mocquera de vous, et meme mon amour degringolera. Adieu Je t'embrasse.

XLV.

The Election of the Pope and the Cardinals; their Resemblance to ordinary Men; their frequent Vice and occasional Virtue.

Lundi Matin. 4 *avr.* [1763].

Je vous ay parlé dans ma derniere du Cardinal Mazarin, Je vous expliqueray a present ce que c'est qu'un Cardinal. Ils s'appellent Princes de L'Eglise Catholique, et ils n'ont de Superieur que le Pape. Il y en a justement soixante et dix.* Ils choisissent le Pape, quand le Siége comme on l'appelle est vacant, c'est a dire quand un Pape meurt. Quand ils s'assemblent a Rome pour cette Election, on appelle cette assemblée un *Conclave.* Ils choisissent comme vous croyez bien, toujours un Pape de leur propre corps. Le Pape porte sur la Tête une triple couronne, pour marquer qu'il est audessus de tous les Rois, mais les Rois d'a present se mocquent bien de ses pretensions. Les Cardinaux portent des Chapeaux et des Soutanes rouges. Au reste il y a eu des hommes célébres parmi les Cardinaux; entre autres le Cardinal Ximenes qui gouverna L'Espagne avec éclat pendant la minorité de l'Empereur Charlequint. Le Cardinal de Richelieu, qui gouverna Louis treize et la France despotiquement. C'etoit le plus grand ministre et politique qui fut jamais, mais cruél, inexorable et vindicatif. Le Cardinal Mazarin qui lui succéda dans le Ministere, et qui gouverna la France durant la minorité de Louis quatorze étoit d'un caractere tres different, car il etoit assez doux,

* The College of Cardinals has in earlier times varied in number; but now for long it has been limited to seventy; of whom six are bishops, fourteen deacons, and fifty presbyters.

et pardonnoit facilement; mais il pilloit la France et fit une prodigieuse fortune par ses voleries. Enfin les Cardinaux, quoy qu'ils portent le chapeau rouge et qu'ils elisent les papes, ressemblent beaucoup aux autres hommes, ils en ont souvent tous les vices, et quelquefois touttes les vertus.

Il me semble que vous apprenez mieux, et que vous retenez mieux ce que vous apprenez que par le passé, c'est pourquoy Je vous aime aussi mieux, et je vous embrasse plus serré mon petit Gaillard. Adieu.

XLVI.

The Election of an Emperor.—The Necessity of Attention and of Food for the Mind.

Vendredi Matin 8 *avr.* [1763].

Je vous ay parlé dans ma dernière du Conclave, c'est a dire de l'Assemblée des Cardinaux à Rome pour l'Election d'un Pape. Il s'agira aujourdhuy d'une autre Election pas moins considerable. C'est l'Election de L'Empereur. Cette dignité n'est pas hereditaire, comme l'est celle de la plus part des Rois, mais a la mort de chaque Empereur, les *Electeurs* qui sont a present au nombre de neuf, s'assemblent a Francfort pour en elire un autre. Quelque fois même on elit du vivant de L'Empereur un Roy des Romains, qui succéde sans autre forme de procés, a L'Empereur d'abord qu'il meurt, et qui devient Empereur. Vous entendrez bientot parler de l'Election d'un Roy des Romains, qui sera l'Archiduc d'Autriche, le fils ainé de L'Empereur actuéllement regnant. Les neuf Electeurs sont les Princes les plus considerables de L'Empire d'Allemagne, et sont appéllés Electeurs a cause du droit exclusif qu'ils ont d'elire L'Em-

pereur. La pluralité, c'est a dire le plus grand nombre, de ces Princes déçide de l'Election. Au reste, comprenez vous tout çeçy? Et ce qui plus est, le retiendrez vous? Monsieur Robert me fait a croire que oui. Il me dit que vous avez la mémoire tres bonne quand vous le voulez, c'est a dire, quand vous avez de l'attention. Et pourquoy n'avoir pas toujours de l'attention? Cela ne coute rien; mais au contraire l'attention vous épargneroit bien du tems, et de peine, en apprenant les mêmes choses trois ou quatre fois. Je voudrois que vous fissiez autant d'honneur aux instructions de Monsieur Robert, que vous en faittes a sa table, et que votre esprit fut aussi bien nourri que votre corps. Louis quatorze qui comme Je vous l'ay deja dit, etoit tres ignorant, disoit un jour a Monsieur de Vivonne qui soupoit avec lui et qui etoit gras, a quoy sert il de lire? Monsieur de Vivonne lui repondit, C'est Sire que la lecture donne de l'embonpoint a mon esprit, comme vos perdrix en donnent a mes jouës. A bon entendeur salut. Faittes en sorte que vos jouës aillent de pair avec votre esprit. Adieu mon cher petit garçon. Je t'aime et t'embrasse.

XLVII.

Venice and her Ambassadors.—The Doge and the Marriage of the Adriatic.

[18 *April* 1763].

Vous verrez donc en deux ou trois jours l'Entrée des Ambassadeurs de Venise;* mais sçavez vous ce que c'est que

* This letter is undated, but on 23 April 1763 Lord Chesterfield wrote to Mr. A. Stanhope: "Last Thursday I made him," young Stanhope, "very happy by sending him under the care of some ladies to see the procession of the Venetian Ambassadors; and they assured me that he behaved in a numerous company with a civility and politeness that at his age surprised them all."

l'entrée d'un Ambassadeur? Je vais vous le dire. Un Ambassadeur est un homme de consideration qui représente le Souverain qui le charge de ce caractére vis a vis du Souverain chez qui il est envoyé. C'est pourquoy quand il fera sa harangue au Roy, il sera couvert et le Roy aussi. La procession que vous verrez a votre aise d'une fenetre, consistera en Carrosses superbes, livrées magnifiques, grand nombre de Pages, et de Laquais, et enfin en toutte sorte de vanités humaines que la coutume a établies en pareilles occasions. Vous connoissez Venise sur la Carte et vous sçavez qu'elle est située sur la mer Adriatique. Mais vous ne sçavez pas je croy qu'elle est située dans la Mer Adriatique, que cette mer en fait touttes les ruës, et qu'on y va d'une maison a une autre par mer, dans ce qu'on appelle des *Gondoles*, qui sont des petits bateaux, ramez par deux hommes qu'on appelle des Gondoliers. Le Gouvernement de Venise est aristocratique; c'est a dire qu'il n'y a point de Roy, mais que les grands seulement gouvernent. Il y en a un qu'on choisit pour être ce qu'ils appellent *le Doge*, mais il n'a point de pouvoir, et n'est simplement qu'une figure eluë Ad Honores. Il y a une coutume assez singuliére, pour ne pas dire bouffonne, qu'on observe tous les ans a Venise, qui est que le Doge va dans un magnifique vaisseau qu'on appelle le Bucentaure, et epouse la Mer Adriatique en y jettant un anneau d'or, et en declarant qu'il l'epouse au nom de la République. Vous souviendrez vous de tout çeçy? Peut-etre que non, mais du moins tachez, car il est bon de sçavoir les singularitez de chaque païs, et même il n'est pas permis a un honnête homme de les ignorer. Adieu, je t'embrasse. Lundi Matin.

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XLVIII.

The Venetian Ambassadors.—The Polite Manners of a Well-bred Boy.

Mardi. [19 *April* 1763].

C'est Jeudi prochain avant onze heures, que je vous feray chercher pour voir l'entrée des Ambassadeurs de Venise, Quirini et Morosini, deux noms très illustres dans les annales de cette République. Vous verrez cette gloriole dans une chambre ou il y aura plusieurs Dames, et où par consequent, il est necessaire que vous étaliez toutte votre politesse. Il faut y être plutôt le petit Marquis de Marybone, que *Jack Rostbeef*; nom que les François donnent volontiers et avec trop de raison aux Anglois; aussi faut-il avouer que la politesse et les bonnes mannieres sont presque exclusivement l'appanage des François. C'est pourquoy, formez vos manières sur celles des François, et observez surtout Monsieur Robert, qui vous instruira mieux, sur cet article, que ne pourroit faire le premier Duc d'Angleterre.

Souvenéz vous quand vous serés avec ces Dames, de ne jamais leur répondre Oui ou Non tout court, mais de dire toujours oui Madame ou non Madame. Il faut en entrant faire une revérence générale a toutte la compagnie, et puis quand on vous presentera a la Dame du logis, vous lui ferez particulierement une revérence respectueuse. Elle vous dira surement quelque politesse, que vous étes le bienvenu, ou qu'elle est bien aise de vous procurer le plaisir du Spectacle, a quoy vous lui répondrez, Vous avez eu bien de la bonté Madame de me souffrir içy. Et en partant quand elle prendra congé de vous, il faudra lui dire, Je vous suis tres obligé Madame de l'honneur que vous m'avez fait. Souvénés vous pour toujours qu'un honnête homme ne doit

jamais avoir du mauvaise honte, il faut qu'il aye une assurance modeste, et qu'il ne soit pas deconcerté en se presentant dans la bonne compagnie. La mauvaise honte annonce un Nigaud, un Niais, un benêt. Un galant homme est ferme, de sens froid, et n'a honte que quand il fait des choses illicites. Comme je suis sur que vous n'en ferez jamais, ne craignez rien, et soyez toujours en état de dire,

Je crains Dieu cher Abner, et n'ay point d'autre crainte.

XLIX.

The Government of the Seven United Provinces.— Philip II of Spain.

[1763].

Dans mes deux dernieres lettres je vous ay donné une petite ebauche du Gouvernement aristocratique de Venise, il s'agira aujourdhuy d'une autre République non moins considerable, quoyque beaucoup moins ancienne; c'est la République des Sept Provinces Unies, qu'on appelle souvent par une erreur grossiere la République d'Hollande, quoyque la Hollande ne soit qu'une de ces Provinces. Il est vray qu'elle est de beaucoup, la plus riche et la plus puissante de touttes, et c'est la ce qui apparemment a donné lieu à l'erreur. Il y a a peu près deux siécles, que les Sept Provinces Unies faisoient partie des dix sept Provinces qui formoient le Duché de Bourgogne, qui appartenoit a l'Empereur Charlequint, et que Philippe second son fils traitta si cruéllement, qu'il causa leur revolte. Il subjugua a la fin dix de ces Provinces, qu'on appelle a present La Flandres, mais il ne put jamais venir a bout des autre Sept, qui se soutinrent

en depit de touttes les forces de l'Espagne, et formérent au commencement du dernier siécle la République des Sept Provinces Unies, qui subsiste aujourdhuy. Cette derniere République n'est pas gouvernée precisément de même que celle de Venise, mais c'est toujours une espece d'Aristocratie. A Venise le Doge est la figure représentante, au lieu que le Stadthouder l'est, et avec beaucoup plus de pouvoir, dans la République des Provinces Unies.

Philippe second d'Espagne, quoyqu'il a l'honneur de porter votre nom, ne vous ressembloit gueres, du moins, je l'espere; car il étoit sombre, sournois, atrabilaire, enfin un Monstre de mechanceté et de cruauté. Il fit empoisonner une de ses femmes, et un de ses fils, outre un nombre infini de ses sujets qu'il fit perir par les mains des Bourreaux. Je suis sur que cette relation de ce Monstre vous fait horreur, vous qui étes naturéllement doux et compatissant, et qui sçavés qu'au lieu de faire du mal a quelqu'un, il faut plaindre, et autant qu'on le peut, soulager les malheureux. Voicy quatre beaux vers de Voltaire sur ce sujet.

> Répandez vos bienfaits, avec magnificence.
> Même aux moins vertueux, ne les refusez pas.
> Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance;
> Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.

Adieu petit bon homme.

L.

The Russian Empire.

[May 1763].

Il s'agira aujourdhuy du vaste Empire de la Russie, ou de la Moscovie. Regardez votre charte et vous trouverés que ce Païs est d'une grandeur enorme. Dans le dernier siecle les Russes etoient plutôt des bêtes feroces, que des

hommes; ignorans, cruels, et coleres, jusqu'a ce que L'Empereur *Pierre le Grand*, génie superieur, commença a les décrotter, et les civilizer a la fin du dernier siécle. Il introduisit les Arts, les Sciences, et la discipline militaire. Il y établit des Académies et etendit le Commerce. Enfin pour ainsi dire, il créa ses sujets de nouveau, et en fit des hommes. Ce grand Empereur ou Czar est mort, il y a un peu plus de trente ans. Le Gouvernement de la Russie est peut-être le plus despotique qu'il y ait au monde. Il n'y a pas de loix, tout y depend de la volonté, ou plutot du caprice de l'Empereur. Nous faisons venir de la Russie, du Fer, du Chanvre, et du Godron, en échange pour nos draps de laine. A present ce vaste Empire est gouverné par une Impératrice, qui, il y a a peu pres un an, fit mourir son mari et usurpa son Trone. Souvenez vous bien Philippe le Petit, de Pierre le Grand, Empereur de touttes les Russies.

Votre cher Papa est-il bien content de vous? A vous dire le vray, je suis bien aise qu'il n'a pas amméné votre Sœur, car elle apprend tout avec tant d'attention, et s'en souvient si parfaittement, qu'elle vous auroit peut-etre fait un peu de honte. Il faut vous évértuer a present pour quand elle viendra, puisque réellement il y auroit de la honte qu'une petite fille en sçût plus que vous. Adieu, Je t'embrasse de tout mon cœur. Lundi matin.

To Master Stanhope

at Mr Robert's boarding School at Marybone.

LI.

Charles XII of Sweden.

a BLACKHEATH 28 *May*, 1763.

Je vous ay parlé dans ma derniere lettre, de Pierre le Grand, Empereur ou Czar de Russie, ce genie createur, qui barbare d'abord lui-même, et ne voyant que des barbares, par la seule force de son vaste esprit vint a bout de civiliser son vaste Empire, et d'y introduire les lettres, les arts, les sciences, le commerce, l'industrie et la discipline militaire; parlons a present de son contemporain et de son rival, Charles douze Roy de Suéde. Ce Roy fut appellé, et avec raison, le lyon du Nord, puisqu'il ressembloit en tous points a cet animal feroce. Il etoit brave il est vray, mais il etoit feroce et cruel, ne respirant que le carnage et la destruction de l'espece humaine. Il ignoroit parfaittement les arts et les belles lettres, et enfin tout ce qui sert a adoucir le cœur, et a orner l'Esprit. Il fit la guerre au Czar, et vouloit absolument le detroner, et en éffet il le battit deux ou trois fois de suitte, avec une armée infiniment inferieure de celle du Czar; mais enfin a force de le battre, il lui enseigna la discipline militaire, et le Czar a son tour le battit si bien qu'il detruisit toutte son armée, et obligea ce Lyon du Nord de se refugiér chez le Grand Turc. Il revint en Suéde quelques années apres presque seul; il trouva son Pais attaqué et quasi ruiné, par les Rois de Dannemark, de Pologne, et de Prusse, et enfin il fut tué au siége d'une ville, il y a, a peu pres trente cinq années. Il meritoit bien cette fin, car souvenés vous bien, que la bravoure, qui est en elle-même une vertu, si elle n'est pas accompagnée de grandeur d'âme de douceur, de compassion, et même de tendresse, devient un des plus grands vices. Le Gouvernement de Suéde sous Charles douze etoit très despotique, il ne s'agissoit que de

sa volonté qui etoit toujours tres mauvaise. Mais apres sa mort elle recouvra sa liberté, et est actuéllement la Monarchie la plus bornée de L'Europe. Le Roy y a fort peu a dire, et c'est le Senat et la Diète qui decident de tout.

Vous êtes un fort bon garçon, et Je suis très content de vous, parceque vous avés de la douceur, et de la Politesse, et que vous étes compatissant et charitable, d'ailleurs vous m'avez donné votre parole, de ne vous plus mettre en colére, et d'avoir beaucoup d'attention. Cela étant, Je vous aimeray extremement. Adieu.

To Master Philip Stanhope
at Mr. Robert's Boarding School at Marybone.

LII.

Denmark and the Danes.

à BLACKHEATH *Mardi matin* [1673].

Nous avons dernièrement voiagé dans le Nord de l'Europe, c'est a dire dans la Russie et dans la Suéde, nous avons vu dans la premiere un Barbare civilisé, et civilisant un vaste pais; c'est le Czar Pierre le Grand; et dans la derniere nous avons vu un Roy feroce et sanguinaire d'un pais civilisé, et qu'il pensa ruiner; c'est Charles douze, Roy de Suéde. Faisons donc a present un petit tour en Dannemarck, et voyons ce qui s'est fait la. La forme du Gouvernement y etoit limitée, et le Roy partageoit avec les Nobles et le peuple la puissance *Legislative*, c'est a dire le pouvoir de faire les lois. Mais les Nobles ayant opprimés le peuple, le peuple pour se venger envoya une Deputation au Roy,

de vouloir bien les recevoir comme ses esclaves, de citoyens libres qu'ils etoient auparavant. La Noblesse ne voulant pas être en reste avec le peuple en faisant aussi sa cour au Roy, suivit l'example du peuple, et pria le Roy de vouloir bien aussi les accepter pour ses tres humbles esclaves. Sa Majesté ne s'en fit pas trop prier et pour leur faire plaisir, abolit par une declaration tous leurs anciens droits et privileges. Ainsi dans une semaine de tems, ce Monarque devint aussi absolu que L'Empereur de Féz et de Maroc, et les sujects d'aussi vils esclaves que les Nêgres d'Affrique. Cette scene se passa vers la fin du dernier siecle. Vous direz qu'ils devoient être fous, et je le dirois aussi, s'ils n'etoient pas trop bêtes, pour être fous; car vous devez sçavoir que les Danois sont un peu bêtes de leur métier. Les chiens Danois sont pourtant tres sensés, et on pretend qu'ils ont enlévé tout l'esprit aux hommes.

Eh bien mon cher petit drôle, comment vont les mœurs et les mannieres, car c'est la l'Essentiel? Je suis persuadé que tout cela va au mieux, car je sçais que vous voulez être honnête homme. Pour l'être il faut observer les bienseances, tenir toujours votre parole et plaire par vos manieres douces et polies, pour qu'on cherche a vous plaire a votre tour. Ayez beaucoup d'attention pendant que vous apprenez et apres cela, jouez, divertissez vous de tout votre cœur. Adieu.

To Master Stanhope

at Mr Robert's Boarding School at Marybone.

LIII.

Peter the Great and his noble Ambition.

BLACKHEATH, *Vendredi.*

Je vous ay fait voyager un peu en Suéde et en Dannemarck, et si vous ne vous êtes pas morfondu dans ces païs froids, il vous faut visiter un peu la Russie avant de quitter le Nord. C'est une etendue immense de païs plus grand que tout l'Empire Romain n'etoit dans sa plus grande splendeur. Les Russes etoient presqu'aussi ignorans et aussi barbares que les sauvages de l'Amerique; enfin c'etoient des bêtes feroces, jusqu'a la fin du dernier siecle. Alors, le plus grand homme, a tout prendre, qui ait jamais été, parut; c'etoit Pierre le Grand, qui par la force de son genie seul, sans culture, et sans exemple, conçût le plan, non seulement de débarbarizer, mais de civilizer son peuple d'introduire les Arts, les Sciences, les belles-lettres, la marine, et la discipline militaire; et il exécuta son plan en trente cinq ans. Il voyagea comme un simple particulier en France, en Angleterre, en Hollande, et en Allemagne où il examina lui-même les arts et les métiers, et travailla de ses mains a plusieurs, surtout a la construction des Vaisseaux ou il devint très habile. Il épousa en secondes nopces la femme d'un Tambour a laquelle il laissa son Empire. Depuis ce tems la (ce qui est assez singulier) il n'y a eu presque que des femmes qui ont gouverné ce vaste Empire. Lisez dans votre Puffendorf le regne de Pierre le Grand. Tout ce qui a précédé, n'en vaut gueres la peine. Faittes vos petites reflexions sur la vie de grand homme. Il n'avoit pas eu de l'education, il n'y en avoit pas alors dans son païs, mais il avoit une Noble Ambition, il vouloit faire le bonheur de son peuple, il vouloit se distinguer en Europe, enfin il vouloit être grand homme, et a force de le vouloir il le fut. Charles

douze de Suéde qui avoit les mannieres assez grivoises disoit que rien n'etoit impossible à un homme qui avoit du courage et de la pérséverance * * *. A un certain point il avoit raison car en general il n'y a qu'à vouloir et pérsévérér. Par exemple je sçay que vous avez une louable ambition de vous distinguer dans le monde, par votre sçavoir, et par votre mérite; vous avez raison, Je vous applaudis; Hé bien il n'y a qu'a le vouloir; apprenez avec attention et avec pérséverance et vous reussirez tout jeune que vous êtes. Retenez dans votre memoire ces beaux vers de Corneille, dans sa Tragédie du Cid.

> Je suis Jeune, il est vray, mais aux Ames, bien nées,
> La vertu n'attend pas le nombre des années.
> Mes pareils a deux fois ne se font pas connoitre,
> Et veulent pour coups d'essay avoir des coups de Maitre.

Que ne donnerois-je pas pour pouvoir vous appeller mon jeune Roderigue? Au moins il ne tient qu'à vous. Adieu petit Drôle, je t'aime beaucoup.

To Master Stanhope

at Mr Robert's Boarding School in Marybone by London.

LIV.

The Kingdom of Poland.

[1763.]

Dans l'ebauche générale que j'ay taché de vous donner de quelques États de l'Europe, il me semble que je ne vous ay pas parlé encore de la Pologne; qui mérite votre attention au moins par la grande etendue du païs. Regardez votre Charte.

Le Gouvernement de la Pologne est un peu monarchique et beaucoup aristocratique. Le Roy a tres peu de pouvoir, les Grands sont des Tyrans, et le peuple y est esclave. Tout s'y fait dans les Diettes au nom du Roy et de la Republique. Ces Diettes sont des assemblées des grands, ou comme on les appelle la des Magnates, de *Magni* en Latin, qui comme vous le scavés bien veulent dire Grands, car vous crachez le Latin on ne peut pas mieux. Il faut que tous ces grands s'accordent pour faire une loy, ou ce qu'ils appellent un *Senatus-consultum.* Voila encore du Latin. Il faut l'unanimité parmi ces grands, c'est a dire qu'ils soient tous absolument du même avis, ce qui etant presqu'impossible, c'est souvent les coups de sabres qui en décident. Le Roy est Eléctif, de sorte que la mort du Roy cause ordinairement une guerre civile, dont les coups de sabres decident aussi, ou bien l'argent, car les Princes Étrangers achettent quelquefois cette Couronne plus qu'elle ne vaut. Comme a fait l'Electeur de Saxe qui en est Roy à present. Le grand Duché de Lithuanie fait partie du Royaume de Pologne. Cherchez le dans votre Atlas. Les Polonois ne sont pas encore tout a fait *dé-Barbarisez*, et tiennent beaucoup de leurs ancêtres les Sarmates. Les Lettres, les Arts, et les Sciences, ont encore beaucoup de chemin à faire, pour être à niveau des autres païs de l'Europe. J'ay connu un Prince de Radezwill d'une des premieres familles de Pologne, qui avoit un attellage de six grands ours a son carosse, qu'il menoit lui-même, mais toujours moins ours que lui. Les Polonois en général sont brutaux, et d'autant plus qu'ils sont ignorans, et ne connoissent pas les droits de l'humanité. Le peuple y est esclave, et par consequent bête. Un gentilhomme Polonois s'appelle *un Piaste*, et est eligible pour Roy. Les Polonois sont tous Papistes et zélez a proportion de leur ignorance. Il y a eu pourtant dans le dernier siecle un grand Roy Polonois qui s'appelloit *Sobieski* et qui vint au secours de l'Empereur d'Allemagne dont Vienne la capitale etait assiegée par les Turcs. Il attaqua leur armée inombrable, et la detruisit dans

une battaille. La Pologne produit une quantité prodigieuse de bled et de miel, qui est presque la seule denrée qui se transporte hors du païs. La pluspart des noms des grandes familles se terminent en *Ski*, comme Poniatowski, Zartorinski, Lubomiski, Leczinski, Sobieski, et une infinité d'autres. Au reste quand ce Roy de Pologne mourrera, et il est bien mal, Je ne vous conseille pas de vous mettre sur les rangs pour lui succéder. Le jeu n'en vaudroit pas la chandelle.

Deux mots a l'oreille. Etes vous sage? Apprenez vous bien? Je le veux croire jusqu'a ce que Mr. Robert que je verray bientôt, me dise le contraire. Et s'il se plaint de vous—Gare. Vous avés bientôt huit ans, et il n'y a plus de tems à perdre. *Non progredi est regredi*, vous entendez cela sans doute, car c'est du Latin.

Adieu petit Drole.

Samedi.

LV.

Turkey and the Sultan: the Method of Tempering his Despotism.—The Koran.

Mardi.

MON PETIT BOUT D'HOMME,

Je vous ay promené par la plus grande partie de l'Europe Chretienne; Je vous en ay marqué les Monarchies despotiques ou absolues, les Monarchies limitées ou libres, les Aristocracies, c'est a dire ou les Grands gouvernent, et les Democracies ou le peuple a voix en chapitre. Voyons aujourd'huy quelle sorte de Gouvernement regne en Turquie, et quel animal c'est que le Grand Turc, autrement

dit le Grand Seigneur, ou le Sultan. Il est tres despotique pendant qu'il régne, et s'il lui prend envie de faire mourir quelqu'un, il lui envoit deux ou trois *muéts* avec une corde, et lui ordonne de se laisser étranglér tout doucement, ce qu'il fait tres poliment pour temoigner son obeissance a son tres gracieux Souverain. En revanche il est quelque fois etranglé lui-même par ses propres sujets comme il est juste que chacun aye son tour. Comme il est trop bête et trop ignorant pour gouvernér par lui-même, Il prend un premier ministre un peu moins bête que lui qui le gouverne et tout L'Empire Turc ou *Ottoman.* Ses trouppes a pied, ou *l'infanterie*, s'appellent des Janisaires, et sa Cavalerie s'appellent des Spahis. Les Janissaires qui au vray sont les Maitres, s'amusent de tems en tems a détroner ou étrangler le Sultan, mais tres souvent a étrangler le Grand Vizir. Les Officiers generaux s'appellent des Pachas. Les Turcs sont tous Mahometans, c'est a dire de la Religion de Mahomet qui en etoit le fondateur, qui etoit un Imposteur, et l'auteur de *L'Alcoran* le plus sot livre du monde, mais qui nonobstant est comme la Bible des Turcs, dont ils croyent touttes les extravagances, dur comme fer. Leur Grand Prêtre s'appele le Moufti, et leurs autres qui font la priere dans les Mosques, c'est a dire leurs Eglises, et appellent le peuple a l'Eglise en criant de leurs voix comme des fous, car ils ne souffrent point des cloches, sont nommés des Derviches. Il y en a encore pour une autre lettre, et je finis çelle çy a present sachant bien que votre petite attention est bien-tot fatiguée, mais il faut pourtant en avoir, car sans attention on ne fait jamais rien de bon. Je vous recommande en même tems, la vivacité et la gaité, et je crois que vous ne me les refuserés pas. Adieu donc, Je t'embrasse.

LVI.

Turkey and the Sultan.—On Board the Hermione, Spanish Man-of-War, at Deptford.

[June, 1763.]

Encore deux mots sur la Turquie, et le Grand Seigneur ou le Sultan. Regardés sur la charte la vaste étendue de cet Empire. L'Egypte, la Syrie, et tous les païs dont vous avés lû dans l'Ecriture Sainte lui appartiennent. L'Affrique même lui est tributaire. Le Palais du Grand Seigneur s'appelle *le Serail*, où il y a cinq ou six cent des plus belles femmes de son Empire, qui y sont enfermées, et qui ont l'honneur d'être les Esclaves de sa Hautesse. Et ces belles femmes sont gardées par les plus vilaines bêtes du monde; ce sont des Negres muéts, a qui on a coupé la langue, pour qu'ils ne redisent rien de ce qui s'y passe. Les mœurs, les coutûmes, les loix de ce païs différent en tout des nôtres. La société n'y est gueres connue. Les Turcs sont taciturnes, et fument du tabac presque toutte la journée. Ils sont tres ignorans, et il y en a tres peu qui sachent lire, et ceux qui peuvent lire, ne lisent autre chose que leur sot Alcoran. Constantinople est la capitale de cet Empire, et Adrianople qui n'en est pas fort éloigné en est la seconde ville; trouvés les sur la charte.

Comme je suis persuadé que vous êtes un bon petit garçon et que vous faittes de bon cœur et avec attention tout ce que Monsr. Robert vous ordonne, Je croy que je pourray bien vous donner un cadeau, Jeudi prochain, s'il fait beau et doux. Vous irés en bateau sur la Thamise, et puis vous verrez l'Hermione*, ce Vaisseau de Guerre si riche que nous avons pris sur les Espagnols. Il faut tout voir pour ne rien admirer trop. Le peuple en tout païs sont badeaux, et courent

* Philip Stanhope was taken on board the Hermione at Deptford on 24th June, 1763.

avidement apres les nouveautées, s'en étonnent, en sont ébaubis, et puis voila tout. Ils ne regardent que des yeux, mais l'esprit n'y voit rien. Au lieu que les gens sensés, quand ils voyent quelque nouvel objet, font des demandes, et s'informent du pourquoy et du comment, puis font leur reflexions la dessus. Et voila ce que vous ferés. Adieu mon cher enfant, soyés attentif, apprenés bien, mais aussi rejouis toy O Jeune Homme. Lundi matin.

LVII.

After the Visit on board the Hermione.—Warships.—Cortez and the Conquest of Mexico.

Samedi. [1763].

Homme de bien qui voyez tant de choses, avoués qu'un Vaisseau, est une merveilleuse machine. Auriés vous jamais crû qu'on auroit pu faire le tour du monde enfermé dans quelques planches avec des voiles pour leur servir d'ailes? Quand les Espagnols au commencement du seizieme siecle découvrirent et attaquerent l'Amerique, rien ne jetta tant de terreur parmi les malheureux naturels du païs que leurs Vaisseaux de guerre. Ces bonnes gens crurent d'abord que c'etoient de grands oiseaux, dont ils prirent les voiles pour des ailes. Et quand on leur lâcha quelques coups de cannons, ils s'imaginoient, que ces oiseaux jettoient feu et flammes, et faisoient un bruit epouvantable. Moyennant cet etonnement et cette terreur, il fut facile a Ferdinand Cortez de conquerir avec une poignée de gens, les armées nombreuses de Montezuma, Empereur du Mexique. Les Ameriquains qui n'avoient pas de Chevaux, et qui même n'en avoient jamais vû, s'imaginerent que chaque Cavalier et son cheval etoit un animal tout d'une piece et d'une espece differente

des autres hommes. Les Espagnols n'acquirent donc pas grande gloire a subjuguer ces pauvres ignorans, mais au contraire, les cruautez inconcevables et indicibles qu'ils exercerent contre ces Ameriquains qui ne leur avoient fait aucun mal, mais a qui ils venoient voler leur or et leur argent, font fremir l'Humanité. Je suis sur que la relation de ces cruautés vous feroit horreur, car vous avés le cœur naturellement bon et compatissant, et vous sçavez d'ailleurs, que c'est egalement votre devoir, a l'egard de Dieu et a l'egard des hommes, non seulement de ne pas faire le moindre mal a autruy, mais de faire tout le bien que vous pouves a tout le monde. En un mot, de ne faire aux autres que ce que vous voudriés qu'ils vous fissent a vous. Ce devoir s'étend jusqu'à la politesse, la douceur, et les manieres; car vous voudriez surement que tout le monde en eut a votre egard, ayez en donc a l'egard de tout le monde. Et sur ce je t'embrasse de tout mon cœur comme un bon garçon

LVIII.

Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro, and Americ Vesputius. —The Antipodes.

Lundi. [1763].

Je me suis trompé dans mon avant derniere lettre par rapport au tems de la découverte de L'Amerique, Je l'avois placée au commencement du seizieme siecle, au lieu qu'elle se fit a la fin du quinzieme siecle. C'est a dire l'année 1492, par le fameux Christophe Colomb, Genois de nation. Dans son premier voiage, il decouvrit seulement les Isles Antilles (voyez votre charte), apres cela le continent d'Amerique. Il y fit quatre voiages par l'encouragement, et sous la protection de Ferdinand et d'Isabelle Roy et Reine d'Espagne, qui

pourtant a la fin, le recompenserent tres mal de tous ses travaux par lesquels l'Espagne acquit tant de païs et tant de richesse. Ce fut en consequence des découvértes de Colomb que Ferdinand Cortez, conquit le Mexique (voyez encore la charte) et Pizarro le Perou, lesquels païs sont tous remplis de mines d'or et d'argent. Apres eux un certain Americ Vespùtius un avanturier alla a ce continent, et par je ne sçay quelle bizarrerie de la fortune donna son nom d'Amerique a ce vaste païs, découvert et conquis par d'autres. Les Naturels d'Amerique ne sont ni blancs ni noirs, mais couleur de cuivre c'est a dire de la couleur de vos *halfpence* et *farthings*. Mais ce qui vous surprendra, c'est que nos Antipodes sont en Amerique. Antipodes, me dirés vous, qu'est ce que c'est q'Antipodes ? O voila la difficulté que je tâcheray de vous faire comprendre. La terre, comme vous aurés vû par votre globe, est ronde, comme une de vos balles, mais tant soit peu plus grande ; or nos Antipodes, sont ceux qui habite cette partie de la balle qui répond exactement a celle ou nous sommes, de sorte qu'on dirait que ces Messieurs marchent sur leurs tetes, et devroient tomber. Mais la vérité est, qu'ils marchent sur leurs pieds, tout comme nous, parceque la terre est si grande et les degradations en sont si insensibles, qu'on ne s'en apperçoit nulle part : par exemple

Je ne crois pas que vous ayiez envie d'aller voir Messieurs vos Antipodes, aussi ne vaut il gueres la peine. Il y aura

bien de quoy contenter votre curiosité dans votre propre Hemisphere.

Hemisphere au reste veut dire cette moitié du Globe que nous habitons, et qui contient L'Europe, l'Asie, et l'Affrique. L'Amerique fait l'autre Hemisphere, c'est-à-dire l'autre moitié du globe. Adieu mon petit bout d'homme apprenés bien, et aussi divertissés vous bien.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's boarding School at Marybone by London.

LIX.

Truth and Honour.—Margaret of Denmark.—Tycho Brahe.

Lundi.

Vous m'avez assuré Jeudi dernier sur votre parole d'honneur que Monsieur Robert etoit tres content de vous, et je le croy, parceque je sçay que vous êtes trop plein de verité et d'honneur pour me dire une chose qui ne seroit pas vraye. Je vous ay souvent dit, et je vous le redis encore, que vous ne pouvés pas être trop delicat sur le point d'honneur. Je souhaitterois même que vous devinsiez proverbe sur ce sujet, et qu'on dit en parlant de quelqu'un, il a de l'honneur comme le petit Stanhope, ou le petit Stanhope est l'honneur même. Cela vous seroit bien glorieux, et vous procureroit bien des agréments et des plaisirs dans le cours de votre vie. Les fripons même sentent combien il leur seroit utile d'avoir le caractere d'hommes d'honneur, et deviennent Hyppocrites; mais leur conduitte les dément, et ils n'en sont que plus méprisables et haïssables. Dans la probité et dans le point d'honneur, il

ne faut rien d'equivoque, point de biais, point de finesse. Dites toujours la verité sans detour, et sans crainte, et alors vous pourrés dire avec raison, *Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ay point d'autre crainte.*

Disons deux mots sur l'Histoire. Quand vous aurez fait connoissance avec Gustave Vasa, Gustave Adolphe, sa fille Christine, et Charles douze en Suéde, faittes un petit trajet en Dannemarck, et cherchez dans votre Puffendorf ce qu'a fait Marguerite de Waldemar, qui etoit une femme forte et habile. Elle réunit sous son pouvoir les Royaumes de Suéde, de Dannemarck, et de Norwege, qui font tous ensemble ce qu'on appelle la Scandinavie*. C'etoit si je ne me trompe, au quinzieme siecle. Apres cela cherchez cette epoque fameuse, vers la fin du dernier siecle, quand les Danois furent assez fous pour prier leur Roy de vouloir bien devenir leur tyran, et d'annuller tous leurs droits et leurs priviléges. Vous jugez bien par la que les Danois ne sont pas les gens du monde les plus spirituels. En effet, ils ne se sont jamais distinguez dans les arts, les sciences, ou les belles-lettres. Il est vray que Tycho Brahé, celebre astronome, etoit Danois †; mais il est aussi vray qu'il s'est trompé lourdement dans son systeme, puisqu'il suppose que le soleil tourne autour de la terre, au lieu qu'il est demontré que c'est la terre qui tourne autour du Soleil. Adieu je t'aime, je t'embrasse, puisque tu es plein d'honneur.

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* Margaret of Denmark, called the Semiramis of the North, towards the end of the 14th century married Hakon VI, King of Norway, and after his death united the crowns of Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

† Tycho Brahe, born in the middle of the 16th century, was of a Swedish family settled in Denmark.

LX.

The Manners and Habits of a Well-bred Man.

Lundi Matin.

MON CHER PETIT GARÇON,

Nous ferons trêve de politique et d'histoire pour cette fois, et il sera question aujourdhui des mœurs et des manieres qui sont absolument necessaires a un honnête homme. Les Mœurs, veulent dire une certaine *décence*, un *decorum*, une *bienseance*, dans la conduitte, et en tout ce qu'on fait, et en tout ce qu'on dit dans le commerce ordinaire du monde. Par exemple un homme qui a des Mœurs, ne jure pas, ne s'enivre pas, ne joue pas, et ne donne aucun sujet de scandale. Moyennant quoy il est sur d'être estimé, et respecté ; au lieu qu'un homme sans mœurs, est toujours meprisé et detesté de tous les honnêtes gens. Apres les Mœurs viennent les manieres, qui sont aussi necessaires pour se faire aimer, que les Mœurs le sont pour se faire estimer et respecter. Il faut que vos manieres soient douces et obligeantes, et jusqu'au gestes et au regard, tout doit annoncer la douceur. Un homme qui a des manieres, ne dit jamais, *Je veus*, mais je le voudrois bien ; ou *Je souhaitterois si cela est permis.* Il ne dit jamais oui ou non tout court, mais il y ajoute toujours le titre de la personne a qui il parle, comme Milord, ou Monsieur, ou Madame, ou Mademoiselle. Même il dit rarement *Non*, mais plutôt, Je vous demande pardon, qui est une negative plus polie. Il n'a pas le geste rapide et brusque, mais il y met de la douceur et des Graces. Il ne boude jamais, mais sa physionomie annonce la bonne humeur et la gaieté. Appliquez vous Mon Cher Enfant au *grand art de plaire.* Pensez y toujours, car il n'y a rien de tel. Vous vous ferez aimer de tout le monde, et on souhaittera egalement de vous plaire. Lisez cette lettre une fois en deux jours pour quelque tems, retenez-la, et mettez la en pratique. Adieu, je t'embrasse.

LXI.

The Evil of Angry Passions.

Lundi matin [July, 1763].

Je ne comprens pas trop bien la derniere lettre que vous avés reçeue de votre Cher Pere, ni celle que Monsieur Robert lui a écritte; Je soupçonnerois, si je le croyois possible, que vous avés été fou, c'est a dire en colére depuis peu, et que dans cet accês de folie vous aurés fait quelque algarade.

A tout hazard raisonnons de sens froid, la dessus. Avez vous jamais rien gagné, et pouvés vous jamais rien gagner en vous mettant en colére. Au contraire vous ne pouvés qu'y perdre. Vous aurés tout ce que vous pouvés souhaitter, quand vous le demanderés avec douceur, mais je vous assure que vous n'aurés rien absolument quand vous vous mettrés en fureur. Songés encore, que quand votre Pere viendra, et qu'il sçaura tout ce qui se passe chez Monsieur Robert, il pourra bien vous mettre aux Petites Maisons, ce qui vous déshonoreroit pour toutte votre vie, car on méprise, et on se mocque toujours d'un homme qui a une fois été enfermé dans les Petites Maisons. Scavés vous, a-propos, ce que c'est que les Petites Maisons? Ce sont des Maisons où l'on enferme les gens colères c'est a dire les fous. On les saigne, on les purge, on leur rase la tête, et quelquefois on les lie; moyennant quoy ils sont souvent gueris, mais pourtant vous m'avouerés qu'il est bien cruel et bien déshonorant d'avoir passé par cette cure. Faittes reflexion aussi que quand vous sérés homme, la colére pourra bien vous couter la vie; car un homme fou ou colére, ce sont des termes synonymes, ne sçait pas dans ses accês de fureur, ce qu'il dit ni ce qu'il fait; de la viennent des querelles; des querelles viennent des duels, et dans les duels on est très souvent tué. Avez vous jamais remarqué un homme en colére, c'est de quoy

en guerir; il a les yeux egarés, il devient rouge comme le feu, il se démène comme un possedé, on le craint, mais en même tems on le méprise, et on décide qu'il est fou. En un mot, je ne veux pas souffrir ces accês de fureur, et s'ils vous reviennent, Je n'auray rien a faire avec vous, et je vous abandonneray a votre mauvais destinée; mais si au contraire vous vous corrigés et que vous n'ayiez plus de ces boutades, Je vous aimeray tendrement, et vous aurés de moi tout ce que vous voulés. Adieu, Je t'embrasse éventuéllement.

LXII.

Anger and Madness.—The Various Forms of European Government.

Samedi matin. [July 1763.]

Avoués de bonne foy mon petit Drole qu'en dernier lieu vous avés été méchant; mais comme votre repentir m'a parû fort sincére, Je veus oublier, tout le passé, étant persuade vous n'aurés plus de ces accés de Folie, car la Colére n'est autre chose que la Folie. J'ay connu un petit Garçon à l'école qui etoit sujet a ces accés de colére, de sorte que son Maitre fut obligé de lui attacher sur le dos un écriteau, où il etoit écrit en gros caracteres, *Voicy un Fou*; et cela lui fit tant de honte parmi ses camarades qu'il s'en corrigea; Je vous diray a l'oreille que Monsieur Robert avoit aussi cette intention a votre égard, mais Je suis sur que vous vous corrigerés par reflexion, sans essuyer cette honte.—Mais prenons un autre sujet. Comme je veus que vous soyiez un petit Politique parlons un peu à present des differentes formes de Gouvernement dans l'Europe. Vous scavés deja, si vous ne l'avés pas oublié, qu'il y en a

trois, Le Monarchique, où un Roy gouverne, L'Aristocratique, où les Grands gouvernent, et Le Democratique, où le Peuple gouverne. Mais il y a deux sortes de gouvernemens monarchiques, dont l'un est borné par des loix, et l'autre où le Roy fait tout ce qu'il veut sans dire gare. Ce dernier gouvernement est appellé *Despotique.* Les Rois de France, d'Espagne, de Dannemarck et de Sardaigne, sont des Rois Despotiques; au lieu que les Rois d'Angleterre, de Suede, de Pologne, et de Prusse n'ont qu'une puissance bornée par les loix, et par des assemblées legitimes de leurs sujéts. Ils ne peuvent pas faire tout ce qu'ils veulent, et tant mieux pour leurs sujéts, puisque s'ils etoient *coléres*, c'est a dire Fous, ils jetteroient leurs sujéts a térre, et marcheroient dessus, comme vous feriez d'un livre si vous deveniez Fou.

Tous les Gouvernements des païs Orientaux sont Despotiques. Les Indes Orientales, La Chine, La Perse, gemissent sous le Joug du Despotisme. L'Empereur de l'Indostan, c'est-à-dire des Indes Orientales, s'appelle le Grand Mogol, celuy de Perse le Sophi, et l'Empereur de Russie le Czar, comme qui dirait le Caesar. En Affrique aussi tous les Gouvernemens sont Despotiques, et les peuples sont esclaves. En voicy assez et peut-être trop pour cette fois, mais Je reviendray a la charge une autre fois. Votre Sœur scait tout cecy; et elle vient bientôt. Adieu.

LXIII.

The Word of a Man of Honour.

[1763.]

A present mon cher petit Garçon Je ne suis plus en peine sur ces boutades de colère que Je vous ay reproché autrefois, parceque vous m'avés donné votre parole d'honneur que cela ne vous arrivera plus, et un honnête homme, comme

je vous l'ay deja dit souvent, n'a que sa parole. Quand un homme manque a sa parole une fois donnée, il n'est plus Gentilhomme, mais faquin a nazardes. C'est le plus grand affront qu'on puisse faire a un homme, que de lui dire, vous avés menti, vous avés manqué a votre parole ; aussi c'est le sujét de la plus part des duéls qui se font. Le point d'honneur est une affaire bien delicate, il en faut avoir grand soin. L'Honneur est pour ainsi dire la fleur de la vertu, le moindre soufle la flêtrit, et alors tout est perdu. C'est aux hommes, ce que la chasteté est aux femmes, des qu'elles sont seulement soupconnées elles sont perdues pour toujours. Quand François I^r perdit la bataille de Pavie, où il fut fait prisonnier, il écrivit en France, tout est perdu fors l'honneur ; cela veut dire, excepté l'honneur, car il s'etoit distingué dans cette battaille, et avoit bien payé de sa personne. Ce Roy etoit dans le langage de ce tems-la un Preux Chevalier, et qui aimoit mieux perdre une bataille que perdre son honneur. En effét un Gentilhomme aimeroit mieux perdre sa vie même que perdre son honneur ; car qui voudroit vivre infame, et être montré au doigt pour un faquin ? Je suis sur que vous avés les sentimens trop beaux, pour vous deshonorer jamais, ou par le mensonge, ou en manquant a votre parole. Vous vous méslez donc a ce que Je vois, par la lettre de votre cher Pere, de lui écrire de votre crû ; c'est fort bien fait a vous ; continuez sur ce ton-la ; les règles qu'il vous donne sur ce sujét, sont tres bonnes pour le present, mais en quelques années d'icy il faudra y ajouter quelque petite chose. *Vale mi homuncio* car vous crachez du Latin à merveille dit on. Jeudi.

LXIV.

The Control of Anger.—James II and Louis XIV.

[1763.]

Bon jour Cher Marquis, bon-jour.

Comment va ton Microcosme, qui a été tant soit peu derangé en dernier lieu.

Mens sana in Corpore sano est le comble du bonheur dans cette vie, et contribue beaucoup au bonheur étérnel dans l'autre. Pour le *Mens sana* il faut bien apprendre, sçavoir beaucoup, et bien dompter ses passions. Et pour l'avoir *in Corpore sano*, il suffit d'être tres sobre, ne point boire du vin, et par consequent ne gueres prendre des médecines. A-propos de sçavoir dompter ses passions, je vous envoye cette Epigramme sur un homme assez fou pour se mettre en colére contre son Cheval.

Sur son Cheval Jean se tuoit,
Contre Jean le Cheval ruoit,
Et tous deux ecumoient de rage.
Mathurin qui pour lors passoit
Dit a l'homme qu'il connoissoit,
Jean, montrez vous le plus sage.

Ce qui veut dire qu'un homme en colere n'est pas si sage qu'un Cheval.

Comme variété est votre devise, prenons un autre sujet. Je voudrois que vous sçeussiez parfaittement l'Histoire Moderne de l'Europe. Je vous en ay envoyé souvent des petits traits, et en dernier lieu, Je vous ay donné pour traduire en François, un petit morçeau du Regne de Louis XIV. En voicy un autre, que vous traduirez du François en Anglois, puis qu'aussi bien il ne faut pas negliger votre langue naturelle.

Le Roy Jacques second, tiran sombre, bigot, et cruel, ayant été chassé d'icy comme il meritoit de l'être, et le Roy

Guillaume troisième ayant été élu à sa place, l'année 1688, Jacques se refugia en France, et y fut bien reçeu par Louis XIV, qui s'engagea de le rétablir sur le Trone de l'Angleterre. La guerre s'ensuivit, dans laquelle Guillaume fut presque toujours battu, mais pourtant sans que la France put rétablir Jacques. Jacques mourut en France, et Louis reconnut son fils pour Roy d'Angleterre, que nous nommons le Pretendant, et qui végite actuellement à Rome, méprisé et méprisable. La Déposition de Jacques et l'Election de Guillaume, est ce que nous appellons icy tout court La Revolution.

Adieu tu es bon garçon, et sur ce Je t'embrasse de tout mon cœur.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's Boarding School at Marybone.

LXV.

The Art of Pleasing: Self-sacrifice.

[*July* 1763.]

Je suis tres content de vous, mon cher petit drôle, sur le bon temoignage que Monsr. Robert m'a donné de votre conduitte en dernier lieu. Vous n'avés plus de ces accés de folie, et vous n'êtes plus dans le cas d'être envoyé aux petites maisons. Cela etant, je vous aime beaucoup; mais voulez vous que je vous aime plus que beaucoup? Cela depend de vous, et je vous diray comment. Il ne suffit pas de ne pas choquer les gens par les incartades et les algarades de la fureur, mais il faut étudier les vrais moyens de leur plaire, et de leur gagner le cœur, par vos manières douces, polies, et engageantes. Souvenés vous que *L'Art de Plaire* est le

plus necessaire et le plus utile de tous les arts. Vous me demanderez peut-être, *Comment acquérir cet art?* Il n'y a rien de plus facile. Vous en avés deja le principe essentiel, car vous avés le cœur bon; un bon cœur cherche naturéllement a plaire, et qui cherche veritablement a plaire, plaira toujours plus ou moins. Pour la meilleure manniere de le faire, elle viendra avec le tems et l'usage du monde. Dites seulement en vous-même plusieurs fois tous les jours, *Je veus plaire,* et vous plairez. Je supposeray un cas qui pourra bien arriver. Si vous n'aviez que deux cerises, et que vous voyiez que le petit Douglas et le petit Milord Herbert (qui va venir chez vous) en eussent grande envie, que feriez vous? Je sçay. Vous les leur donneriez galamment et de bon cœur; d'autant plus qu'ils sont trop petits, pour vous les prendre par force. Vous ne pouvés pas conçevoir a quel point ces deux petits garçons vous aimeroient apres ce petit sacrifice, et leur amitié vous vaudroit bien mieux que vos deux cerises. C'est de même dans tous les états de la vie, et quand vous serés grand, vous gagnerez infiniment a sacrifier vos petits goûts, a ceux des autres. On en est bien payé, car dêsqu'on voit que vous tachez de plaire, tout le monde s'empressera a vous plaire, a vous procurer les agrémens de la vie, et sacrifieront leurs goûts, pour satisfaire aux votres. Au reste ce sujet n'est pas epuisé, et je vous le rebatteray encore souvent, puisque Je n'en connois pas dans tout le cours de la vie, de plus utile que *L'Art de Plaire.* Enfoncez vous bien dans l'esprit la necessité, et l'utilité de plaire, et nous traitterons souvent des moyens. Adieu.

Mardi.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr. Robert's Boarding School at Marybone by London.

LXVI.

Reflection, and different Kinds of Recreation.

Lundi matin.

Vous dites mon cher petit Drôle que vous m'aimez, et vous m'en donnez une raison tres sensée qui est parceque vous sçavez que Je vous aime, et cela est bien vray; mais si vous m'aimez veritablement vous feriez tout ce que vous pourriez pour me plaire, et il n'y a que deux choses que Je vous demande, qui sont de bien apprendre et de vous bien divertir et je m'interesse presque autant a ce dernier qu'au premier. Accoutumez vous un peu a penser en avant, et a invisager les suittes necessaires et immediates de tout ce que vous faittes. Par exemple ayez des petites conversations avec vous même, et dites a vous-même, pourquoy m'appliqueroi-je, a quoy bon me donner la peine d'apprendre? Alors votre raison toutte jeune qu'elle est, vous repondroit qu'il faut apprendre et étudier, pour n'être pas meprisé et meprisable, en un mot pour n'être pas bête; car c'est là la consequence necessaire et immediate de l'ignorance. De même dans vos plaisirs, demandez a vous-même a quoy tel ou tel divertissement tend, car il faut avoir un objet en tout ce que l'on fait. Et un plaisir qui ne contribue pas a la force ou a l'addresse du corps, ni a amuser l'esprit, est un plaisir tres ridicule pour ne pas dire imbécille. La balle, *le Cricket*, le volant, le petit palet, les marbres, etc. donnent de la force ou de l'addresse; ce sont des objets. Le Jeu des Dames, ou des Echécs, amusent l'esprit et font penser. Mais de courir sans aucun but, ou de claquer un fouét sans cheval, c'est en vérité trop sot. En tout ce qu'on fait, et en tout ce qu'on dit, il faut avoir un objet. *Certum pete finem.* Souvenez vous bien de cette maxime, il n'y a rien de plus vray, ni de plus necessaire. Les sots n'ont point de but fixe, mais les gens d'esprit en ont toujours un, tant bon que mauvais. Je suis

persuadé, vous en aurez toujours un bon. Adieu Je t'embrasse, et pour finir gayement, Je vous donne ces deux Mysteres a déchiffrer.

Pir vent venir
un vient d'un*

P G
A a †

LXVII.

The Advantage of Thorough Education.

Je vous envoye cy-jointe une lettre de votre Cher Pere, qui mérite bien que vous l'aimiez, car surement il vous aime bien tendrement, et comme vous voyez a quoy il s'attend de votre part, vous devriez vous appliquer et vous evertuer a le contenter. Il ne vous demande que de bien apprendre tout ce qu'on vous enseigne, ce que vous devriez faire pour l'amour de vous-même independemment de lui. Surtout ne negligez pas l'histoire, la Géographie, et la Chronologie. Ciceron, comme vous le sçavez sans doute, appelle l'histoire *Nuntia Temporum* ‡. C'est l'histoire qui nous enseigne ce qui s'est fait avant notre tems, et on peut dire d'un homme qui sçait parfaittement bien l'Histoire, que c'est un homme de tous les siecles. Le Latin va a merveille; poursuivez le toujours, car un homme qui

* Un soupir vient souvent d'un souvenir.

† Allons souper. J'ai grand appétit.

‡ The passage is in the de Orat. ii. c. 9: "Historia testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriae, magistra vitae, nuntia vetustatis, qua voce alia, nisi oratoris, immortalitati commendatur?"

n'entend pas le Latin parfaittement, passe toujours pour un ignorant, et vous voulez être *bonarum litterarum peritus*, n'est ce pas? Vous pouvez même l'enseigner au petit Milord Herbert, dont vous m'avez assuré que vous auriez grand soin.

Adieu mon cher petit Drôle, apprenez bien, et apres avoir bien appris, divertissez vous bien aussi, cela n'est que juste. Mardi matin.

LXVIII.

The European Republics.—Anger is Madness.

Vendredi.

Vous êtes a peu pres au fait des deux grandes Républiques, celle de Venise, et celle des sept Provinces Unies, mais il y en a encore quatre ou cinq autres Républiques que vous devez connoitre, au moins leurs noms et leurs situations.

Les treize Cantons Suisses, qui sont confédérez encores a peu pres comme les sept Provinces Unies, et qui s'appellent les Louables Cantons Suisses ou le Corps Hélvétique. Ce sont des braves et honnêtes gens mais qui ne brillent pas en général du coté de l'esprit. Le Canton de Berne est le principal, et celuy la est tout Protestant.

Tout pres de la Suisse est la République de Geneve qui a tres peu d'étendue n'etant presque qu'une seule Ville. Mais elle est célébre, pour les mœurs et le bon ordre qui y regne, et aussi par le nombre de Sçavans et de Professeurs dans touttes les Sciences qui y sont établis.

En Italie je vous presente deux Républiques, celle de Génes et celle de Lucques, la premiere a été autrefois beau-

coup plus considerable qu'elle ne l'est aujourdhuy. C'est une tres belle ville, et tres riche moyennant son commerce.

La République de Lucques, c'est un état en miniature, grande a peu pres comme Marybone.

La République de Raguse est encore plus petite et moins intérrésante, elle est située en Dalmatie et est sous la protection du Grand Turc.

Il y a donc sept Républiques en Europe. Cherchez les touttes dans vos Chartes, et remarquez leurs situations.

Je suis persuadé que vous ne vous metterez plus en colére apres ce qui s'est passé avant hier entre Mr. Robert, vous, et moy; car au lieu d'y gagner quelque chose vous y perderez toujours, et d'ailleurs un homme en colére est absolument fou pour le tems, et ne peut pas être admis dans la bonne compagnie. Il n'y a rien de plus risible ni de plus méprisable qu'un homme en colére. Et d'un autre coté, il n'y a rien de plus utile et de plus aimable que la douceur et le sens froid.

Adieu donc mon petit mouton.

LXIX.

Possessions of the House of Savoy.—Un Honnête Homme et un Joli Homme.

Mardi matin.

Je vous considère comme un petit politique en hérbe, qui voulez vous informer de bonne heure des Rois et des Étâts de l'Europe. Vous faittes fort bien, car comme vous voulez être un jour Secretaire d'Étât, il faut necessairement être au fait de touttes les Cours de l'Europe. Entre autres la Cour de Turin c'est a dire celle du Roy de Sardaigne mérite votre attention. Ce Roy n'a été Roy que depuis le

commencement de ce siecle. Il etoit auparavant Duc de Savoye. La Maison de Savoye a produit de tres grands Princes qui ont tres habilement profité de touttes les occasions de s'aggrandir, car il y a quelques siecles qu'ils n'etoient que simples Comtes de Maurienne, un tres petit Comté que vous trouverez dans la Charte, mais ils se sont si bien etendu depuis qu'ils possedent actuéllement,

Le Duché de Savoye
La Principauté de Piedmont
Le Duché de Montferrat
L'Alexandrin
Une bonne partie du Milanois
L'Isle de Sardaigne
Et plusieurs autres Comtez et Marquisats.

Tout cecy est bien plus, que si vous ajoutiez a votre premier Marquisat de Marybone, le Comté de Paddington, et de Kensington, et les Duchez de Hampstead et de Highgate. Les Princes de la Maison de Savoye ont été en général les plus fins et deliés politiques de l'Europe, et dans les differentes guerres entre les Rois d'Espagne, de France, et des Empereurs, ils se sont toujours attachés au plus forts, et ont eu la sagacité de juger lequel le seroit si bien, qu'en chaque guerre ils ont toujours attrapé quelque nouveau morceau. Il est vray que cela leur a couté bien des perfidies, mais c'est que les perfidies ne leur coutoient rien. Un honnête homme pourtant ne suivroit pas leur exemple, car il se fait un devoir d'être vray, incapable de la moindre perfidie et tient scrupuleusement sa parole. Voila le devoir d'un honnête homme ; mais disons a cette heure deux mots du devoir d'un joli homme. Aussi vous voudriez être joli homme n'est ce pas ? Un joli homme doit se distinguer par sa politesse il doit avoir un certain air aisé, il doit se presenter en compagnie de bonne grace, et doit sçavoir couler son Menuet parfaittement bien ; autrement il se donneroit un ridicule a un bal, car *n'aille au bal qui ne veut danser*, et on y demanderoit, qui est ce Malotru qui se mêle

de danser et qui n'en sçait rien. Appliquez vous donc a votre Maitre de danse, et puis *saute Marquis.* Adieu mon cher petit Garçon.

LXX.

The Art of Pleasing: never Ridicule, Smile often, but Laugh low and seldom; the Value of a Sense of the Fitness of Things.

Lundi 1[r] *d'Aoust* [1763].

Il me semble mon cher petit Garçon, que je vous entends dire a vous même, *Je veus absolument plaire.* Croyez moi il n'y a rien de tel. Cela vous procurera tous les agrémens, et tous les plaisirs du monde. Voicy donc encore quelques moyens d'y parvenir. Il ne faut pas être mocqueur; on craint toujours un mocqueur, et par consequent on le haït. Surtout il ne faut jamais se mocquer des malheurs d'autruy, au contraire, il faut les plaindre, et les soulager, autant qu'on peut. Je sçay qu'on est assez porté a se mocquer des gens gauches et maussades, pourtant c'est non seulement contre les bienseances, mais c'est tres injuste, puis qu'il y a bien des gens, qui n'ont ni l'air, ni le ton de la bonne compagnie, mais qui ont souvent beaucoup de merite, comme les sçavans et les gentilshommes de la campagne. Enfin ne vous mocqués jamais de personne, et souvenez vous *qu'on pardonne plutôt une injure qu'un insulte.* Il ne faut jamais étourdir la compagnie par des éclats de rire; c'est du dernier vulgaire, car vous pouvez remarquer que le peuple rit toujours et ne sourit jamais, au lieu que les honnêtes gens sourient souvent et ne rient jamais, au moins tout haut. Pour bien débuter en compagnie, et prévenir les gens en votre faveur, il faut vous presenter avec une noble assurance, mais en même tems avec Modestie, et un air d'égard pour la compagnie, mais sans une

timidité, et une mauvaise honte, qui semblent indiquer que vous venez de faire un mauvais coup. Il faut avoir une attention extreme, à faire et a dire tout a-propos, c'est a dire convenablement au tems, aux circonstances, et aux personnes. Par exemple vous ne voudriés pas badiner avec les gens dans l'affliction, ni avoir l'air triste, et rebarbatif dans une compagnie joyeuse. Aussi vous ne voudriez pas goguenarder avec ceux qui sont infiniment vos superieurs. Souvenez vous toujours de *l'a-propos*, c'est un article tres important dans l'art de plaire. Le contraire de *l'a-propos* s'appelle absurdité, ce qui non seulement offense mais donne un furieux ridicule. Adieu mon petit Drôle, c'en est assez pour aujourd'huy, mais ce sujet est encore bien loin d'être épuisé.

Attention à Plaire.

LXXI.

The Art of Pleasing: Sweetness, Modesty, and Attention.

Jeudi. [*August* 1763].

Je vous ay prouvé dans ma derniere, mon cher petit bout d'homme, la necessité et les avantages de plaire dans le commerce du monde, et je suis sur que vous vous êtes deja dit a vous-même, Je veus absolument tacher de plaire. Il ne s'agit donc a present que des moyens. Je vous indiqueray ceux qui sont a votre portée. Je ne vous diray pas, qu'il ne faut jamais être fou, ou colére; c'est la même chose en compagnie, car cela s'en va sans dire, vous le sentez bien vous-même, et vous m'avés donné votre parole d'honneur, (chose bien sacrée à un honnête homme) de n'y plus retomber. Mais cela seul ne suffit pas, il faut avoir une grande douceur, et même de *l'onction* dans ce que vous dites et dans la maniere de le dire. Il faut que votre air,

vos gestes, et votre regard, attestent la bonté de votre cœur, et le plaisir que vous avés a en faire aux autres. La gayèté et l'enjouement accompagnent ordinairement un bon cœur qui n'a rien a se reprocher. Au lieu que les gens sombres taciturnes qui parlent peu ou point, sont toujours suspects, et généralement parlant, il y a quelque chose de mauvais au fond. Il ne faut jamais contredire cruement ni disputer avec chaleur et avec bruit, mais au lieu de dire brusquement, *non, cela n'est pas* il faut soutenir votre opinion avec douceur et modestie, et dire *Je croirois que ce seroit comme cela,* ou *ne seroit ce pas plutôt comme cela ?* Car souvénes vous qu'une dispute sur la chose du monde la plus triviale, soutenuë avec vivacité et avec bruit, entre les deux meilleurs amis, les rend pour un moment beaucoup moins bons amis qu'ils n'etoient auparavant, et peut-être pour plus longtems. Il ne faut jamais être distrait, et reveur ; c'est un affront a toutte la compagnie, c'est comme qui diroit, Je ne m'embarrasse pas de vous, et je m'occupe mieux de mes sublimes pensées, que de tout ce que vous pourriés dire. Un corps mort vaut mieux en compagnie qu'un esprit distrait ; il ne prend pas plus de place, et il n'insulte personne. Au contraire il faut avoir une attention extreme a tout ce qui se dit, et a tout ce qui se fait en compagnie. Il faut avoir les yeux et les oreilles partout, et remarquer leurs passions, leurs foiblesses, leurs gouts, et leurs petites singularités, pour pouvoir mieux leur plaire apres, et sçavoir par où les prendre. En voila assez pour aujourdhuy, et peut-être plus que vous ne retiendrez, mais le sujet n'est pas epuisé, il s'en faut bien, et J'y reviendray souvent puisqu'il n'y a rien que je souhaitte plus que de vous voir posséder au suprème dégré, le Grand Art de Plaire.

Lisez cette lettre et ma derniere, deux fois par semaines pour quelque tems.

To Master Stanhope

at Mr Robert's boarding School at Marybone by London.

LXXII.

Loyola and the Jesuits: Their Influence in Europe.

Lundi matin 8. *d'août* [1763].

Je suis edifié Mon Cher petit garçon de votre conduitte en dernier lieu. Vous avés profité des conseils de vos bons amis, ce qui est une preuve de votre bon cœur, et de votre bon esprit. Adieu donc touttes ces boutades, ces algarades, et ces incartades de Colére; nous les oublierons de part et d'autre, car Je suis bien sur que vous ne vous y livrerés plus. Prenons donc a present un autre sujét. Vous avés ouï apparemment quelque chose du bruit touchant la Société des Jesuites, qui a été chassée en dernier lieu du Portugal, et qu'on écrase actuéllement en France.* Mais Je ne croy pas que vous sachiez ce que c'est que la Société de Jesus, dont les Jesuites portent le nom. Je vais donc vous le dire. Ignace ou Inigo Loyola, en etoit le fondateur. Il etoit Officier Espagnol, et tres debauché. Il fut blessé au siége de Pampelune en Navarre, l'année 1521. Pendant la cure de sa blessure dont il souffroit beaucoup, il fut saisi de devotion, et comme il avoit la cervelle brulée, il devint fanatique, c'est a dire il poussa sa devotion jusqu'a la folie, et se declara bientôt dans touttes les formes, le Chevalier érrant de la Viérge Marie. Il trouva bientôt des disciples, car un fou ne manque jamais d'en trouver. Mais il lui fallut pourtant essuyer bien des revers et des difficultés, avant que de pouvoir fonder son ordre, ce qu'il ne put faire que l'année 1534. Cette Société fit des progrés si rapides, qu'en moins de vingt ans apres sa fondation il y eut quelques Jésuites dans tous les quartiers du monde, qui se repandirent disoient

* They were expelled from Portugal in 1759, and in 1773 Clement XIV issued the bull by which the abolition of the Order was decreed. But the Order has outlived popular hate, State proscription, and Papal suspicions.

ils pour précher l'Evangile. Leur Morale n'est par des plus épurées, et leur Doctrine est assez dangereuse, mais il faut avouer aussi qu'ils sont les plus habiles et les plus sçavans de tous les religieux. Surtout ils sont insinuants, polis, souples, s'appliquent a l'art de plaire, dont ils connoissent tout le prix, et pratiquent tous les moyens si bien, qu'ils ont, pour ainsi dire, gouverné le monde pendant deux siecles, ayant trouvé le moyen d'être les Confesseurs de la plus part des Rois et des Princes Catholiques de L'Europe. Leur credit commence a baisser a present, ils [sont] bannis du Portugal, et ils sont presque supprimés en France. Ce qu'on appelle Religieux, sont certaines Sociétéz, qui demeurent dans des Couvents, qui vivent en communauté, qui ne se marient jamais, et qui font des vœux de pauvreté, de chasteté, et d'obeïssance. Il y en a une variété infinie ; sçavoir, Capucins, Cordeliers, Carmes, Minimes, Recollets, Augustins, Celestins, etc., qui sont compris sous le nom général de Moines ou de Religieux.

Au reste, Ignace Loyola a été cannonizé, c'est à dire declaré *Saint* par le Pape.

LXXIII.

The Jesuits and their Influence in South America.

11 *d'Aoust* [1763].

Les Missionaires qui vont par tout le monde pour tâcher de convértir a la Religion Chrétienne les payens de l'Asie, de l'Affrique, et de l'Amerique, sont ordinairement de la Société des Jesuites, et en éffet ils en convertissent quelqu'uns, mais pretendent en convertir beaucoup plus qu'ils ne

font. C'est dans l'Amerique surtout qu'ils ont bien reussi, car ils se sont emparé de tout le Paraguay, qu'ils gouvernent actuéllement en souverains, quoy qu'ils prétendent être fideles sujets du Roy d'Espagne, mais au fond ils ne sont rien moins. Le Paraguay est un grand et beau païs, (cherchez le dans la charte il est tout pres du Brezil). Les Jesuites ont apprivoisé ce peuple qui etoit auparavant sauvage, au point qu'il n'y a pas de peuple dans le monde mieux policé ni plus sage. Les Jesuites les ont partagés, en trente deux peuplades, c'est a dire en trente deux differents Districts, dont chacun est gouverné par un certain nombre de Jesuites qui leur fournissent tout ce qui est necessaire ou agreable pour la vie, car ils ne leur permettent pas d'avoir de l'argent de peur de les corrompre. Les Jesuites font tout le commerce de ce païs qu'on dit être tres considerable, et s'enrichissent par la. Faittes reflexion dans votre petite tête, aux progrés rapides et extraordinaires de cette Société, qui n'etoit qu'ébauchée en 1534 et qui a la fin de ce meme Siecle, en quelque façon gouvernoit le monde ; il y en a present, a ce qu'un Jesuite m'a dit a peu pres douze mille repandus par le monde. Cela vous prouvera l'avantage du sçavoir, de l'art de plaire, et de s'insinuér dans les esprits, par la douceur et la politesse. Imitez les autant que vous le pourrez par la, mais pour le reste, Je ne vous les donne pas pour vos modéles. J'écrivray à votre cher Pere, pour lui dire qu'il n'est plus nécessaire qu'il vous écrive sur le sujet de la Colére, puis qu'il n'en est plus question. Vous m'en avez donné votre parole d'honneur, et je compte la dessus, persuadé que vous étes trop honnête garçon pour y manquér, et c'est pour cela que Je vous aime tant, car je ne pourrois pas vous souffrir, si vous n'aviez pas de l'honneur. Adieu, Je t'embrasse.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr. Robert's Boarding School at Marybone by London.

LXXIV.

On Attention, and the Observation of all Things.

Mardi matin 6. *Sept*^{bre} [1763].

Vous m'avez avoué que vous aviez été méchant, et je vous l'ay pardonné en faveur de votre aveu; car il vaut mieux dire naturellement qu'on a été méchant, que de vouloir le cacher par un mensonge, dont je me flatte que vous n'étes pas capable. Mais n'y retombés pas; Je pourrois me facher, et songez quel deshonneur ce seroit pour vous si Je vous abandonnois a votre mauvaise conduitte. Qu'en diroit Monsieur Robert? Qu'en diroit votre Pere qui arrive bientôt? Qu'en diroient vos camarades? Pensez y, car vous pouvez penser. Enfin pour cette fois, j'oublieray le passé, mais gâre une recidive, car—— je ne vous diray pas ce que je ferois.

A present que vous avez votre nouvel Atlas, et votre Puffendorf, vous deviendrez a coup sur, habile dans l'Histoire et dans la Géographie; mais il ne suffit pas de les apprendre pour le moment, il faut s'en souvenir, et pour s'en souvenir, il faut beaucoup d'attention, car la mémoire n'est que l'attention. Les sots se plaignent ordinairement de leur mémoire parceque ils n'ont pas de l'attention, aussi il n'y a pas de marque plus decisive d'un sot, que de n'avoir pas d'attention a tout ce qu'il fait. *En verité je n'y ay pas fait attention, je pensois a toutte autre chose, je ne l'ay pas remarqué*, sont les excuses d'un sot, un homme d'esprit ne s'en sert jamais, parce qu'il a de l'attention non seulement a tout ce qu'il fait luy même, mais aussi a tout ce que font les autres. Rien ne lui échappe, Il voit, il remarque tout, jusqu'aux moindres choses qui se passent là ou il est. Or vous avez le choix, voulés vous passer pour un garçon d'Esprit, ou pour une bête? Si vous voulez qu'on dise *ce petit Stanhope la est un*

joli garçon, il a de l'Esprit, il scait beaucoup, il vous faut avoir de l'attention a tout; mais si vous n'avez pas d'attention, si vous regardez sans voir, si vous écoutez sans entendre, et si vous lisez sans penser, Je ne vous diray pas ce qu'on diroit de vous, cela seroit trop humiliant; et d'ailleurs je suis persuadé que vous avez une louable ambition de vous distinguer, et de briller dans le monde. Je souhaitterois même que votre ambition s'étendit jusqu'a vos jeux, et que vous vous picquassiez de surpasser vos camarades dans votre addresse; et que vos jeux fussent des jeux d'addresse, comme le petit palêt, le volant, la balle, car il faut d'avoir un objet en tout; or de courir simplement l'un apres l'autre ne veut rien dire. Dieu te benisse, Je t'embrasse.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr. Robert's Boarding School at Marybone by London.

LXXV.

Geography and History: Pope Leo X.

12 *Sept*: 1763.

Hé bien mon petit bout d'homme, qu'avez vous fait de bon depuis que je vous ay vu? Vous aurez sans doute bien appris, et avec attention, de sorte que vous vous en souvenez. Etoit ce l'Histoire et la Géographie? Elles sont inseparables, et l'une est presqu'inutile sans l'autre. Ces deux études sont tres necessaires pour un honnête homme. On en a besoin a tous momens en compagnie, où l'on fera une pitoyable figure, si on les ignore. Il faut surtout sçavoir correctement l'histoire de ces trois derniers siecles, c'est a dire, depuis l'année 1500. Songez que vous aurez bientôt huit ans complets, et qu'a cet age la, on n'est plus enfant. On s'attend a beaucoup d'un jeune homme de huit ans. On veut qu'il

sache bien des choses, et qu'il n'apprenne rien par maniere d'acquit, mais avec attention, et pour orner son esprit. Cherchez par exemple dans votre Puffendorf, la vie du Pape Leon dix, qui étoit grand scelerat, mais tres habile homme. Il encouragea et protegea les lettres, et les gens de lettres, qui commencerent a renaitre alors en Italie. Il étoit Florentin, et de la maison de Medicis, féconde en grands hommes, et en grands crimes. Le fondateur de cette Maison etoit Cosme de Medicis qui etoit negotiant, et qui acquit tant de richesses par le negoce que sa Famille devint bientôt la plus considerable de Florence, et apres cela s'en rendit le Souverain.—Au reste j'ay trouvé parmi des vieilles paperasses, un Dialogue qui a été écrit, il y a longtems, entre un Ecolier et son Maitre, et je vous l'envoye. Il n'a aucun rapport a vous qui étes bon Garçon, mais en tout cas, vous ferez bien de le lire, car on ne sçait jamais ce qui peut arriver. Adieu mon Poupin, je vous aime beaucoup pendant que vous etes sage.

LXXVI.

The Reformation: Martin Luther, John Calvin.—Necessity of Attention.

Mercredi 21. 7bre 1763.

Une grande Epoque dans l'Histoire moderne, c'est la Reformation, c'est a dire l'etablissement de la Religion Protestante dans l'Europe, qui se fit au commencement du seizieme Siecle.

Avant ce tems la toutte l'Europe étoit Catholique, ou au moins, se disoit telle, c'est a dire Papiste.

Martin Luther, moine Allemand, jetta les fondemens de la Reformation, en prechant hardiment contre les abus, la

tyrannie, et les fourberies des Papes, et du Clergé papiste. Il publia et signa ses articles de Foy a Augsbourg, en *protestant* contre les erreurs et les abus des Papistes. Et de la nous sommes appellés des *Protestants*. Sa Doctrine se communiqua de proche en proche, et fut adoptée par une grande partie de l'Allemagne, par l'Angleterre, par la Suéde, et le Dannemarck, de sorte que (le scaviez vous) vous etes un petit Lutherien, a quelques minucies pres. Martin Luther etoit honnête homme d'un naturel doux et tolerant.

Peu de tems apres, un François, Jean Calvin, parut sur la scene, comme Reformateur. Il rencherit sur Luther, et reforma encore bien des sottises des Papistes, que Luther avoit tolerées pour ne pas trop chocquer d'abord les prejugés du peuple, c'est a dire, des ignorans. Calvin etoit tres scavant, d'une morale épurée, mais d'un naturel sombre, atrabilaire, et nullement tolerant. Grand déffaut. Vous voyez donc que ceux qui s'appellent communiment Protestans sont divisés en deux Sectes, les Lutheriens et les Calvinistes. Les Lutheriens sont proprement les Protestants; parcequ'ils ont protesté contre les abus de l'Eglise de Rome. Et les Calvinistes qui ont porté la Reforme plus loin que Luther sont appellés communément les Reformez. Vous me demanderez peut-être laquelle des deux sectes, est la meilleure? A quoy je vous repondray seulement, que Jean danse mieux que Pierre et Pierre danse mieux que Jean. L'Eglise Anglicane tient de tous les deux, mais plus du Lutheranisme que du Calvinisme.

La Suéde Le Dannemarck Les Villes libres de l'Allemagne En général toutte l'Allemagne Protestante	Lutheriens.
Les Cantons Suisse Protestants. Geneve. La Republique des Provinces Unies. Les François qui sont Protestants. L'Escosse.	Calvinistes.

A propos il me vient dans l'esprit, que tout ce que Je vous écris pour vous instruire, est peut-être a pure perte. Il l'est certainement si vous n'y faittes pas attention, et que par consequent vous l'oubliez. Je m'en informeray la premiere fois que je verray Monsieur Robert. Et si cela est ainsi Je transporteray mes soins a votre sœur qui sera bientôt en Ville. C'est une bonne fille, elle a de l'attention, elle apprend tout ce qu'on veut, et se souvient de tout ce qu'elle apprend. Ne devriez vous pas rougir de honte, si une petite fille, une campagnarde qui n'a pas euë l'Education que vous avez euë, vous surpassoit. Mais J'espère que vous ne le souffrirez pas, car vous avez de l'ambition, ou je me trompe. Adieu.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr. Robert's Boarding School in Marybone by London.

LXXVII.

Mahomet: the Koran, its Extravagances and Stupidities.—The First Duty of True Religion and Morals.

26 *Sept*: 1763.

Je vous ay parlé dans ma derniere des principales Sectes des Chretiens, a scavoir des Catholiques, des Lutheriens, et des Calvinistes. Je vous diray a present deux mots sur les Mahometans, ainsi appéllez parceque leur Fondateur, et soy disant Prophete s'appelloit Mahomet. Il etoit un Marchand Arabe, moitié fanatique et moitié imposteur. Un fanatique est une espece de fou, qui se croit de bonne foy immediatement illuminé et inspiré par Dieu, et un imposteur est un fourbe qui se donne pour ce qu'il sçait bien qu'il n'est pas. Mahomet s'erigea pour Prophéte, dans le sixieme

Siecle, si je ne me trompe. Il publia ses réveries, dans un Livre, qu'on appelle le *Koran* ou l'Alcoran, qu'il pretendoit ou peut-être qu'il croyoit, que Dieu lui avoit dicté par le moyen de l'Ange Gabriel. C'est un livre tout plein de sottises et d'extravagances, où il n'y a qu'une bonne chose, qui est qu'il y recommande la Charité et les aumônes. Il eut bientôt quelques disciples, (car quel fou n'en a pas) et en peu de tems cette Religion toutte extravagante qu'elle etoit fit des progres rapides et étonnants, et a l'heure qu'il est, les deux tiers de notre Hemisphere sont Mahometans. Toutte la Turquie, l'Egypte, la Perse, l'Indostan et la plus grande partie de l'Affrique, sont Mahometans ou *Mussulmans*, qui est la même-chose. Mussulmans, veut dire *vrais croyans*. On appelle aussi quelquefois, le Mahometisme, *l'Islamisme*. Les Turcs ou les Mahometans car on les confond généralement, quoy qu'il y a eu des Turcs longtems avant Mahomet, ne persecutent pas pour cause de Religion, en quoy ils font honte à bien des Chretiens, et surtout aux Catholiques Romains, qui mettent en Prison, qui pendent, et qui brulent, tres volontiers, ceux qu'ils appellent Héretiques, c'est a dire ceux qui ne pensent pas comme eux, en matiere de Religion. Au lieu qu'il faut plaindre, et pas punir, les erreurs de nos semblables. On peut tacher de les convertir, mais il n'est pas permis de les maltraitter. Souvenez vous toujours, qu'il ne faut jamais faire aux autres, que ce que vous voudriez que les autres vous fissent. C'est la le grand devoir de la vraye Religion et de la Morale, et ce n'est que pour ceux, qui ne s'acquittent pas de ce devoir, que les peines de l'enfer sont preparés. Ayez donc toujours ce grand devoir dans l'esprit, et en tout ce que vous faittes aux autres, interrogez vous même si vous voudriez que les autres vous le fissent. En observant cette regle, comme vous étes honnête garçon a present, vous deviendrez avec le tems tres honnête homme. Adieu mon petit Drôle, soyez gai; vous pouvez l'être, car jusqu'icy vous ne connoissez pas le crime.

P.S.—J'avois oublié de vous dire dans ma lettre que

Mahomet mourut l'année 632, et qu'il fut enterré à la Mecque,* une ville de l'Arabie Petrée, où son tombeau est actuéllement, et où tout devot Mussulman doit aller en Pelerinage, au moins une fois dans sa vie. Le Publicq ignorant croit que le Tombeau de Mahomet ne touche a rien, et est suspendu en l'air entre deux aimans, qui l'attirent egalement. Vous sçavez ce que c'est qu'un aiman, en Anglois *a Load Stone*; Je vous en ay donné un petit il y a deux ans.

LXXVIII.

Praise is valueless unless deserved.

Mercredi.

Je vous envoye ci-jointe une lettre de votre cher Pere. Il me semble qu'elle doit bien flatter votre petit amour propre; mais de bonne foy, croyés vous mériter tous les éloges qu'il vous y donne? Examinez votre conscience la dessus; elle le scait, et elle vous dira la verité. Si elle vous dit, que par votre attention et votre docilité vous les meritez, c'est le mieux du monde; mais si au contraire, elle vous reproche d'avoir été étourdi et indocile, que ferés vous? Il n'y a qu'un parti a prendre, c'est de vous resoudre absolument a les mériter a l'avenir. Avés vous de la vanité? Je n'en doute pas car tout le monde en a, et je serois bien faché que vous n'en eussiés pas. Travaillez donc a mériter les eloges qu'on vous donne a present, et a en acquerir tous les jours d'autres. En éffét qu'elle gloire ne sera ce pas a un petit marmot comme vous de scavoir plus que d'autres garçons, bien plus agés que vous, ne scavent? Et si au scavoir, vous joignés les bonnes mœurs, les manieres aisées et polies, et sur tout la douceur, que de louanges, que d'eloges, vous en

* Mahomet was buried at Medina: v. Notes and Queries, 7th S. viii. 274.

aurés. Si J'étois a votre place, Je travaillerois a devenir proverbe, et je ferois en sorte qu'on dît generalement il est scavant comme le petit Stanhope, il est poli comme le petit Stanhope, il est doux et bon comme le petit Stanhope. Il ne faut pour tout cela que de l'attention a tout ce que Monsieur Robert, votre Cher Pere, et moy qui m'interesse à votre gloire, nous vous dirons. A propos, faites bien mes complimens a Monsieur Robert, et priéz le d'avoir son compte pour le dernier quartier prét a me donner quand Je le verray; ce qui sera en trois ou quatre Jours. Souvenez vous le reste de vos jours, que celuy qui a de quoy payer, et ne paye pas ses dettes, est un fripon et un infame; pour quelque peu de Jours plutôt, ou plus tard, ce n'est pas une affaire; mais il faut payér scrupuleusement tout ce qu'on doit, et ne rien devoir que ce qu'on est en état, et dans la resolution de payér. Apres avoir fait vos petites reflexions sur le sérieux de cette lettre, Je vous recommande de vous bien divertir, d'être gai, vif, et badin, autant que faire se pourra. La vertu enjouée est la meilleure. Adieu mon poulet.

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LXXIX.

Retrospect of the Writer's Childhood.

3 *d'Octobre* 1763.

Vous aimés les plaisirs n'est ce pas? Vous avez raison; moy, je les ay toujours aimés. Mais il faut sçavoir les bien choisir. Je vous rendray compte des miens, quand j'etois justement de votre age, car je m'en souviens tres bien encore, quoy qu'il y ait soixante et un ans de cela. Il faut que vous sachiez que j'avois même alors, ma petite ambition, et beaucoup de vanité. J'avois grande envie de figurer un jour dans le monde, et ma vanité se trouvoit flattée au dernier point, quand je surpassois mes Camarades, en apprenant,

ou même en jouant, mieux qu'eux. Le plus grand plaisir que j'ay jamais senti, c'étoit quand mes Maitres faisoient mes éloges, et disoient à mes Parents que j'avois beaucoup d'attention, et que J'apprenois parfaittement bien, et qu'un jour je serois quelque chose. Apres cela je jouois du meilleur cœur du monde, je me sentois leger, gai; et je dormois bien, n'ayant rien a me reprocher. Quel plaisir. Mais d'un autre coté quand je n'avois pas été sage, ce qui ne m'arrivoit que tres rarement, J'etois sombre et triste le reste de la journée, je jouois a contre cœur, quand on me regardoit seulement. Je croyois qu'on sçavoit que j'avois été mechant, qu'on me meprisoit, et qu'on se mocquoit de moy. Je ne dormois pas tranquillement cette nuit, parceque je n'avois pas la conscience nette; enfin je me sentois tres malheureux. Mais le jour apres l'amour du plaisir me rappelloit a mon devoir, et j'apprenois avec attention et vigueur. Apres cela il faut sçavoir comment je jouois. Mais je choississois les jeux d'adresse, et de force, dans lesquels je tâchois egalement de surpasser mes camarades, ou bien a des jeux ou l'esprit avait quelque part, comme aux Dames, ou aux echecs. Et je ne montois pas a califourchon sur un baton, le fouet a la main, en supposant que le baton etoit un cheval, a quoy certainement il ne ressemble guere, parce qu'un imbécille pouvoit faire cela aussi bien que moy. Je vous feray encore une petite confidence, qui est que j'avois grande envie de briller dans le monde, et je m'étois mis dans l'esprit d'avoir quelque grande charge, et surtout le Cordon bleu qui m'avoit donné dans la vue. Et pourquoy ne penserez vous pas de même? Un jour cela pourra bien dependre de vous, si vous devenez sçavant et aimable. Si donc vous voulez suivre mes traces, vous aurez beaucoup de plaisir a present, et beaucoup de consideration a l'avenir. Mais si non, vous serés inquiet et mécontent de vous même a present, et meprisable et ridicule quand vous serez grand. Je sçay bien quel parti vous prendrez, car je sçay que vous avez du bon sens et de l'ambition. Adieu mon Poulet je t'embrasse de tout mon cœur.

LXXX.

Reflections upon the Misfortunes of the Poor.

[*October* 1763.]

Je suis sur Mon cher petit Drôle que vous étiez bien mortifié de vous trouver malade; mais aussi, Je suis persuadé que votre maladie vous sera de quelque utilité, puisqu'elle vous fera croitre, et qu'elle vous aura fait faire des reflexions sur les malheurs de vos semblables. Quand vous avés été allité et que vous aviez besoin du secours de tant de gens, Je suis sur que votre bon cœur se sera attendri sur le triste sort de tant de malheureux, qui souffrant beaucoup plus que vous, sont denuez de tous les secours, dont vous avez joui abondamment. Point de lit, point de medecine, mauvaise nourriture, personne pour les soigner, peut on y penser sans s'attendrir, sans fremir, et sans regretter qu'on ne peut pas les soulager tous. Si Je pouvois empécher qu'il n'y eut un seul malheureux sur la Terre, J'y sacrifierois avec plaisir mon bien, mes soins, et même ma santé, et J'espere, et même je croy, que vous feriez la même chose. C'est le grand devoir de l'Homme, surtout de l'Homme Chretien. J'ay remarqué depuis longtems que vous aviez le cœur bon et compatissant; ne le laissez pas endurcir, ni corrompre par les mauvais exemples. Aimez votre espéce en general, et plaignez ceux qui ne meritent pas d'étre aimés, c'est a dire les méchants, mais ne les maltraittez jamais. En observant exactement ces devoirs, vous vous sentirez toujours a votre aise, gai, et de bonne humeur; car il n'y a que les méchants, qui sont sombres, melancholiques, et boudeurs, et je ne m'en étonne pas, puisqu'ils sont toujours bourrélez par les remords de leurs conscience. Je sçay que tu seras le meilleur enfant du monde, et c'est dans cette confiance que je t'embrasse tendrement. Adieu.

To Master Stanhope.

LXXXI.

On Anger: Story of Stratonice.

Vendredi matin [*October* 1763].

Vous avés été bien malade, mon cher petit garçon, et cela n'est pas amusant, comme je sçay par experience. Je parierois qu'avant d'avoir pris cette fievre, vous avez boudé, ou vous vous serez mis en colére, car l'un et l'autre aigrissent le sang, et l'echauffent au point de donner tres souvent la Fiévre. Etant a peu pres de votre âge, Je me souviens que j'etois fort sujet aux fiévres chaudes, et le medecin qu'on consulta, prononça hardiment que mes fiévres etoient causées, ou par des accés de colere, ou bien par des bouderies; en éffét c'etoit vray, car quand je n'avois pas bien appris, J'etois si mécontent de moy-même, que je me mettois en colere ou bien je boudois. Cette sentence du medecin me servit d'avis salutaire, et comme je n'aimois ni les maladies ni les medecines necessaires pour m'en guérir, Je pris mon parti de les prevenir, et je resolus de ne plus m'echauffer le sang, par la colere, ni les bouderies. J'appris bien, je fis mon devoir, J'etois gay, et frais, et je n'eus plus de fiévre. Pour vous prouver combien les passions de l'âme sont dangereuses au corps, Je vous conteray une jolie histoire qui vous amusera. Le Roy Antigonus avoit epousé en secondes Nopces, la belle Stratonice; le Prince son fils d'un premier lit, en devint malheureusement amoureux. Mais comme il n'avoit garde de declarer sa passion pour sa belle-mere, il en bouda seulement, et prit la fiévre. Il dépérissoit a vue d'œuil, et on ne comprenait pas la cause de sa fiévre. Mais un jour pendant que son medecin lui tâtoit le poulx, sa belle-mere Stratonice entra dans la chambre; le médecin s'apperceut d'abord de l'emotion de son âme, par son poulx, qui redoubloit de vitesse, et decouvrit par ce moyen la cause de

son mal. Soyez donc vif, gai, et content, vous le sérez si vous apprenez bien, et vous n'aurez plus ni fiévres, ni médecins ni medecines. Adieu mon cher enfant.

LXXXII.

The Art of Speaking in Public.

Friday.

My Dear little Boy, how goes thy little world of Marybone? Is the humming top a good one? Or do you like learning Latin better? Between you and me, Latin and a humming top do not seem to agree well together. A Top is the plaything of a child, and Latin is the plaything of a young gentleman. Which of the two are you? Think, and act accordingly. You told me that you sometimes read Cicero. Go on with him, he writes both the best Latin and the best sense of any author. Besides he will best qualify you to make a figure one day in Parliament, which I dare say you would wish to do, but which no man can do, unless he is an eloquent speaker. Study therefore the Art of Speaking with propriety and elegance. Hitherto I own it is above your years, but have it always in your mind at least, speak as elegantly as you can now, and insensibly you will speak better and better every day, till you are of an age to study the principles of that useful and necessary art. The two great Masters and Models of it, were Demosthenes among the Greeks and Cicero among the Romans; and why should not you be so among the English? You may have a good chance for it if you please by application; and nothing can be done without application. I believe I have told you formerly what Charles the twelfth of Sweden used to say, that any man might do whatever he pleased by resolution and per-

severance * * * * *. And to a certain degree that is true. I will recommend to you for your Motto, *Volendo et Perseverando.* Here is another good one: you may take your choice. *Aut nunquam tentes aut perfice.* By the enclosed letter from your Father, you will see what he expects from you, and how well your Sister learns, take great care, or she will outrun you, and that would be disgracefull, and make you ashamed to appear in publick. Adieu.

LXXXIII.

His Sister praised as an Inducement to Attention.

[*Nov.* 1763.]

J'ay ouï dire du bien de vous dernierement, on m'assure que vous avez été passablement sage et que vous avez bien appris. Est-il vray? Je le veus croire; c'est pourquoy Je vous enverray chercher demain, et vous prendrez votre petite Sœur en passant. Au reste J'aime beaucoup cette petite fille la. Elle s'applique avec attention a apprendre tout ce qu'on lui enseigne, et cela nullement par crainte du grand reméde, mais par une louable ambition de se distinguer et de se recommander a ses Parens. D'Ailleurs elle se conduit en compagnie comme une fille de seize ans qui a été en bonne compagnie, elle n'a rien d'enfantin, elle est polie, et regarde toujours en face ceux qui lui parlent. Aussi c'est le comble de l'impolitesse de faire autrement, car cela marque ou qu'on se sent coupable de quelque chose, ou qu'on est trop nigaud, pour soutenir le regard des autres. Sachez qu'on se mocque furieusement de ces gens-la et avec raison. Continuez a bien faire, pas tant par crainte du grand reméde que pour vous distinguer et meriter des

eloges. Voicy un dicton Latin que vous entendrez sans doute. *Oderint peccare boni, formidine culpae. Oderint peccare mali, formidine poenae.** Adieu Je t'embrasse. Mercredi.

LXXXIV.

Convalescence of the Godson.—Death of the King of Poland.—The Sister used as an Inducement to Attention.

[*Nov.* 1763.]

Hé bien, mon cher petit Garçon, vous remmettez vous, prenez vous des forces et de l'embonpoint? A votre âge quand on est une fois convalescent, le reste va bien vite. Il est vray que vous n'étes a present qu'un petit in-douze, d'un in-quarto que vous étiez avant votre maladie, mais c'est seulement réculer pour mieux sauter, et vous deviendrez bientot un in-folio. Je vous diray une nouvelle, le Roy de Pologne, Electeur de Saxe, est mort en dernier lieu † et on peut avec raison dire de lui, ce qu'un bel esprit a dit d'un homme futile et faineant, dont il fit l'epitaphe qui suit:

Colas est mort de maladie,
Tu veux que Je pleure son sort.
Que Diable veux tu que J'en die?
Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.

Ce Roy de Pologne, Electeur de Saxe, étoit un imbécille,

* Lord Chesterfield is inaccurate here, as he often is in his citations from the Latin poets. The real quotation is:—

'Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore;
Tu nihil admittes in te formidine poenae.'

Hor. Epist. I. 16. 52.

† This King of Poland was Frederic Augustus II. He died 5 Oct. 1763, in his 67th year. A year of anarchy followed, and then Stanislas Augustus the last King was put on the throne.

qui étoit mené par le nez, par son premier ministre le Comte de Bruhll, qui étoit un fat decidé, et qui se meurt actuellement. Vous sçavés que la Couronne de Pologne est elective, de sorte qu'il y aura bien du bruit parmi ces Sarmates sur le choix d'un Nouveau Roy, et bien des coups de sabres donnés. On dit qu'ils eliront un *Piáste*, c'est a dire un noble du païs. Le Roy de Prusse a tout l'air de se mêler de cette election, et aussi L'Imperatrice de Russie, car leurs états avoisinent la Pologne. A-propos du Roy de Prusse, Je croy que vous ne le connoissez gueres, car Je ne me souviens pas d'avoir eu l'honneur de vous l'avoir presenté. Sachez donc que c'est le plus Grand Roy, et peut-être le plus grand homme de ce siecle. Il est Héros, Conquérant, Legislateur, Philosophe, et Bel Esprit. Il peut avoir quelques deffauts, mais qui n'en a pas? Il n'est que le troisieme Roy de Prusse, son Grand-pere etoit le premier. Ses ayeux n'etoient qu'Electeurs de Brandenbourg. Il a une longue lisiére de Païs, qui s'étend depuis Gueldres et Cleves, jusqu'a la Pomeranie et la Prusse Ducale. Cherchés les dans votre Atlas, et vous trouverez que votre territoire de Marybone, n'est rien vis a vis de ses païs.

Je vous ay envoyé en dernier lieu une lettre de cette petite fille votre Sœur. Avoués qu'elle écrit parfaittement bien. Cette petite Drolesse s'applique et apprend tout ce qu'on veut. Elle vous aime beaucoup a present, mais appliquez vous aussi, de peur qu'elle ne vous méprise. Je suis sur que vous le ferez, puisque votre raison vous doit dire combien cela vous interresse. Adieu Je t'embrasse de bon cœur.

Samedi matin.

Une petite étourdie disoit l'autre jour a votre sœur, *Je voudrois qu'il n'y eut pas de livres dans le monde*, a quoy votre Sœur repondit tres sensément; Et moy Je voudrois qu'il y eut encore plus de livres, et je les lirois tous s'il etoit possible, car sans les livres nous ne serions que des Bêtes.

LXXXV.

The Writer, who has been ill, leaves for Bath.—Good Behaviour and Attention demanded.

Vendredi matin [*Nov.* 1763].

J'ay eu la fiévre toutte cette Semaine, et elle ne m'a pas encore tout-a-fait quittée, c'est pourquoy je n'ay pas voulu vous voir, ni chez vous, ni chez moy, puisque vous avez eu assez de fiévre pour cette année, et je ne voulois pas courir le risque de vous communiquer la mienne, par surabondance. Je pars demain matin pour Bath, pour me radouber. Pendant mon absence, je ne doute pas que vous ne soyez sage et attentif, mais en tout cas sachez que je sçauray exactement tout ce que vous ferez et tous ce que vous direz. Prenez donc bien garde a votre conduitte, et d'autant plus, que le Papa et la Maman seront bientôt avec vous, et ils ne sont point si endurants que Monsieur Robert et moy. Ils exigeront sur tout beaucoup de Politesse et beaucoup d'attention.

Les petits presens, dit on, entretiennent l'amitié, et comme j'ambitionne la votre, Je vous envoye de la petite monnoye, pour dépenser de tems en tems, chez votre illustre et aimable voisine la belle Trusler. Mais n'allez pas l'employer dans le fruit des brouettes, qui n'est jamais mur, mais pourtant toujours pourri. Adieu mon cher petit Marquis, honorez moy d'une de vos lettres, demain en huit, mais qu'elle soit toutte de votre crû.

LXXXVI.

The Father returns to London.—Inculcation of the "Hoc Age."

a BATH, 23 *Nov*: 1763.

Hé bien, Mon Poulet que faittes vous de bon, ou de mauvais? Si c'est du bon, vous apprenez avec attention au moins trois heures par jour, et puis vous vous divertissez ayant la conscience nette. Mais si c'est du mauvais, vous apprenez malgré vous et seulement par maniere d'acquit et par consequent sans fruit. Je ne veus pas supposer ce dernier cas, persuadé que vous étes trop raisonnable pour faire une pareille sottize, car ce seroit perdre votre tems a present, pour vous faire huér comme un ignorant quand vous serez grand. Je suis sur que de tous les livres que vous avez, vous ouvrez le plus souvent les Souverains du Monde, a cause de votre gôut pour la Variété, et je le veus bien; mais au môins, en changeant du sujet ne changez pas de païs, jusqu'a ce que vous ayiez parcouru tous les Souverains de ce païs, et vu leurs états, dans votre Atlas, car il faut toujours lire ces sortes de livres, l'atlas sur table. Je m'explique, par exemple si vous cherchez les Etats du Pape, ne quittez pas l'Italie avant d'avoir lu et vu les etats de tous les autres Princes de l'Italie. De même en Allemagne quand vous l'aurez une fois entamée, n'en sortez pas que vous n'ayiez fait connoissance avec toutes les Altesses Electorales et Serenissimes de ce grand païs, qui en fourmille, et dont la variété est assez grande pour contenter les plus fantasques. Au reste je vous tiens quitte de leurs Genealogies, qui ne feroient qu'embrouiller votre petite cervelle, a pure perte pour le present. Mais faittes attention a leurs titres, a leurs possessions, et a leurs pretensions. A-propos enseignez vous encore a danser et avez vous quelques Ecoliers? Entre

nous, je crains que vous n'aurez pas beaucoup d'honneur de ce métier la, a moins que vous n'enseigniez a vos ecoliers de se tenir droits et d'avoir la tête bien placée; sans cela on se donne un ridicule en dansant. Votre cher Pere, est il arrivé à Marybone? Au moins il arrivera bientôt, et alors gare. Il s'attend a de grand progrés, et il n'est pas si endurant que Monsieur Robert. Il vous fera rendre compte tous les apres dinez de ce que vous avez appris les matins. Et cela vous fera peut-être plus de bien que de plaisir, mais il faut absolument passer par la. Il vous repétera bien le Hoc age. J'ai l'honneur de boire tous les matins icy une lampée d'eau chaude, à la santé du petit Marquis; c'est que ces eaux sortent touttes chaudes de leur source. Adieu mon cher petit Drole Je t'embrasse.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr. Robert's Boarding School, Marybone, by London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

LXXXVII.

Behaviour at Table: the Manners of a Well-bred Man.

À BATH. *ce* 26 *Novem*: 1763.

Mon cher petit garçon, J'ay reçeu votre lettre qui est fort joliment ecritte, mais comme il faut rendre justice a tout le monde, je suis obligé de dire que votre sœur peint mieux que vous. A-propos de cette petite fille, je vous avoue que je ne l'aime pas trop, parceque je vous aime beaucoup, et que je crains qu'elle ne vous fasse du tort dans l'opinion du Public; car elle a une envie demesurée de tout apprendre, une attention infinie en apprenant et une mémoire heureuse a tout retenir. Enfin nous verrons bientôt ce qui en sera. Pour moy si vous le voulez fortement je parieray de votre

coté. Il est vray que je n'ay pas été trop content de votre conduitte la derniére fois que vous avez diné chez moi; ce n'est pas que je demande que vous soyiez serieux et taciturne, au contraire je veux que vous soyez gai, vif, badin, et même un peu petit-maitre, que vous hazardiez vos conjectures et que vous jaziez. Mais tout cela avec de certaines bienseances et attentions pour la Compagnie, mais sans vous veautrer dans votre fautueil, sans appuyer les coudes sur la table, et sans parler a l'oreille aux domestiques. Accoutumez vous de bonne heure a avoir une politesse de tous les jours. Je n'aime pas une politesse d'emprunt pour les dimanches, et les jours de fête, enfin une politesse de gala; mais il faut que votre politesse devienne habitude et que vous la portiez sur vous les jours ouvriers comme les autres. En un mot il faut être parfaittement *honnête homme.* Mais sçavez-vous ce que veut dire proprement et en bon François honnête homme? Ce mot comprend bien des choses. Honnete Homme en François n'est nullement *an honest man* en Anglois, mais c'est ce que nous appellons *a Gentleman*, c'est-a-dire un homme qui a de bonnes mœurs, des mannieres tres polies, douces et nobles, et qui sçait se bien conduire en toutte compagnie, vis a vis d'un chacun. Voila ce que je souhaitte que vous soyez. Vous ne pouvez pas concevoir combien vous brillerez par la, surtout dans ce païs, car il faut l'avouer a notre honte, la politesse n'est pas du cru de l'Angleterre, et dans le Royaume des Aveugles un borgne fait figure. Faittes donc figure mon petit Drôle en depit du terroir et n'en conservez pas même un zeste. Je suis sur que vous en sentez deja tous les avantages, et que vous ne negligerez pas. Et sur ce, je vous embrasse. Adieu.

Honest man, est en François un homme de Probité, un homme integre et d'une morale epurée.—Honnête en François, veut dire en Anglois a Gentleman, a very well bred man, who behaves properly and politely in all companys. It is necessary that he should have an unblemished character into the bargain.

LXXXVIII.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme: Le Petit Jourdain.—Dancing, the Minor Talent of a Well-bred Man.

A BATH, 3 *Decem*: 1763.

J'ay reçeu votre lettre qui etoit assez bien écritte, mais la reponse que vous y faittes a ma derniere est un peu Normande; vous ne pretendez pas avoir fait quelque chose de bon et vous ne convenez pas d'avoir fait quelque chose de mauvais, c'est-a-dire que vous avez fait un peu de l'un et un peu de l'autre. J'avoue que je ne comprens pas comment vous qui avez du raisonnement pour votre age, ne faittes pas toujours bien. N'aimez vous pas mieux des éloges que des reproches. N'aimez vous pas mieux qu'on dise du bien que du mal de vous? Il ne tient qu'a vous de reçevoir des eloges de tout le monde. Et qu'est ce qu'on vous demande? C'est seulement de bien apprendre ce que vous apprenez. C'est le *Hoc age.* Vous auriez plus de tems a jouïr et vous jouiriez de meilleur cœur, ayant la conscience nette, et tout le monde vous en aimeroit davantage. Prenez donc mon cher petit garçon le parti de bien faire, tout ce que vous faittes. Et dites a vous-même, pendant que je suis avec mes Maitres, Je veux m'appliquer, et non pas faire les choses simplement par manniere d'acquit. Vous connoissez le bourgeois Gentilhomme; il n'avoit rien appris dans sa jeunesse, et pour reparer cette perte il vouloit tout apprendre quand il etoit vieux, et même tout a la fois, si bien qu'il n'apprit rien, excepté de parler prose, qu'il avoit parlé toutte sa vie, sans le sçavoir; de sorte que le dit Monsieur Jourdain n'etoit ridicule que pour n'avoir rien appris dans sa jeunesse, qui est le tems d'apprendre, et pour vouloir tout apprendre, dans son age avancé ou l'on n'apprend plus. Prenez garde donc qu'on ne vous appelle le petit Jourdain. Quand j'etois de votre age, Je craignois bien plus le ridicule que le fouet, et avec raison,

puisque le dernier se guerit bientôt, au lieu que le ridicule reste longtems, et peut-être toujours. Un sobriquet qu'on mérite, est une terrible chose. Puisque vous n'avez plus d'ecoliers pour la danse, c'est une marque qu'on n'a pas trop bonne opinion de votre sçavoir faire. Tout ce qui vous reste donc puisque vous ne pouvez plus enseigner la danse, c'est de la bien apprendre; car au bout du compte, c'est un petit talent qui est tres necessaire a un honnête homme. Je ne demande pas que vous dansiez aussi bien que Marcel ou Desnoyers, mais il faut absolument qu'en cas de besoin vous puissiez couler votre menuet avec grace. Les graces valent bien la peine d'être recherchées. Peu de gens en connoissent tout le prix. Mais Socrate le connoissoit bien, et recommandoit a ses Disciples de sacrifier aux Graces. Je vous le recommande aussi, et je ne finiray point de vous le redire. Adieu pour cette fois, mon cher petit gaillard.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's Boarding School in Marybone by London.
Free.
CHESTERFIELD.

LXXXIX.

The Election of the King of Poland.—The Adorable Jenny Truelove, and the Incomparable Trusler.

a BATH *ce* 7 *Decem*: 1763.

Quand on merite des éloges on est toujours sur d'en avoir. J'ay reçeu dernièrement les votres de la part de ma sœur, qui me mande que vous l'avez reçeuë a Marybone avec toutte la politesse d'un veritable petit Marquis François. J'en suis charmé mon cher petit gaillard, et a mon retour Je vous apporteray des jolies choses d'icy, puisqu'il est juste que les recompenses accompagnent quelquefois les éloges. On parle tant a present de l'Election d'un Roy de Pologne,

que quoyque je sçay que vous n'aspirez pas a cette couronne, vous ferez bien de vous informer de cette affaire; c'est pourquoy cherchez dans vos *Souverains du Monde* ce qui en est dit. Lisez aussi dans votre Puffendorf l'article *Pologne*, atlas sur table. Vous y verrez la manniere de faire cette election. Si c'est un Piaste (c'est a dire un Polonois) qu'on veut élire, et qui a pour concurrent un autre Piaste, les coups de sabres en decident ordinairement, mais si deux Princes étrangers se la disputent, c'est l'argent qui en decide, et le plus riche l'emporte. A moins que quelque grande puissance avec une grande armée ne s'en mêle, comme vraysemblablement l'Imperatrice de Russie fera a present, et alors il faut que tout plie, car on perdroit son Latin en raisonnant contre quatre vingt mille hommes. Lorsque les Roys de Pologne sont courronnez, ils jurent sollemnellement d'observer religieusement tous les *Pacta conventa*, c'est a dire les loix, et les conditions de leur Election; et puis ils n'en observent aucun, de sorte que vous voyez que ce sont des gens scrupuleux, et d'une morale épurée. Je reçois dans cet instant votre lettre, qui est bien, mais tres bien ecritte; J'y vois avec plaisir que vous avez pris la resolution d'être poli et sçavant. C'est fort bien fait, car croyez moy, il n'y a rien de tel pour être aimé et estimé. Il ne tient qu'a vous d'être tous les deux, il n'y faut que de l'attention. Je vous felicite de tout mon cœur de l'heureuse arrivée de l'adorable Jenny Truelove. Quel joli nom pour une Pastorale, que Bergere fidele. Vous devriez lui faire present d'un gateau de la belle et incomparable Trusler, cette perle des patissieres. Comme je compte que toutte votre Famille sera avec vous quand vous reçevrez cette lettre, faittes bien mes complimens *a tutti quanti* c'est a dire a tous tant qu'ils sont. Et pour toy, Je t'embrasse de tout mon cœur, bon soir.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr. Robert's boarding School at Marybone by London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

XC.

The Art of Pleasing: Sacrifice to the Graces.

à BATH, 12 *Decem*: 1763.

Vous dites que vous souhaittez de briller dans le monde, et vous avez raison, car on n'y est point placé, simplement pour boire et pour manger. Vous qui etes né avec du bon sens naturel, il vous est aisé de vous distinguer dans le monde, si vous le voulez veritablement, mais il ne faut pas perdre du tems, il faut commencer a votre age, ou bien vous n'y parviendrez jamais. Il n'y a que deux choses a faire pour cela, et qui dependent absolument de vous, qui sont d'être tres poli et tres scavant. Si vous étes sçavant, mais sans politesse et sans mannieres, vous pourrez peut-être, être estimé, mais jamais être aimé. De l'autre coté si vous étes poli, mais ignorant, on ne vous haïra pas a la verité, mais on vous meprisera, et on se mocquera de vous. Il faut donc necessairement vous rendre en même tems aimable et estimable, si vous voulez briller. Aimable par vos mannieres douces et polies, par vos attentions, par un air prevenant, par les Graces. Et estimable par votre sçavoir. Le Grand Art, et le plus necessaire de tous, c'est *L'Art de Plaire.* Vouloir tout de bon plaire, est bien la moitié du chemin pour y parvenir, le reste depend de l'observation et de l'usage du monde, dont je vous parleray fort souvent dans la suitte; mais en attendant, cherchez a plaire autant que vous le pourrez, et faittes vos petites remarques de tout ce qui vous plait ou vous deplait dans les autres, et comptez, qu'a peu pres, les mêmes choses en vous plairont ou deplairont aux autres. Pour les moyens de plaire, ils sont infinis, mais je vous les developperay peu a peu selon que votre âge le permettra, a present je me contenteray, si vous prenez une forte resolution de plaire autant que vous le pourrez. *Sacrifiéz toujours aux Graces.*

Dans cet instant, je reçois votre lettre du 10ème. Vous m'y annoncez des resolutions edifiantes, et si vous les executez, vous serez bien le meilleur petit Garçon du monde. Aussi je compte sur votre parole puisque vous sçavez qu'un honnête homme n'a que sa parole. Je suis bien aise que *tutti quanti* sont arrivez. Cela vous animera a bien apprendre, pour leur faire votre cour. Votre petite sœur est bien alerte, et apprend tres bien. Adieu mon petit Drôle, divertissez vous, soyez gai et si vous le voulez, vous n'avez qu'a conter des fleurettes a la divine Jenny Truelove.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's boarding school at Marybone, by London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

XCI.

The Letters of Madame de Sévigné.—The Word and the Oath of a Man of Honour.—The Elegancies of Polite Conversation.

a BATH, 19 *Decem*: 1763.

C'est que vous étes un excellent petit garçon et je vous aime beaucoup. Vous étes diligent a écrire et vous écrivez toujours de mieux en mieux. C'est un talent tres utile et tres agreable que d'écrire bien les lettres, et les meilleurs modeles en fait de lettres, sont celles de Madame de Sévigné, que vous lirez avec le tems.

Vous avez raison d'avoir en horreur tous ceux qui n'observent pas leurs sermens, soit Rois, soit particuliers. Mais sachez aussi qu'il est egalement criminel devant Dieu et devant les hommes, de manquer a sa parole quand une fois, on l'a donnée serieusement. La parole est le serment d'un

homme d'honneur et le serment est la parole du Peuple; aussi vous voyez que le peuple Jure à tous momens, au lieu qu'un honnête homme ne jure jamais, parceque sa parole lui tient lieu de serment. Je suis sur que vous ne jurerez et ne maudirez jamais; c'est non seulement un grand crime devant Dieu, mais même cela marque une education basse et vulgaire, car il n'y a que les crocheteurs et les grenadiers qui jurent; d'ailleurs c'est contre touttes les regles de la politesse, on n'entend jamais jurer dans les bonnes compagnies. Ce n'est surement pas un des moyens de plaire, dont je vous ay deja parlé, et dont je vous parleray encore si souvent. Vous en avez le desir, et c'est beaucoup, vous en sentez la nécessité, et c'est un grand acheminement, les moyens viendront facilement avec l'usage du monde. A present accoutumez vous a une grande douceur et politesse. Ne dites jamais *Oui* ou *Non*, tout cru, mais *Oui Madame*, ou *non Monsieur*, même a votre Pere, ou a votre Mere, quand vous leur repondez; car la parenté la plus proche, ni l'amitié la plus intime n'excluent point la politesse. Au lieu de dire a quelqu'un, je vous ay vu en tel endroit, il faut dire, j'ai eu l'honneur, ou le plaisir de vous voir. Si vous voulez dire a une dame ou a un Monsieur de condition, que vous avez été a leur porte pour leur rendre visite, il ne faut pas dire brusquement j'ay été chez vous, mais il faut dire, Madame ou Monsieur, J'ay taché d'avoir l'honneur de vous faire ma cour. Enfin accoutumez vous a cette heure a touttes les expressions de convention qui marquent beaucoup d'attention et un grand desir de plaire. Adieu mon petit Egrillard, Je t'aime beaucoup et je t'embrasse.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr. Robert's boarding School at Marybone by London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

XCII.

The Art of Pleasing: Sweetness of Manner in all Things.—Illness of Mrs. Stanhope.

BATH *Decem*: 29th 1763.

Bon jour, bon an, mon cher petit gaillard. C'est de tout mon cœur au moins que je vous les souhaitte, et pas comme on les souhaitte ordinairement, c'est a dire pour satisfaire seulement a une politesse de convention. Vous et moy nous n'en sommes pas aux complimens.

Songez que vous avez entamé votre neuvieme année, et qu'a cet age la on peut sçavoir beaucoup, et aussi sçavoir *plaire beaucoup*, car je reviens toujours a mes moutons, *l'art et les moyens de plaire.* Il y a un moyen de plaire a votre age, que vous adopterez je croy facilement, c'est d'être vif, gai, de belle humeur, et enjoué, et d'être plutôt un peu petit maitre que sombre et taciturne. Le trop de serieux est deplacé a votre âge. Mais tout cecy dans les bornes de la bienseance, et de la politesse. Il ne faut jamais contredire de but en blanc aux gens, mais quand vous n'étes pas de leur sentiment, adoucissez votre contradiction, en disant *vous me pardonnerez mais je croy plutôt que c'est comme cela*, ou bien, *ne seroit ce pas un peu different?* De cette maniere vous soutenez egalement votre opinion, mais avec politesse. Il ne faut jamais se mocquer des gens, encore moins les contrefaire, ce dernier est le rôle d'un bouffon qui est le caractere le plus meprisable du monde. Je le répéte encore, et je ne puis pas trop vous le répéter, il faut avoir de la douceur dans votre Physionomie, dans votre air, et dans vos gestes, rien de brusque ni de rude, comme la pluspart des ecoliers Anglais, qu'on prendroit plutôt pour des jeunes ours, ou des marcassins, que pour l'espece humaine. Monsieur votre Pere me mande que vous passez deux heures tous les soirs avec lui, dont je suis bien

aise, et vous aussi a ce que je croy, puisque c'est une preuve qu'il vous prend pour un être raisonnable, et pas pour un petit morveux qui ne sçait s'amuser qu'a des riens. Je suis bien faché d'apprendre que Madame votre Mere ne se porte pas bien, mais je me flatte que moyennant vos soins elle se retablira.* Au reste votre derniere lettre etoit fait a peindre, et digne d'un futur Secretaire d'Etat. Adieu, Je t'embrasse. *Vive la Joye.*

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's Boarding School at Marybone by London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

XCIII.

Death of Mrs. Stanhope.—The Territories of the Popes.—Prophecy of the Fall of the Temporal Power.

A BATH 2^d^ *Jan*: 1764.

Vous avez le cœur trop bon et trop sensible mon cher petit garçon, pour n'être pas extremement affligé de la mort d'une Mere qui vous aimoit tant et qui avoit eu tant de soin de vous, mais aussi apprenez de bonne heure cette Philosophie de ne vous pas consumer en regrets inutiles, pour un mal où il n'y a pas de remede. D'ailleurs vous avez un autre devoir, dont vous devez vous acquitter au mieux, vous

* This illness was to end fatally. The next letter in this series, only a few days later, alludes to Mrs. Stanhope's death. On the same day on which this letter was written Lord Chesterfield wrote to the boy's father: "Should Mrs. Stanhope unfortunately not recover, it would be an irreparable loss to you and your children; for I think I never saw so good a wife nor so good a mother in my life."—Correspond. with Mr. A. Stanhope, p. 87.

étes a present l'unique objet des soins et de la tendresse de votre Pere, et sa seule consolation. Il faut y repondre en faisant votre possible pour lui plaire d'autant plus qu'il n'exige rien de vous que ce qu'independamment de lui vous devriez faire pour l'amour de vous même, c'est d'étre sçavant et honnête homme. Travaillez y donc vigoureusement, et vous repondrez a son attente, et même a ses souhaits.

N'oublions pas tout a fait la Politique pour laquelle vous avez du penchant, et ou vous pretendez un jour de briller comme Ministre. Cherchez dans les Souverains du Monde, et remarquez les païs que le Pape posséde actuéllement, et qu'on appelle le Patrimoine du St. Siége. Ils sont beaux et considerables, et sachez en même tems, qu'il y a douze ou treize Siecles qu'il ne possedoit pas un pouce de terrain, mais étoit simplement Evêque de Rome, avec un revenu plus mediocre, que n'a notre Evêque de Winchester. Peu a peu les Papes s'aggrandirent, et profitants habilement de l'ignorance et de la credulité du siecle, s'appellerent les Vicaires de Jesus Christ, et pretendirent avoir le pouvoir de sauver ou de damner, qui bon leur sembloit; pouvoir que Dieu seul a, et qu'il ne communique pas a quelque Mortel que ce soit; moyennant quoy ils furent recherchez et craints par tous les Princes de l'Europe qui leur donnérent des terres et de l'argent. Les Dames aussi, qui sont toujours les premieres dupes du merveilleux, et toujours emportées en tout ce quelles font, vendirent même leurs pierreries pour soutenir la dignité et l'éclat des ces imposteurs. Entre autres il y avoit une folle distinguée la Comtesse Matilde, qui donna au St. Siége ses terres qui etoient tres considerables. Mais a present les beaux jours des Papes sont passez, et les Catholiques même s'en mocquent, et ne les encensent que par habitude. Il est facile de prevoir aussi que dans deux ou trois siècles au plus ils seront depouillez de tous leur biens temporels, et reduits a leur premier etât, de simples Evêques de Rome. Adieu, Je t'embrasse.

XCIV.

The Art of Pleasing: the Power of General Observation.—L'Apropos.

à BATH, *Jan* 7: [1764].

Je reviens toujours à mes Moutons, c'est a dire a *la Necessité et aux Moyens de Plaire.* Je suis sur que vous en sentez la necessité, mais pour les moyens vous etes encore trop jeune; le tems, l'experience, et les conseils de vos amis, vous instruiront. En attendant mieux, voicy quelques conseils que, tout étourdi que vous étes, vous pourrez comprendre a present. Il faut que vous ayiez une attention extréme a tout ce qui se dit et se fait dans la compagnie ou vous vous trouverez. Voyez, ecoutez tout ce qui se passe; par la vous decouvrirez les caracteres des personnes, et scaurez comment les prendre, et ne rien faire a leur egard qu'a propos. Par exemple si vous remarquez un homme qui a le naturel triste et lugubre, vous ne vous aviserez pas de goguenarder avec lui, cela seroit tres déplacé, et d'un autre coté, vous ne prendrez pas un air et un ton melancholique en abordant un homme qui est dans la joye et dans l'enjouement. Il faut même observer jusqu'a l'habillement, les gestes, et l'air de la compagnie, car par ces petites choses on dechiffre souvent les caracteres. On entend souvent dire, a des gens parresseux, distraits, ou frivoles, *J'y etois il est vray, mais je ne l'ay pas remarqué,* et pourquoy ne l'ont ils pas remarqué, il ne tenoit qu'a eux? Ce sont des Sots qui parlent de la sorte. Je n'ay jamais de mes jours été en compagnie, que je n'aye observé jusqu'aux boucles des souliers que chacun portoit. *L'a propos* est un des grands articles dans les moyens de plaire, c'est a dire de se conformer aux circonstances du tems, du lieu, du caractere, et même de l'humeur des gens; et le contraire de tout cela s'appelle *Absurdité,* qu'il faut soigneuse-

ment éviter. Il faut absolument étre ce qu'on appelle en Anglois *Quick*, en François *Alerte*, a tout remarquer, et a faire vos petites observations la dessus intérieurement. Adieu mon cher petit Drôle. Je te verray bientôt.

XCV.

Lapland and Nova Zembla.—Ignorance and the Necessity of serious Application.

Mardi Matin 10 *jan.* [1764].

Eh bien! quand est ce que nous nous reverrons mon cher petit Etourdi? Ce ne sera qu'au dégél, car je ne peus pas sortir dans le froid qu'il fait, et par la même raison, je ne veux pas que vous courriez le risque de vous enrhumer en venant chez moy. C'est un froid de Lapponie ou de la nouvelle Zemble, deux endroits que vous connoissez bien sur la carte; il y géle, et il y neige, plus de huit mois par an, si bien que les oiseaus, et les bêtes y deviennent tout blancs. Il y fait même nuit six mois de suitte. Cela ne vous donne pas envie d'y aller, ni a moy non plus, d'ailleurs que ces gens la sont assez bêtes, et tres ignorants, et je sçay que vous seriez bien faché de vivre avec des ignorants. En effet, c'est bien honteux d'etre ignorant soy-même, et bien triste de vivre avec ceux qui le sont; au moins vous ne le serez pas, puisque je suis tres persuadé que vous vous appliquerez à bien apprendre; aussi il le faut necessairement si vous ne voulez pas qu'on se mocque de vous et qu'on vous méprise. Apres avoir bien travaillé quatre ou cinq heures tous les jours, il est juste que vous jouiez aussi de bon cœur, et ce tems semble fait exprès pour jouer au volant et pour fouetter la toupie. Adieu petit Marquis, je t'embrasse.

To Master Philip Stanhope.

XCVI.

Non Progredi est Regredi.

[March 1764.]

Toutte cette semaine J'ay été trop mal pour vous venir voir ou pour vous écrire. Cela va un peu mieux a present. Renouvellons donc notre commerce. Dans cette intervalle J'espere qu'il n'a pas été question du grand remede, puisque c'est un remede egalement douleureux et deshonorant, au point que parmi les Romains il etoit deffendu de fouétter un citoyen. Les Esclaves seulement pouvoient être *Caesi virgis*, vous entendez sans doute, ces deux mots de Latin. Je vous envoye ci-jointe une lettre de votre Pere, par laquelle vous voyez a quoy il s'attend de votre part, et de la part de votre petite sœur. Elle ne trompera pas surement son attente, car elle aime a apprendre, s'y applique de tout son cœur, et par consequent retient tout. Prenez-garde puisqu'apres une si longue absence, votre Pere ne doutera pas que vous n'ayiez fait de grands progrés. Vous qui sçavez le Latin deja comme Ciceron, devez sçavoir, que *non progredi, est regredi*, et il n'y a rien de plus vray, de sorte que si vous ne faittes pas des progrés, on vous appellera *le petit Regredi*, ce qui vous seroit bien deshonorant. Adieu mon cher petit Drôle. *Attention, Mémoire.*

Dimanche.

XCVII.

Le Petit Progredi.

[*March* 1764.]

Vous voulez donc *progredi* et non *regredi*, et vous avez grande raison ; car pensez un peu ce qu'on diroit de vous, si avec tous les soins, qu'on a de vous instruire, vous ne faisiez pas des grands progrés. On vous montreroit au doigt, et on

diroit, voyez cette petite bête-la, qui ne peut, ou qui ne veut (et c'est encore pis) rien apprendre. Comme au contraire, si vous apprenez bien, et que vous retenez ce que vous avez une fois appris, on vous aimera, on vous admirera, on vous prônera. Choisissez entre ces deux partis, il ne tient qu'a vous, et je suis sur que vous étes trop sage, pour ne pas préférer le dernier. On meprise toujours les ignorans, pour moy je declare que je ne peus pas les souffrir. Cherchez donc mon cher petit *Progredi* a vous distinguer, a vous rendre célébre. Vous n'en pouvez pas comprendre le plaisir et l'avantage que vous y trouverez. Vous m'avez fait une petite confidence l'autre jour, que vous vouliez etre un Ambassadeur, et un Membre du Parlement. J'etois bien aise de l'apprendre, puisque c'étoit une marque que vous tacheriez de vous en rendre capable. Mais sçavez-vous bien ce qu'il faut faire pour cela? Il faut sçavoir parfaittement le Latin, le François, l'Histoire la Géographie, la Chronologie, et l'Arithmétique. Car on n'employe jamais ceux qui ignorent ces choses necessaires. Tout cecy depend de vous; n'apprenez pas, et vous serez bête, et meprisé; apprenez bien, et vous serez aimé et cheri de tout le monde, et je t'embrasseray de tout mon cœur. *Jubeo te bene valere*, ce qui veut dire en bon François, Je vous ordonne de vous porter bien.

XCVIII.

In Reply to a Letter from the Godson.

[March 1764.]

*Jeudi prochain, ou si vous aimez mieux *Jovis die proxima*, J'enverray le carrosse vous chercher pour prendre

* This note is an answer to one which the boy had written to his Godfather, and which has been preserved in the Correspondence with Mr. A. Stanhope. That note has in its mixture of French and Latin a considerable touch of boyish fun in

partem aliquantulam de L'ovis que vous m'avez envoyé. Souvenez vous bien du nom que vous avez adopté de petit Progredi, et avancez toujours, car a cette heure il vous seroit bien honteux de reculer. Bon Jour. Mardi.

XCIX.

The Study of Sacred and Profane History.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY.

Next week you will begin antient prophane History, which I hope you will attend to carefully, and retain correctly in that excellent memory that God has given you. There are two kinds of History, one called Sacred, the other prophane. The former is contained in the Bible, which you will and ought to believe every word of, as it was dictated by the Spirit of Truth. Prophane History, is every History that is not Sacred, but is more particularly applyed to the Pagans, and of this you are at liberty to doubt sometimes. The Greeks who were the most antient, as well as the best Historians and Poets, were the vainest people in the world, and very apt to lye, magnify, and alter facts, for the honour of their country; for which reason it was said of them, Quicquid Graecia mendax audet in Historia.* For instance, to expose Xerxes the King of Persia their most formidable enemy, they tell you that he whipped the sea for disobedience to his orders, and fell in love with a Vine, which I presume you will not think credible; I know I do not, unless Xerxes

it, and shows the friendly relations existing between the two. Young Stanhope accepts his Godfather's designation of him as "le petit Progredi," and writes (19th March, 1764): "Le petit Progredi rogat sa Grandeur d'accepter partem d'un ovis, que son charissimus pater lui a envoyé."

* Juv. x. 174.

was stark mad. The Romans were little less vain of their military glory, than the Greeks were of excelling in every thing, who called all the other nations of the world Barbarians; and you will find many facts related by the Roman Historians which you may believe if you please, or let it alone, and I believe you will chuse the latter. However a perfect knowledge of History is absolutely necessary for a Gentleman and Minister of State, which you intend to be. You will find in a History many examples to imitate and to avoid, for it is in truth an account of the crimes and follys, as well as of the virtues and the wisdom of mankind. Study it therefore with attention and reflexion. Emulate the virtues and abhorr the crimes which you will meet with in it. The shining characters in History are those of Conquerors who are in truth only illustrious robbers and murderers; while the solid virtues of Legislators so beneficial to Society are in a manner neglected. Every School-boy has heard of, and is apt to admire that mad Macedonian, Alexander the Great, and few know Aristides the Just, who was an honour to Humanity, as the other was a disgrace to it. Your favourite virtue Philanthropy, is by no means the characteristick of Conquerors. God bless you.

Friday.

C.

The Charm and Advantage of Good Manners.

MON CHER PETIT DRÔLE.

Je vous diray que J'ay été non seulement content, mais edifié de vos manieres lundi dernier chez ma sœur. Vous avés répondu avec politesse aux questions qu'on vous a faittes, et vous avez regardé en face ceux qui vous ont parlé.

Enfin vous n'avés pas été *Nigaud.* Il faut qu'un honnête homme c'est a dire en Anglois, a Gentleman, ne soit ni timide ni embarrassé, ni *petulant* ni *effronté* en compagnie; mais il doit être aisé et naturél. Ce sont ces manieres aisées et douces qui distinguent un honnête homme qui a du monde, d'un *Pedant,* ou d'un *Petit Maitre evaporé.* Remarqués toujours, ce que font les gens plus agés que vous, et qui passent pour avoir *du monde,* et du *Scavoir vivre.* Vous ne commencés pas mal avec votre Maitre a danser, et vos références sont tres passables, pour le peu de tems que vous avés appris; mais vous avés encore bien du chemin a faire pour prendre l'air qu'il faut avoir, et je vois que cela viendra avec le tems. Votre peu d'experience du monde, ne peut pas encore vous faire comprendre à quel point un abord agreable recommande et en impose; mais croyés moy sur ma parole, et sur mon experience, un certain air du monde, un maintien noble et en même tems doux, enfin les Graces, previendront les gens en votre faveur, et leur donneront envie de vous connoitre et de vous accueillir, au lieu qu'un air gauche et sombre rebute et dégoute, au point qu'on évite a faire connoissance avec un tel homme.

Comme Je n'oserois faire aucune démarche sans vous la communiquer prealablement, Je vous diray que Samedi prochain J'iray m'etablir en ville, et que Lundi prochain Je prendray la liberté de vous prier a diner, si vous voulés bien me faire cet honneur, et J'enverray vous chercher. En attendant, divertissés vous bien, et soyés gai comme un Pinçon. Adieu.

To Master Philip Stanhope,
at Mr Robert's Boarding School at Marybone.

CI.

Mentor and Telemachus: the Godson and the Little Lord Herbert.

**Samedi matin* [31 *March*, 1764].

J'ay été véritablement edifié en voyant les soins et les attentions, que vous, comme un second Mentor, aviez pour votre jeune Télémaque le petit Milord Herbert. Mais comme Mentor etoit plus vieux que vous, et avoit plus d'experience, votre petitesse me permettra de lui donner quelques conseils sur l'education de son eleve auquel je m'interesse veritablement. En premier lieu faittes lui bien apprendre tout ce que l'on lui enseignera. Recommandez lui une grande attention pour une chose a la fois, et dites lui que s'il n'apprend pas bien dans sa jeunesse il n'apprendra pas de ses jours, et que par consequent quand il deviendra homme, il sera ignorant, bête, meprisable et meprisé de tout le genre humain. Je lui ay remarqué un certain vilain *tic*, qui est a peine pardonnable, même a son age de cinq ans, et dont il faut absolument que vous le corrigiez. C'est qu'il ne regarde jamais en face ceux qui lui parlent, ou ceux a qui il parle, vous lui direz donc qu'il n'y a rien de si grossier, de si impoli, ni de si rustique que cela. C'est la mauvaise honte d'un paisan qui n'a jamais été en bonne compagnie. Vous lui recommanderez encore d'etre extremement poli et de chercher toujours a plaire, sans quoy il ne sera jamais aimé. Je suis sur que vous ferez tout cela ; et aussi quelle gloire pour vous a l'avenir d'avoir si bien formé ce petit rejetton d'une si illustre famille ? Travaillez y donc de

* This letter was clearly written on the 31st of March, 1764, as on the 1st of April of that year a visible and almost total eclipse of the sun took place.

bonne heure et de bon cœur, et je vous aimeray de tout le mien. Adieu.

Regardez bien demain la grande Eclipse. Cela fera epoque dans votre vie.

N. B. Telemaque etoit le fils du sage Ulysse, Roy d'Ithaque, qui se distingua par ses ruses au siége de Troye. Il etoit non seulement *Astutus* mais *Subdolus*. Mauvais caractère.

Mentor etoit le gouverneur du jeune Télémaque, il l'accompagna dans ses voiages, et par sa sagesse le tira de quelques mauvais pas. Comme vous ferez. * * * * *

Soyez sur vos gardes demain contre le poisson d'Avril.

CII.

Good Breeding covers a Multitude of Faults.

[April 1764.]

Si Vales bene est; Ego Valeo taliter qualiter.

Qui est ce petit morveux Plumptree dont votre Pere fait tant d'eloges? J'espere qu'il ne pense pas a vous trocquer contre lui. Au moins je m'y opposeray tant que Je pourray. Mais comme votre Pere est engoué du sçavoir et de l'attention, et que ce petit morveux paroit en avoir beaucoup, que sçait on ce qui pourroit arriver, si le Papa a son retour trouvoit que vous n'avez ni l'un ni l'autre. Pour moy avec tous vos deffauts, je vous aime mieux que tout autre petit garçon. Mais aussi il me faut beaucoup d'attention et point de distractions, sans quoy je ne jure de rien. *Macte virtute ergo mi puer*, et vous serez mon garçon, arrive ce qui pourra a ce petit Plumptree. Je suis persuadé qu'il n'a pas la moindre idée de la politesse, au lieu que vous en connoissez la necessité et l'utilité. En effet sans une extrême politesse il n'y a

pas moyen de se presenter dans la bonne compagnie, et on est le rebut des honnêtes gens. Il est dit que la Charité couvre bien des péchez, et cela est tres vray, mais il est aussi vray que la grande politesse couvre bien des petits deffauts. Ayez donc une grande Charité pour l'amour de Dieu, et une extrême Politesse pour l'amour de vous même. Vos nouveaux amis les Romains appelloient la politesse, *Urbanitas*; qui venoit de *Urbs* qui veut dire une *Ville*, parce qu'on suppose les manieres d'une grande ville plus douces et plus polies que celles de la Campagne. Si vous voulez bien me faire l'honneur de *prandere mecum Jovis die proximo*, J'enverrai *Rhedam meam* vous chercher. En attendant Je t'embrasse mon cher petit Drôle.

Mardi.

CIII.

"Suavitas Morum" and Pleasures of Reading.

Lundi matin.

Vous vous formez peu a peu mon cher petit Drôle, et vous devenez plus poli; vous vous servez même a present de certains termes necessaires de la politesse comme oui ou non, Madame, Milord et Monsieur. Car il n'est pas permis de répondre tout court a qui que ce soit. Mais vous avez encore du chemin a faire pour parvenir a la parfaitte politesse, et il faut absolument y parvenir. On ne se rend aimable que par des manieres douces et polies, et sans être aimable le mérite est souvent assez inutile. Travaillez donc a vous rendre aimable par la douceur, les bonnes manieres, et les Graces. Vous sçavez sans doute, que les Romains faisoient grand cas de *Suavitas morum*, c'est a dire de la douceur dans les manieres, sans laquelle il n'est pas possible d'être aimable.

Vous étes a present d'un âge a songer a *l'Utile*, et a n'être plus occupé des jeux de l'enfance. Il faut a cette heure joindre *l'Utile* a l'agréable. Horace que vous connoitrez un jour, dit, *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.* L'Écriture va mieux, mais il faut qu'elle aille parfaittement bien, car il est ridicule de faire les choses a demi et mediocrement. Par exemple, si vous ecriviez Jamais des *poulets*, voudriez vous donner aux Dames la peine de déchiffrér votre écriture? Enfin il faut se resoudre a faire parfaittement bien, tout ce qu'on pretend faire du tout. Selon moy, l'amusement le plus utile et en même tems le plus agréable, c'est de lire de jolis livres, et pourquoy n'auriez vous pas le même plaisir? Si par exemple vous preniez la resolution de lire seul l'apres-dinée quelque joli livre, comme Moliere, le Roman Comique, Gil-Blas, les Fables de La Fontaine, etc., pour une demie heure seulement par jour, cela vous amuseroit infiniment, et en même tems nouriroit votre esprit, comme les pommes de terre et le bœuf nourissent votre petit corps, et au bout du compte l'esprit merite bien autant d'attention que le corps. Essayez cela seulement pour quinze jours. Adieu, Je t'embrasse.

CIV.

Memory the Store-house of the Mind.— A French Epigram.

20 *Juin* [1764].

Je vous envoye cy Jointe mon cher petit bout d'homme une lettre que votre Cher Pere a oublié de vous addresser. Il vous exhorte d'apprendre, mais moy je demande encore plus; Je demande que vous vous souveniez de ce que vous apprenez, puisque si vous oubliez ce que vous avez appris,

vous n'avez réellement rien appris. La Mémoire est le Magazin de l'esprit, et comment voulez vous tirer quelque-chose de ce Magazin dans le besoin, si vous n'y mettez rien. Les sots se plaignent toujours de leur manque de mémoire, au lieu que c'est precisement faute de mémoire qu'ils sont des sots. Or la mémoire, n'est que de l'attention, comme je vous l'ay deja dit plusieurs fois. Je voudrois aussi que vous commencassiez a vous former un goût, et c'est pourquoy Je vous envoye de tems des petites pieces en vers. Par exemple, voicy une jolie epigramme, d'un homme a qui on proposoit de se marier, a quoy il ne paroit pas être trop porté.

Ami je vois beaucoup de bien
Dans le parti qu'on me propose;
Mais touttefois ne pressons rien,
Prendre femme est étrange chose;
Il y faut penser murement;
Sages gens en qui Je me fie,
M'ont dit que c'est fait prudemment,
Que d'y songer toutte sa vie.

Vous sentez bien que c'est dire delicatement qu'il ne se mariera pas. Je suppose que vous lisez souvent seul pour vous divertir, des jolis livres, qui vous formeront le goût, en même tems qu'ils vous instruiront, comme les comédies de Molière, et les Fables de la Fontaine, qui sont bien amusantes; car au bout du compte, il faut quelquefois se divertir, on ne peut pas toujours s'appliquer. *Vive la joy*, mais que ce soit la joye d'un homme d'Esprit et pas d'un sot. Il faut que l'esprit aye toujours quelque part, dans les amusemens d'un honnête homme. De plus sachez, qu'on s'attend a beaucoup d'un Garçon a huit ans et demi, qui est la moitié d'un jeune homme dix-sept ans; et songez que si a dix sept ans vous ne sachiez que le double de ce que vous sçavez a present, vous ne pourriez pas vous presenter dans la bonne compagnie. A votre âge j'écrivois coulamment une tres bonne main, et sans lignes. J'entendois parfaittement les quatre grandes regles de l'Arithmetique. Je parlois le Fran-

çois comme a present, et J'avois lu Cordier, Eutrope, Justin, et Cornelius Nepos en Latin. Et pourtant j'avois assez de tems pour jouer. Hatez-vous donc, appliquez vous, et ne faittes pas rougir votre Pere et moy. Adieu, Je t'embrasse.

CV.

Baratier, the Learned Boy.—Epigram on Marriage.

Lundi 2 Juillet, 1764.

Scavez vous bien mon petit bout d'homme que vous aurez bientôt neuf ans, et sçavez vous aussi qu'a neuf ans on n'est plus enfant. Allons donc vite vite, apprenez, et pensez. On s'y attend de votre part. Il y a a peu pres trente ans qu'il y avoit dans les états du Roy de Prusse un petit garçon qui s'appelloit Baratier*, qui a l'age de sept ans parloit parfaittement bien six langues, et qui a l'age que vous avez actuellement avoit écrit des traittez de Philosophie, de Mathematique etc. Mais moy je ne vous en demande que la moitié. Il mourut a l'age de dix huit ou de dix neuf ans, parceque l'épée avoit trop usé le fourreau, c'est a dire que l'esprit avoit usé le corps. Au reste je ne crois pas que vous prendrez cette maladie la; mais je vous en souhaitterois quelques petites atteintes, que ne demanderoient pour tout remede que quelques jours de fête. Dites a votre Maitre d'écriture que je le prie de ne vous plus donner des lignes pour écrire, car si vous vous en servez encore quelque tems de plus, vous n'écrirez droit de vos jours; et ce seroit trop

* John Philip Barettier was born near Nuremberg in 1721. When five years old he could speak Latin, French and High Dutch, and could read Greek; and when eight he had added to these accomplishments Hebrew. He died, as Lord Chesterfield said, from overwork, in his 20th year.

ridicule a un certain age de demander des lignes pour écrire une lettre. Je comprend bien que d'abord vous écrirez un peu de travers, mais avec le tems et l'habitude, vous aurez le coup d'œil juste. On vient a bout de tout par la persévérance, et je vous donnerois volontiers, si vous vouliez l'accepter, *Perseverando* au lieu de *Varieté.* Je vous envoye cy jointe une jolie Epigramme de feu Monsieur de la Mothe, que ses Parens pressoient de se marier.

Veut on que Je prenne une femme?
J'y veux trouver ensemble et Jeunesse et beauté,
L'esprit bien fait, une belle âme,
Delicatesse avec simplicité,
Cœur sensible, sans jalousie,
Vivacité sans fantaisie,
Sagesse, agrement et santé;
Enfin pour la rendre parfaitte,
A toutes ces vertus, Joignez tous les appas;
Voila celle que Je souhaitte,
Trop heureux cependant, de ne la trouver pas.

Sentez vous la delicatesse de cette Epigramme? Ne diroit on pas qu'il veut se marier, mais rien moins, car apres avoir depeint la femme qu'il voudroit avoir, il finit en disant qu'il se croit trop heureux de ne la pas trouver. Au reste, Je veux absolument une chose, et que Je me flatte que vous voudrez bien m'accorder, c'est de vous bien divertir, apres avoir bien appris. *Interdum tuis immisce Gaudia curis.* Adieu Je t'embrasse.

To Master Stanhope.

CVI.

Flat Contradiction a Proof of Ill-breeding.—An Epigram by Bishop Atterbury.—Similes and Metaphors.

July ye 13th 1764.

I shall sometimes correspond with my giddy little Boy in English, that he may not be a stranger to his own language; for though it is very usefull and becoming to a Gentleman to speak several languages well, it is most absolutely necessary for him to speak his own native language correctly and elegantly, not to be laughed at in every company. It is a terrible thing to be ridiculous, and little things will make a man so. For instance, not writing, nor spelling well, makes any man ridiculous, but above all things being ill-bred makes a man not only ridiculous but hated. I am sure you know that it is your most important moral duty, to do to others what you would have them do to you, and would you have them civil to you and endeavour to please you? To be sure you would; consequently it is your duty as well as your interest; to be civil to, and to endeavour to please them. There is no greater mark of ill breeding than contradicting people bluntly, and saying *No*, or, *it is not so*; and I will give you warning, that if you say so, you will be called Phil Trott of Mansfield, and perhaps you would never get off of that name as long as you live, for ridicule sticks a great while. When well bred people contradict anybody, they say instead of *no, I ask pardon, but I take it to be otherwise*, or, *it seems to me to be the contrary*; but a flat *No* is as much the same as saying you lye; for which if you were a Man you would be knocked down, and perhaps run through

the body. To refresh your English, I send you here a pretty little galant Epigram, written upon a lady's fan by the late Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Atterbury.

Flavia the least and slightest toy,
Can with resistless art employ.
This Fan in other hands would prove,
An Engine of small force in Love;
But she with matchless air and mien
Not to be told nor safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
It wounds us more than Cupid's bow,
Gives coollness to the matchless Dame,
To every other breast a Flame.

This Epigram you see turns upon the flame of Love which is a common metaphor used by lovers, and the coolness that fanning gives. But you will naturally ask me what is a metaphor, and I will tell you that it is a short simile, but then what is a simile?* A simile is a comparison, as for example, if you should say that Charles ye 12th of Sweden was as brave as a Lyon, that would be a simile, because you compare him to a Lyon; but if you said that Charles the 12th was a Lyon, that would be a metaphor, because you do not say that he was like a lyon, but that he was a lyon. Do you understand this? Good night my little Boy, be attentive to your book, well bred in company, and alive at your play. Be *totus in illis.*

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's School at Marybone by London.

* See on the difference between a simile and a metaphor, Whately's Rhetoric, Part III. ch. ii. § 3—a pleasant treatise of a pleasant and witty writer.

CVII.

The Necessity of Acting, not as an Automaton, but as a Rational Creature.

BLACKHEATH. *Tuesday* [1764].

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY.

I forward the inclosed letter to you from your Father, who you will see, reproaches you with not writing better, after having learn't so long. And indeed you ought to write a great deal better than you do, especially since you have been under the care of the great Mr. Maddox, who teaches grown people to write well in six hours. This proceeds from your shamefull inattention to what you are about, and your minding everything else at that time. This must not be, and some how or other I must find out a remedy for it. How often have your Father and I recommended the *Hoc Age* to you, but to how little purpose? It is high time for you to begin to think and act like a rational creature, and to be no longer an *Automaton* or a mere machine, wound up like a watch, only to eat and drink, sleep and play. Consider what a shame and disgrace it would be to you, should your Father say, *it is pity that my son is not my daughter, and my daughter my son.* And I will tell you in your ear, that he has already intimated something of that kind to me, but for your sake I have told no body of it. Now I know you will read this letter cursorily with your eyes only, and not with your mind, so that you will neither remember, nor profit by it. Read in the extracts I gave you of Cicero, what he says of learning, the passage I mean, begins with, *Haec studia Adolescentiam alunt etc.*, and that you may remember it, I would have you translate and write it down in English, and give it me the next time we meet. And so God bless you *petit etourdi.*

To Master Stanhope

at Mr Robert's School at Marybone by London.

CVIII.

Moral Duties and the Christian Religion.

Religious dutys, or obligations, are to love God and keep his commandments, which he has in truth written in the heart of every rational creature. The ten commandments, which are often called the Decalogue, set forth all our religious, and most of our moral dutys.

Moral dutys, or obligations, are what we owe to our fellow creatures, that is, to all Mankind. God has created us such helpless creatures, that we all want one another's assistance. Were you the only human creature upon earth, what would you do for food, cloaths, beds to lye upon, and a house to live in? In short for all the comforts of Life? You could not procure them yourself. Since then you owe all these advantages to your fellow creatures, it is plainly your moral duty to repay them these obligations, by doing them all the good you can, by relieving to the utmost of your power their miserys and distresses, by indulgence, by charity, by loving them, which is called *Philanthropy*. It was for this reason that our Almighty Creator made us with so many wants and infirmitys, that mutual help and assistance are absolutely necessary not only for our well being but for our being at all. The Christian Religion carrys our moral dutys to greater perfection, and orders us to love our enemies, and to do good to those who use us ill. Now, as love or hate is not in our power, though our actions are, this commandment means no more, than that we should forgive those who use us ill, and that instead of resenting or revenging injurys, we should return good for evil. For example if my enemy were hungry, or naked, in sickness or in pain, I would relieve him to the utmost of my power, and so would you I am sure, because you are a good-natured benevolent boy.

CIX.

With a Box to hold Papers and Letters.

[*September* 1764.]

Hanc arcam tamdiu desideratam, tandem ad te mitto; ce qui veut dire en bon François que je vous envoye le coffre que vous avez si long tems desiré. Il n'est pas grand, non plus que vous, mais assez grand, Je croy, pour tenir vos inestimables manuscrits et vos lettres d'affaires, et en ce cas il sera votre bureau portatif; mais si vous êtes assez riche, et que vous vouliez plutôt le remplir de guinées ce sera votre *Chatouille.*

Il m'a semblé que Madame Robert m'a repondu d'une maniere assez equivoque hier sur votre conduitte en dernier lieu, et elle m'a paru avoir peur que quand votre Pere viendroit en ville il ne voulut vous troquer contre le petit Plumptree, vous trouvant si peu avancé. Mais que veut dire cela? Est-il possible que vous n'ayiez pas la moindre ambition de vous distinguer? Aimez vous mieux qu'on se mocque de vous, que d'être applaudi de tous les honnêtes gens. Vous devriez songer a briller et a surpasser vos camarades d'ecole, en apprenant bien, et en sachant plus qu'eux, au lieu que vous ne songez a rien, qu'a la variéte; vous voulez changer de place, changer de compagnie, et changer de livre a tous momens, ce qui est le veritable moyen de ne rien faire, ni apprendre de bon. Si a votre âge, J'eusse fait de même, J'aurois croupi dans l'obscurité et il n'auroit pas seulement été question de moy. Appliquez vous donc mon cher enfant a bien apprendre une chose a la fois C'est uniquement pour l'amour de vous, que je vous en prie, car d'ailleurs qu'est ce que cela me fait? Si vous êtes un ignorant vous serez et meprisable et meprisé, Mais Je n'en auray pas la honte, moy. Pensez y bien serieusement et je vous aimeray a proportion. Adieu, en attendant mieux.

Mardi matin.

CX.

The Advantages of Order and of Good Hand-writing.

[*October* 1764.]

On m'assure que vos papiers, vos lettres importantes, et vos incomparables manuscrits sont a present d'un arrangement merveilleux, et digne du bureau d'un Secretaire d'Etât. J'en suis bien aise, car il faut de la methode dans les grandes affaires, cela epargne beaucoup de peine. Que faittes vous avec l'illustre Monsr. Madox? Vous écrivez bien et facilement sans doute. Aussi il est necessaire qu'un honnête homme écrive parfaittement bien, au lieu de griffonner comme le peuple. Il y a des gens qui ecrivent en Hiéroglyphes comme les Egyptiens, de sorte qu'on a de la peine a les dechiffrer, mais cela sent une Education basse et vulgaire, ou bien une grande imbécillité.

Le Latin va au mieux sans doute puisqu'il ne faut que l'esprit d'un Perroquet, ou d'une Pie pour apprendre les langues. Ces animaux ont de l'attention et par consequent de la Memoire, ce qui leur fait apprendre d'abord et retenir ce qu'on leur enseigne, moyennant quoy ils apprennent quelques fois mieux que certains petits garçons etourdis. Tant pis pour ces garçons la. On dit en ville que vous lisez les fables de Phedre a livre ouvert; Je voudrois bien que cela fut vray, mais franchement J'en doute, car je vous soupçonne un peu de ce qu'on appelle en Latin, Oscitatio, et Hallucinatio. Enfin il est tems que vous vous appliquiez tout de bon, car vous avez bientot neuf ans, et si a neuf ans on ne sçait pas beaucoup on devient ridicule, et sachez qu'on ne se remet jamais du Ridicule. Adieu mon cher petit Drole.

Lundi.

Eruditissimo et Dilectissimo
Puerulo meo, Domino de Stanhope.

CXI.

Idleness and Inattention.

Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Maryboniana? Cette lettre vous trouvera t'elle a apprendre, a jouer, ou a ne rien faire? Je me flatte que ce ne sera pas ce dernier, car rien n'est si mauvais a votre age que la faineantise. La paresse et les distractions ne sont pas pardonnables. Il vaut autant et même mieux etre sourd et aveugle que distrait. D'ailleurs c'est une impolitesse offensante et injurieuse en compagnie. Un distrait ressemble aux Idoles des Payens, qui ont des yeux et qui ne voyent pas, et des oreilles mais qui n'entendent pas. Je vous avertis que j'ay une Seringue a votre intention, que je chargeray d'eau et si jamais je vous trouve dans une distraction, et les yeux fixés a la muraille ou au platfond je vous en lacheray une bordee au nez. L'Effet fera rire la compagnie et vous rendra trop ridicule. Rien n'est plus facheux que d'etre tourné en ridicule, on ne s'en defait jamais. Or on devient ridicule quand on est ignorant, impoli, ou distrait. Evitez donc avec soin, mon cher petit Drole, ces trois causes du ridicule. Gare les petits deffauts dans votre jeunesse, car quoyque bagatelles d'abord, elles ont des suittes tres facheuses. *Hae Nugae seria ducunt in mala.* Par exemple, ce n'est pas un péché d'être gauche, et d'avoir mauvais air, mais c'est un très grand deffaut, et qui absolument empéche de plaire; parceque cela prouve un manque d'attention et d'observation. Tout homme qui frequente la bonne compagnie, et qui n'est pas bête, se forme l'air, les mouvements, et la tournûre des honnêtes gens. Il remarque comment les gens de condition se presentent, s'asseyent, et marchent, et il les imite. Il n'a pas l'air roturier ou bourgeois. En voila assez pour aujourdhuy, et a votre avis peut-etre trop, mais *si quid novisti rectius istis, Candidus imperti, si non his utere mecum.* Vale. Veneris die.

CXII.

The Story of Dido and Æneas.

Mardi matin.

Votre cher Pere vous a donc quitté et cela pour assez longtems. Je lui ay repondu, et Je me suis rendu garant de votre conduitte, pas seulement comme votre Parrain, mais aussi comme honnête homme. Songez donc mon cher Marquis de la honte et du ressentiment que j'aurois, si vous me donniez le dementir. Je ne pourrois jamais le pardonner. Il vous faut donc redoubler de diligence, et d'attention, ou bien je seray déshonoré, ce que vous ne voudriez surement pas, car c'est une action criante de trahir sa caution.

VARIÉTÉ.

Je ne croy pas que vous sachiez l'histoire tragique de Didon et d'Enée. La voicy. Didon étoit femme de Sichée, il mourut et lui laissa de grands tresors. Les riches Veuves sont toujours recherchees, et elle le fut, c'est tout simple. Mais comme les veuves font assez souvent, elle ne voulut pas prétér l'oreille aux offres d'un second mariage, mais au contraire elle souhaitta que la terre s'entreouvrit, et l'engloutit en vie, plutot que de trahir sa foy donnée a feu son mari. Ses amans desesperez de cette obstination la persecuterent tant, qu'elle fut obligée de quitter son pais natal. Effectivement elle se sauva, et chercha un azyle en Affrique, ou elle fonda la celebre ville de Carthage, qui tint tête si longtems aux Romains. Mais malheureusement pour elle un Heros qui s'etoit sauvé du Sac de Troye, et qui alloit se refugier en Italie, fut jetté par la tempête dans le port de Carthage. Didon le reçut tres gracieusement d'abord, et très tendrement bientôt apres. Enfin elle s'en amouracha à la fureur.

Alors (ce qui arrive quelquefois aux veuves desolées) elle ne pensa plus au bon homme Sichée, ni à la fidélité qu'elle lui avoit jurée. Elle n'en avoit que pour Enée, qu'elle vouloit epouser bon gré mal gré. Le Heros eut peut-être quelques bontéz pour elle mais ne vouloit nullement entendre parler de mariage, ayant d'autres desseins en vue; et se sauva une belle nuit a bord de ses vaisseaux et fit voile pour l'Italie. Didon desespérée de sa fuitte, fit élever un grand bucher y fit mettre le feu, et puis s'y jetta. Cette avanture a donné occasion a deux jolies epigrammes. En voicy une en François:

Pauvre Didon, où t'a reduitte
De tes maris le triste sort?
L'un en mourant cause ta fuitte
L'autre en fuyant cause ta mort.

Voicy l'autre en Latin que vous aimerez mieux, car des Sçavants comme vous, meprisent les langues *vernaculaires*:

Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta Marito,
Hoc pereunte fugis, Hoc fugiente peris.

Adieu je t'embrasse.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's Boarding House at Marybone by London.

CXIII.

The Story of the Lady of Ephesus.

Lunae Die undecimo.

Je ne m'informe plus mon cher petit drole si vous apprenez bien a present; parce qu'il n'y a absolument que les sots, qui ne veulent pas, ou qui ne peuvent pas apprendre,

et je ne vous tiens pas pour un sot. Il est vray que vous étes un peu trop etourdi, mais en même tems je suis sur que vous avez trop de bon sens pour vouloir étre ignorant. Pour n'etre pas ignorant il faut necessairement apprendre, et pour apprendre il faut de l'attention. Je voudrois farcir votre petite caboche, dês votre jeunesse, de choses agreables aussi bien qu'utiles, et quoy qu'elles ne seront pas trop bien arrangées a present dans votre petite cervelle etourdie, pourvu que vous vous en souveniez, vous les demêlerez avec le tems; d'ailleurs je vous fais ma cour par la variété.

I gave you in my last the story of Dido and Eneas; I will now give you a more extraordinary one of a despairing widow. A lady of Ephesus lost her husband whom she was, or at least pretended to be, extremely fond of. She followed him to the vault where he was buried, and shut herself up in it with the dead body, resolving to dye and take no nourishment. It happened that very near the vault there was a Malefactor hanged in chains, and guarded by a soldier to prevent any of his accomplices from cutting him down. The soldier who from his post observed the despairing widow, pitied her and went into the vault, said what he thought proper to comfort her, and offered her some of his provisions, but she would hear of no comfort, would eat nothing and resolved to starve herself. The soldier, however, persevered, and as her hunger grew stronger, her resolution grew weaker, and she accepted of a share of the soldier's provision, and at last thought it rather better to live than to dye. During these frequent and long conferences between her and the Soldier some friends of the hanged man took the opportunity of cutting him down, and carrying away his body. When the Soldier perceived it, he was in the utmost concern and fear, knowing that he should be hanged himself for his negligence. He told his distress to the Lady, who moved by pity bid him take the body of her husband, and hang it up in the place of the Criminal; thinking it better, to be sure, that a dead man should be hanged than a living one.

The Soldier married the comforted widow, and so ends the story of the famous Ephesian matron, which is writt in Latin by Petronius and in French by Bussi Rabutin.

Jubeo te bene valere.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's Boarding School at Marybone by London.

CXIV.

Voltaire.—The Necessity for Knowledge of History.

BATH, *Novem. ye* 7th 1764.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY

When we parted, I supplyed you with much better company than myself, for I sent Voltaire home with you, who is the most entertaining and the most instructive company that I know. The more you are acquainted with him, the more I am sure you will like him. Therefore familiarize yourself with him and take him in your hand at all your leisure hours. He will inform you of general and universal history, which no Gentleman should be ignorant of; nay even Women must have a general notion of history, or they will be laughed at and justly ridiculous; now there is nothing in all the world so carefully to be guarded against, as ridicule. Ridicule always sticks, and is not to be got the better of, and the strongest ridicule that can be fixed upon a Man is that of Ignorance, especially of those things which every body is supposed to know something of; such as History, Geography, Latin and the modern languages. I have marked with a pencil many of the most remarkable passages in Voltaire; read those places twice over, and if they strike you, as much as they did me, write them down, that you may be sure to remember them, for no body forgets what they have once writt

down. You cannot imagine how much credit and reputation you will get in the world by knowing history well. History is in truth the record of mankind, in which you will find various examples of good and ill, and I both hope and believe that you will imitate the good and abhorr the bad. You remember that you promised me upon your word and honour, that you would apply yourself with attention to learning, and therefore I am sure that you will, for you know very well, that *upon honour* is the oath, and the only oath of an honest man and a Gentleman, and whoever breaks that oath, is despised, and looked upon as a scoundrel. As I rely upon this I expect to find you much improved at my return to London, and if you answer my expectation, ask me for whatever you will, and you shall have it.

God bless you.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's boarding school at Marybone, by London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CXV.

Philip Stanhope nearly Nine Years old.

A BATH, 20 *Novem*: 1764.

Eh! pourquoy ne m'as tu pas écrit mon petit Coquin pendant la quinzaine que J'ay été içy? Mais Je sçay ce que c'est. C'est Voltaire qui vous a occupé, et qui ne vous a pas laissé le loisir d'écrire. Je ne m'en étonne pas, car c'est le livre le plus agreable et en même tems le plus utile que Je connoisse. Tout vous y sera nouveau, et vous aimez les nouveautés. Variété c'est votre devise, et vous trouverez la dans l'Histoire de tous les païs du monde de quoy contenter votre goût. Faittes vous honneur a Monsieur Madox et

honte a tous ceux de votre âge par votre écriture? J'espere que oui. Surtout J'espere que vous avez jetté au feu ces vilaines lignes noires, qui ne sont bonnes que pour les enfants de quatre ou cinq ans. Vous vous formerez insensiblement le coup d'œil juste, ce qui vous n'arrivera pas pendant que vous vous en servez. Songez que vous voulez être un jour Secretaire d'Etat, et qu'alors il faut écrire droit et sans lignes. Je vous envie votre bonheur d'avoir tant de choses a apprendre, car rien ne fait tant de plaisir a un esprit bien fait, que d'acquerir tous les jours des nouvelles lumieres. Votre jour de naissance est-il passé? Il me semble que oui, et que vous avez neuf ans bien comptéz. Sachez que c'est selon touttes les apparences la neuvieme partie de vos jours si bien qu'il faut vous presser a vous rendre digne de vivre. Je suis sur que vous le ferez car vous avez du bons sens, et le desir de briller dans le monde. Vous n'êtes pas de ces bêtes meprisables qui passent leurs jours sans rien faire, ou tout au plus a faire des riens, et c'est la jus vert ou verjus. Adieu mon cher petit Drole. Ecrivez moi une lettre en cinq ou six jours et tout de votre cru.

To Master Stanhope

at Mr Robert's boarding School in Marybone by London.

Free

CHESTERFIELD.

CXVI.

On Goths Ancient and Modern, and on those who desire the Destruction of Books.

[*Nov.* 1764.]

Mon petit Got, Visigot, Ostrogot, Hun, Herule, etc. Il est bon que vous sachiez un peu, qui etoient ces honnêtes gens dont vous avez adopté les sentimens en disant que vous souhaitteriez qu'il n'y eut pas un seul livre au monde. Je

suis persuadé que ce beau mot vous est échappé sans y penser, car il me semble impossible qu'un être raisonnable aye pu former un souhait si barbare. Suppliez donc Mr. Robert de n'en dire jamais rien a qui que ce soit, encore moins a votre cher Pere; et pour moy, je vous prométs de n'en jamais parler a Ame qui vive. Mais pour revenir a vos amis les barbares, je vous diray que ces bêtes feroces dont les essaims ravagerent toutte l'Europe vers la fin du troisieme siecle, et pendant quelques siecles consecutifs, venoient du fin fond du Nord, de la Tartarie, et des endroits Septentrionaux de la Suéde et du Dannemarc. Ils habitoient des païs deserts et incultes, qui a peine leur fournissoient le necessaire. Comme ils peuploient beaucoup, ils se virent dans la necessité de chercher fortune dans des païs plus heureux. Ils envahirent donc l'Europe, tuants, brulants, et saccageans tout ce qu'ils trouvoient dans leur chemin, et ils sembloient faire la guerre autant aux belles lettres, aux Arts, et aux Sciences qu'aux hommes, car ils bruloient tous les manuscrits, et detruisoient tous les precieux monumens de la belle antiquité Grecque et Romaine, comme Temples, Palais, Statues, et peintures, et surtout les Bibliotheques, *souhaittant qu'il n'y eut pas un livre au monde.* Leur barbarie, regna en Europe plus ou moins pendant neuf ou dix siècles, jusqu'au quatorzieme siecle que la famille de Medicis Ducs de Florence, et surtout le Pape Leon dix, retablirent les lettres en Italie, en faisant venir de la Grece, les Manuscrits, et les Sçavants qu'ils pouvoient y détérrer. Apres ce recit, voudriez vous etre encore Visigot? Je me flatte que non. Votre Pere, dont je vous envoye une lettre, cy jointe, ne le soupçonne pas au moins. Prenez garde, ne le détrompez pas, car il feroit un beau bruit. Adieu, Je ne t'appelleray plus Visigot, parcequ'il me seroit impossible de dire Mon cher Visigot. Mercredi.

To Master Stanhope

at Mr Robert's School at Marybone in London.

CXVII.

Caesar's Commentaries: The Godson's Diary.

[*Nov.* 1764.]

Mon cher petit garçon (car je ne vous appelleray plus Visigot ni Vandale, puisque vous avez entierement changé votre maniere de penser sur l'article du sçavoir), Je vous enverray chercher Jeudi prochain a diner pour recevoir vos ordres pour Bath, où je vais Samedi, et d'où J'auray l'honneur de vous écrire de tems en tems. J'espere aussi que vous daignerez me repondre quelquefois, c'est a dire une fois en quinze jours, mais tout de votre crû. A neuf ans les lettres ne coutent plus rien, et a cet age j'écrivois comme *Cadmus* qui etoit l'inventeur des lettres, et j'espere que vous pourrez bien faire tout ce que J'ay pu faire à votre âge. Je vous diray encore une chose que J'ay fait a neuf ans, et que vous pourrez faire très facilement; c'etoit de lire tout seul quelque livre, pendant une heure tous les Jours, car je sentois meme des lors, combien l'Ignorance deshonoroit et degradoit un homme; or je ne vous demande qu'une demie heure par jour de tel livre que vous voudrez, j'aimerois pourtant un livre amusant et instructif en même tems, plutôt qu'un livre frivole, et où il n'y a rien a apprendre. Par exemple les Fables de La Fontaine, les Comedies de Moliere, Puffendorf, etc., valent bien mieux, et vous divertiront bien plus que les contes d'Ouville ou de ma Mere L'Oye. Je vous conseille toujours d'avoir votre montre devant vous quand vous commencez a lire, pour n'en pas faire trop a la fois. *Ne quid nimis.* J'espere aussi que vous continuez toujours ce Journal interessant que vous aviez si heureusement commencé. Caesar a fait de meme; et ce qu'on appelle aujourdhuy ses Commentaires ne sont autre chose que le Journal de sa vie pendant qu'il etoit dans les Gaules, c'est a dire en France et en Allemagne. Plusieurs

autres grands hommes ont écrit les Journaux de leurs vies, et pourquoy ne feriez vous pas de même, tout petit que vous êtes. *Olim haec meminisse juvabit.** Adieu. *Jubeo te bene valere.* Lundi.

CXVIII.

Caesar and his Noble Ambition.

a BATH 24 *Novem*^bre^ 1764.

J'ay reçeu votre lettre mon cher petit Garçon; elle n'est pas mal écritte, mais en même tems il faut avouer que votre Sœur ecrivoit mieux il y a un an. Je croyois que vous n'aviez que neuf ans mais vous me dites que vous en avez dix, de sorte que l'affaire devient réellement serieuse. Vous convenez que vous n'étes pas assez sçavant pour votre age, et vous avouez que vous en avez honte. J'en ay honte aussi pour vous, car Je vous assure qu'a dix ans, J'entendois fort bien les Metamorphoses d'Ovide, et les Commentaires de Caesar. Mais vous ne ressemblez pas assez a César, qui quand il etoit jeune, passant par un village, dit qu'il aimeroit mieux être le premier dans ce village que le second dans Rome, et c'etoit cette noble ambition qui lui procura l'Empire du monde dans la suitte. C'est une louable ambition de vouloir surpasser ses égaux, dans la vertu, le sçavoir, et les bonnes manieres, et Je crains fort que vous n'avez pas une étincelle seulement de cette ambition; vous donnez dans le frivole, même au dessous de votre age. Il faut jouer, il est vrai, mais que vos jeux ayent au moins le sens commun. Courir n'est pas jouer; c'est plutôt ne rien faire. Pensez de tems en tems, et raisonnez avec vous-meme. Examinez ce

* It really runs "haec olim meminisse juvabit."

que vous faittes, pour voir a quoy cela aboutit, et votre raison vous dira, qu'etudiant vous vous rendrez estimable et reputable, mais qu'en courant sans penser a rien vous deviendrez frivole et méprisable. Que dira votre cher Pere, qui ne vous trouvera pas plus avancé a son retour? A propos de votre Pere, Je vous envoye ci-jointes les envelopes que vous m'avez demandé.

Adieu mon petit.

CXIX.

Good Health and the Mode of attaining it.

à BATH, 9 *Decem*: 1764.

Eh bien mon cher petit Convalescent, vous voila donc quitte pour toujours de touttes les petites veroles, et rougeoles du monde, car ces maux ont la bonté de ne jamais revenir. Pour les autres maux auxquels la Nature Humaine est sujette il depend en grande partie de vous même, de les avoir ou de ne les avoir pas. Je veus dire quand vous serez plus grand; si vous vivez en honnête homme, vous ne les aurez pas; mais si vous vous livrez a la crapule et a la boisson, comme font trop de gens vous serez presque toujours malade, et a tous momens il vous faudra prendre medecine. Vous aurez la goutte, la pierre, l'hydropisie, enfin tous les maux de la boëte de Pandore, sans l'esperance qui etoit au fond. Mais Je ne vous en soupçonne pas, étant assuré que vous ne frequenterez que la bonne compagnie qui ne cochonne jamais. Cette petite indisposition aura un peu interrompu vos études, mais aussi J'espere que vous n'aurez reculé que pour mieux sauter, et en vous appliquant d'autant plus vivement, vous regagnerez bientôt ce peu de tems perdu. Avez vous fini le premier volume de l'Histoire Universelle de Voltaire que je vous ay prété? Je le lis actuellement pour la quatrieme fois,

et Je le liray bien encore, tant il m'amuse. Quand J'ay été de votre âge, J'aimois beaucoup la lecture, car Je commençay alors a raisonner, et Je voyois qu'il y avoit deux choses absolument necessaires pour être estimé et bien reçeu dans le monde; c'etoient *le Sçavoir* et les bonnes manieres; il faut se rendre aimable, pour être aimé puisqu'on n'aimes gueres un homme malgré lui. Mais qui cherche a plaire plaira, et qui plait en general, peut faire tout ce qu'il veut. Adieu mon cher garçon, soyez gai et divertissez vous bien, mais en être raisonnable.

Partagez votre temps, entre les plaisirs de l'esprit et les exercices du corps.

CXX.

On the Cultivation of Mind and Manners.

a BATH 15*ieme Decem*: 1764.

Dans ma derniere lettre mon cher petit Garçon, J'ay touché a deux articles, qui sont si necessaires dans le cours de la vie que Je ne me lasseray jamais de vous les ré-iterer. *Soyez Sçavant et en meme tems aimable.* Sans le Sçavoir vous ne serez jamais estimé, et sans être aimable vous ne serez jamais aimé. De bonne foy, seriez vous content qu'on dise de vous, c'est un assez bon diable, mais c'est un ignorant, un Visigot. Au contraire Je crois que vous en seriez tres mortifié. D'un autre coté, ne seriez vous pas humilié si on disoit; il est vray, il a du Sçavoir, mais il est impoli, rustre, grossier, et d'une aimable absence? Evitez donc ces deux écueils, et joignez a un grand sçavoir, le grand art de plaire. Cela ne tient qu'a vous, vous en avez tous les moyens, et Je me flatte que vous avez trop de bon sens, et trop d'ambition pour n'en point profiter. Il faut etre bien insensible, ou pour

mieux dire, bien bête, pour ne pas travailler à s'acquerir l'estime et l'amour des honnêtes gens. La bonne morale meme y entre pour beaucoup, elle dit faittes aux autres ce que vous voudriez qu'ils nous fissent; or vous voudriez certainement que les autres tâchassent de vous plaire, tâchez donc de leur plaire, c'est tout simple.

Je compte de venir en ville Jeudi prochain, et Vendredi le carosse viendra vous chercher pour vous amenér chez moi. Je vous apporteray beaucoup de nouvelles choses, mais je ne vous les donneray qu'a proportion que vous les aurez meritées; en quoy je m'en rapporteray a votre parole d'honneur, parceque je suis sur que vous etes trop honnête garçon, pour mentir, a quelque prix que ce soit. Le point d'honneur est une affaire bien delicate, et une fois perdue, on ne la retrouve plus, et on reste infame.

Adieu Je t'embrasse. Soyez gai, *interdum tuis immisce gaudia curis.*

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's School at Marybone, by London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CXXI.

An Invitation to dine with the Writer.

Milord Chesterfield assure le petit Marquis de Marybone, de ses tres humbles respects, et il aura l'honneur de le venir prendre ce matin a midi, en carrosse, pour lui montrer quelque chose, puis le mener a diner chez lui.

Mais le tout seulement, si Monsieur Robert le trouve a propos.

Mercredi matin.

CXXII.

Alexander the Great, and the Play of that Name.

[1765].

Here I send you another dish of blank verse and rhymes mingled together so as to please your palate which loves variety exceedingly. It is the Play of Alexander the Great, who is universally called a Hero, but whom Boileau calls much more justly the Macedonian Madman. It is true that he had some good qualitys, for he was intrepidly brave, and very generous. But on the other hand he was very apt to get drunk, and when he was drunk, brutally cruel; which are the two most shocking vices that either man or beast can be guilty of. In one drunken fit at the instigation of his Mistress, he set fire to and consumed the famous town of Persepolis, and in another murthered Clytus one of his oldest and best Generals. He went first into Asia with an army of not more than thirty thousand men, and conquered Darius and the whole Persian Empire whose Armys consisted of hundreds of thousands of men. He was poisoned as you will find in the play. Few Tyrants dye of a natural death. They think that their subjects are made singly for their use, whereas in truth they are appointed singly for the good of their subjects. It would be better for them if they always practised this maxim of Terence. *Homo sum, nihil Humani a me alienum puto.* Love your fellow creatures in general, and contribute all you can to their good. Make my compliments to Mr. Robert and desire him to get his account ready, for the quarter, now ended; for I shall have the honour to pay my court to you soon. Adieu Mi parvule.

CXXIII.

Alexander the Great: His Virtues and Vices.

Thursday [1765].

My Dear little Boy,

Well what say you to the Rival Queens? I think I can guess. I do not believe that you admire the character of Alexander the Great, for though he was intrepidly brave and generous he was often drunk, and when drunk always cruel, two vices that no virtues can attone for. I think you do not much like Roxana, but I take the gentle tender Statira to be your favourite, for, I thank God, you have no hardness in your nature, and Roxana is what in low life would be called a Termagant.

Here is another Epigram of Martial.*

> Non Amo te Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare,
> Hoc tantum possum dicere, non Amo te.

This is no uncommon case, for there are many people whom it is impossible to love, though one cannot accuse them of either vice or crime. For instance who can possibly love a cold, sullen, reserved uncomfortable Man, who seems pleased with nothing, awkward in his manner, with discontent in his countenance? And yet he may be a very worthy honest man at bottom, though unhappily born, or very ill educated.

Gaudeant bene Nati. Vale.

* Lib. I. Ep. xxxiii.

CXXIV.

With the Play of Tamerlane.

[1765].

Another Tragedy in blank verse for my little boy, in the supposition that he has read the former, and in the certainty, that he loves variety extremely. The hero of this Play, is Tamerlane a Tartar Prince, and a great Conqueror. The Poet has made him a perfect character, but he was by no means such, for he was exceedingly cruel, as conquerors are very apt to be. In the Play he is a model of virtue, and humanity, therefore mind what the Author makes him say and do, no matter what he really was. The scenes between him and Bajazet, and between him and the Mufti are remarkably fine, and give noble lessons of generosity and humanity. A Mufti, by the way, is a Turkish high Priest, and explains the Alkoran to the ignorant Turks, and the Alkoran is the Turkish Bible, and the most extravagant silly book in the world. I have a great deal more food for you, of the dramatick kind, which I shall supply you with from time to time. Vale et ama me, Nam te valde amo.

The coach will fetch you as usual tomorrow.

CXXV.

On Pride of Birth and Family: Virtue alone the True Nobility.

Mardi.

A l'egard de vos superieurs il faut temoigner beaucoup de respect et de soumission, a l'egard de vos egaux beaucoup de politesse, de douceur, et de prevenances, et a

l'egard de vos inferieurs beaucoup de bonté et de cordialité. Mais scavez-vous qui sont vos superieurs, vos egaux et vos inferieurs? Expliquons un peu cela. Vos superieurs sont ceux a qui la fortune a donné beaucoup plus de rang et de richesses qu'a vous. Vos egaux sont ce qui s'appelle Gentilhommes, ou honnêtes gens. Et vos inferieurs sont ceux a qui la fortune a refusé tout rang et tout bien, sans souvent qu'il y ait de leur faute, et qui sont obligés de travailler pour gagner leur vie. Selon la nature la servante de Monsieur Robert, est aussi bien née que vous, elle a eu un Pere et une Mere, un Grandpere et une Grandmere, et des Ancétres jusqu'a Adam; mais malheureusement pour elle, ils n'ont pas été si riches que les votres, et par consequent n'ont pu lui donner une education comme la votre. Et voila toutte la difference entre elle et vous, elle vous donne son travail, et vous lui donnez de l'argent. Ne vous faittes donc pas a croire au sujet de votre naissance, qui n'est en rien meilleure que la sienne; mais faittes vous valoir par vos vertus et par vos mannieres, car c'est la seule et veritable noblesse. Tout homme qui se fait gloire de sa naissance et qui méprise ceux qu'il lui plait d'appeller *des gens de rien*, est le plus sot et le plus ridicule animal de la terre. A l'egard des Femmes il vous faut avoir des attentions infinies, et flatter (on ne peut pas trop) leur vanitez, leur caprices, leurs bizarreries, car elles fixent le caractere des hommes dans le beau monde, et leurs suffrages sont absolument nécéssaires a un jeune homme qui entre dans le monde. Elles decident de la mode, et du bon ton; et des qu'une femme du bel air, décrie un jeune homme, et dit qu'il est gauche, maussade ou impoli, le voila décrié comme la fausse monnoye. Il y a encore des details infinis sur l'art et la manniere de plaire, mais les uns sont au dessus de votre âge, et les autres, vous les apprendrez mieux par l'usage du monde et de la bonne compagnie, que par tout ce que je pourrois vous dire. Imprimez seulement dans votre esprit, les principes generaux que je vous ay donnez pour plaire, et j'espere que tout ira bien, puisque

vous etes deja resolu de plaire. Comme je vous aimeray alors, comme votre Papa vous aimera enfin tout le monde vous aimera. Adieu mon cher petit garçon.

To Master Stanhope
at Mr Robert's Boarding School at Marybone by London.

CXXVI.

The Merits of Philip Stanhope's Sister.

Mardi matin.

Comme cette Drôlesse votre petite sœur écrit bien! C'est plutôt peindre qu'écrire. Elle nous fait honte a tous deux. Mais c'est qu'elle a de l'attention, et alors on vient a bout de tout. Au reste, il faut lui écrire; Le devoir aussi bien que la politesse l'exige. Au lieu de la payer de mauvaises excuses, avouez lui naturéllement que vous étes paresseux et etourdi; au contraire elle pense et s'applique. Pensez donc et appliquez vous, pour regagner le tems perdu s'il est possible. Le carosse viendra vous prendre jeudi prochain, comme a l'ordinaire. Adieu, Jubeo te bene valere, et bene discere.

CXXVII.

Epigrams on an Angry Man and on Pride of Birth.

Je voudrois mon cher petit Garçon vous former peu a peu le goût pour les ouvrages d'esprit. Je ne pretends pas qu'il soit encore sur et delicat, mais cela viendra avec le tems, pourvu que vous vous donniez la peine de reflechir sur ce que vous lisez. Par exemple, voicy une jolie epigramme sur

un homme colere, c'est a dire fou, car fou ou colere, c'est la même chose.

Sur son Cheval Jean se tuoit,
Contre Jean le Cheval ruoit,
Et tous deux ecumoient de rage.
Mathurin, qui pour lors passoit,
Dit a l'homme qu'il connoissoit,
Jean, montrez vous le plus sage.

Vous voyez bien que la pointe et la morale de cette epigramme sont dans la derniere ligne, qui dit qu'un homme en colere, n'est pas plus sage qu'une bête. Et cela est bien vray. Souvenez vous en bien. Variété. En voicy une autre, contre une autre espece de fous, qui se piquent de leur naissance, et de leur noblesse, et qui méprisent ceux qu'ils s'imaginent n'être pas si bien nés qu'eux.

D'Adam nous sommes tous enfans,
La preuve en est connuë,
Et que tous nos premiers parens
Ont mené la charruë;
Mais las de cultiver enfin
La terre labourée,
L'un a detellé le matin,
L'autre l'après dinée.

En effet, les premiers hommes, d'où nous descendons tous également, labouroient et bechoient la terre, et gagnoient leurs vies a la sueur de leur front. Ceux qui par leur industrie et leur travail avoient gagné de quoy vivre, quitterent les premiers cette penible vie, les autres travaillerent plus longtems, et travaillent encore. Voila toutte la difference entre la Noblesse, les Roturiers, et les Paisans. Y a-til la de quoy s'enorgueiller? Non surement, il n'y a que le merite, et le sçavoir, qui enoblissent. Ou si vous l'aimez mieux en Latin,

Nobilitas sola est, et unica Virtus.* Adieu mon Poulet, je t'embrasse.

Lundi.

* Juv. viii. 20: "Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus."

CXXVIII.

The Recitation of Cato's Dying Soliloquy.

BLACKHEATH, *Friday, June* 21. [1765].

Though we are at no great distance from each other, we must not quite drop our epistolary correspondence, for letters from time to time preserve and promote friendship, and I profess myself ambitious of yours. Well then—*Quid nunc te dicam facere regione in Maryboniana?* Are you losing time, or gaining knowledge by your daily study? For if you study all day long without attention you will be ne're the wiser for it, and you will only lose your time which might be much better employed in some mechanick trade; but if on the contrary you learn with attention and without frivolous and childish dissipation, you will gain knowledge indeed, and may come in due time to *Facere digna scribi aut scribere digna legi.* This is what every young man of sense, and of a laudable ambition will aim at, and with attention, will arrive at. I have pawned my credit with your Father, that when he sees you next, which will be in a month or six weeks, he shall find you astonishingly improved in every way, which if he does not, I am afraid that he will take you away from me, and I confess, I should be sorry to part with my little Boy. Therefore exert your utmost attention for my sake as well as your own. I hope Mr. Shaw continues to teach you in the evenings to read both English prose and verse properly, and with due emphasis and modulations of voice. You repeated to me the other day very tolerably Cato's dying soliloquy, and there are several other speeches in that tragedy very well worth your reading and reciting. Good morrow.

To Master Philip Stanhope
at Mr Robert's boarding School at Marybone by London.

CXXIX.

The Whole Duty of Man, and the Art of Pleasing.

No. 1.

BATH, *Oct.* 31st, 1765.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY

Our correspondence has hitherto been very desultory and various, my letters have had little or no relation to each other, and I endeavoured to suit them to your age and your passion for variety. I considered you as a child, and trifled with you accordingly, and though I cannot yet look upon you as a man, I shall consider you as being capable of some serious reflections. You are now above half a man, for before your present age is doubled you will be quite a man: Therefore *paulo majora canamus.* You already know your religious and moral dutys, which indeed are exceedingly simple and plain; the former consist in fearing and loving your Creator, and in observing his laws which he has writt in every man's heart, and which your conscience will always remind you of, if you will but give it a fair hearing. The latter, I mean your moral dutys, are fully contained in these very few words, *do as you would wish to be done by.* Your Classical Knowledge, others better able than myself, will instruct you in. There remains therefore nothing in which I can be usefull to you, except to communicate to your youth and inexperience, what a long observation and knowledge of the world enables me to give you. I shall then for the future write you a series of letters, which I desire you will read over twice and keep by you, upon the *Duty*, the *Utility*, and the *Means* of pleasing, that is, of being what the French call *Aimable*, an art, which, it must be owned, they possess almost exclusively. They have studied it the most, and they practise it best. I shall therefore often borrow their expressions in my following letters, as answering my ideas better than

any I can find in my own language. Remember then and fix it well in your mind, that whoever is not *Aimable* is in truth no body at all with regard to the general intercourse of life. His learning is Pedantry, and even his virtues have no Lustre.

Perhaps my subject may sometimes oblige me sometimes to say things above your present *portée*, but in proportion as your understanding opens and extends itself, you will understand them, and then *haec olim meminisse juvabit.* I presume you will not expect elegancy, or even accuracy, in letters of this kind which I write singly for your use. I give you my matter just as it occurrs to me. May it be usefull to you, for I do not mean it for publick perusal.*

If you were in this place it would quite turn your little head, here would be so much of your dear variety, that you would think rather less if possible than most of the company, who saunter away their whole time, and do nothing.

CXXX.

Do unto Others as You would They should do unto You.

No. 2.

My Dear little Boy

The desire of being pleased is universal, the desire of pleasing should be so too, it is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others, what one wishes that they should do to us. There are indeed some moral dutys of a much higher, but none of a more

* This is the first of a series of letters which are numbered 1 to 14.

amiable nature, and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of what Cicero calls the *Leniores virtutes.* The benevolent and feelling heart performs this duty with pleasure and in a manner that gives it, at the same time, but the great, the rich, and the powerfull, too often bestow their favours upon their inferiors, in the manner, that they bestow their scraps upon their dogs, so as neither to oblige man nor dog. It is no wonder if favours, benefits, and even charitys, thus ungraciously bestowed, should be as coldly and faintly acknowledged. Gratitude is a burthen upon our imperfect nature, and we are but too willing to ease ourselves of it, or at least to lighten it as much as we can. The manner therefore of conferring favours or benefits, is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care then never to throw away the obligations which you may perhaps have it in your power to lay upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold, comfortless, and perfunctory manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duty obliges us, to relieve, as far as we are able, the distresses and miserys of our fellow creatures; but this is not all, for a true heartfelt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world. There are some, and but too many in this country more particularly, who without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not show the least desire to please, as on the other hand they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholick nature, from ill health and low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderfull errors of the human

mind; but be the cause what it will, that neutrality which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralitys always do despicable, and mere blanks in Society. They would surely be rouzed from this indifference, if they would seriously consider the *infinite Utility of Pleasing*, which I shall do in my next.

BATH, *Novem: ye 7th*, 1765.

CXXXI.

The Utility of pleasing: Civility makes many Friends.—Philip Stanhope Ten Years of Age.

No. 3.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY

As the Utility of pleasing seems to be almost a self-evident proposition, I shall rather hint it to you than dwell upon it. The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his (perhaps) small stock of merit at great interest; what vast returns then, must real merit when thus adorned necessarily bring in? A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such immense interest, and upon so solid a security. The man who is *aimable*, will make almost as many friends as he makes acquaintances, I mean in the current acceptation of that word, but not such sentimental friends as Pylades and Orestes, Nisus and Euryalus, etc.; but he will make people in general wish him well, and inclined to serve him in anything not inconsistent with their own interest. Civility is the essential article towards pleasing and is the result of good nature and good sense, but good breeding is the decoration, the lustre of Civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to,

and experience of good company. A good natured ploughman, or fox-hunter may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier, but their manner often degrades and vilifys their matter; whereas in good breeding the manner always adorns and dignifys the matter to such a degree that I have very often known it give currency to base coin. One may truly say in this case *Materiam superat Opus.* Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good breeding corrects but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary outwork of manners as well as of Religion. It keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible and the wellbred part of the world. We find in the Tale of a Tub, that Peter had too much pomp and ceremony, Jack too little, but Martin's conduct seems to be a good rule for both worship and manners, and good sense and good breeding pursue this true medium. In my next I shall consider the means of pleasing.

P.S. Your letter is extremely well wrote, I mean as to the hand, and is moreover an excellent moral Essay upon the uncertainty of human life, in the style of Cicero and Seneca. I am very sorry that I can send you no venison this year, but I have no live venison this time, the season has been so unfavourable. You must celebrate your Natal day this year as well as you can without it, which you will do best by reflecting that you are now ten years old, and that you have no more time to lose in trifling childish dissipation. You must apply now or never.

BATH, *Novem.* ye 13th, 1765.

CXXXII.

The Means of pleasing: Versatility of Attention and Ease both in Dress and Manner.

No. 4.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY

The means of pleasing vary according to time, place, and persons, but the general rule is the trite one, Endeavour to please, and you will infallibly please to a certain degree. Constantly show a desire to please, and you will engage people's self-love in your interest, a most powerfull advocate! This (as indeed almost everything else does,) depends upon attention, or more properly upon *les attentions.* Be therefore minutely attentive to the circumstances of time, place, and persons, or you may happen to offend where you intend to please, for people in what touches themselves, make no allowance for slips or inadvertencys. To be *distrait* in company is unpardonable, and implys a contempt for it, and is not less ridiculous than offensive. There is little difference between a dead man and a *distrait*, what difference there is, is entirely to the advantage of the former, whose insensibility everybody sees is not voluntary. Some people most absurdly affect *Distraction* as thinking that it implys deep thought and superior wisdom, but they are greatly mistaken, for everybody knows, that if natural it is a great weakness of the mind, and an egregious folly if affected. A wise man instead of not using the senses which he has, would wish them all to be multiplyed, in order to see and hear at once whatever is said or done in company. Be you then attentive to every the most trifling thing that passes where you are, have (as the vulgar phrase is) your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very foollish though a very common saying, *I really did not mind it*, or, *I was thinking of*

quite another thing at that time. The proper answer to such ingenious excuses, and which admitts of no reply, is; Why did you not mind it; you was present when it was said or done? Oh, but you say that you was thinking of quite another thing. If so, why was you not in quite another place, proper for that important other thing which you say you was thinking of? But you will say perhaps, that the company was so silly, that it did not deserve your attention. That, I am sure is the saying of a silly man, for a man of sense knows that there is no company so silly, that some use may not be made of by attention. You should have, and it is to be had if you please, a versatility of attention, which you may instantaneously exert to different objects and persons as they occurr. Remember that without these *attentions*, you will never be fitt to live in good company, nor indeed in any company at all, and the best thing you can do will be to turn *Chartreux*. Whenever you present yourself or are presented for the first time in company, study to make the first impressions you give of yourself as advantageous as possible. This you can only do at first by what solid people commonly call trifles, which are *air*, *dress*, and *address*. Here, invoke the assistance of the Graces. Even that silly article of dress, is no trifle upon these occasions. Never be the first nor the last in the fashion. Wear as fine cloaths as those of your rank commonly do, and rather better than worse, and when you are well dressed once a day, do not seem to know that you have any cloaths on at all, but let your carriage and motions be as easy as they could be in your nightgown. A Fop values himself upon his dress, but a man of sense will not neglect it, in his youth at least. The greatest Fop I ever saw, was at the same time the greatest sloven, for it is an affected singularity in dress, be it of which side it will, that constitutes a Fop, and everybody will preferr an overdrest Fop to a slovenly one. Let your address when you first come into any company be modest, but without the least bashfullness or sheepishness, steddy

without impudence, and as unembarrassed as if you were alone in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention, nothing but a long usage of the world, and in the best company can possibly give it. A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he first goes into a fashionable company where most are his superiors, is commonly either annihilated by *mauvaise honte*; or if he rouzes and lashes himself up to what he only thinks a modest assurance, he runs into impudence and absurdity, and consequently offends instead of pleasing. Have always, as much as you can, that *air de douceur* and gentleness, in your countenance and *abord*, which never fails to make favourable impressions, provided it be equally free from an insipid smile, or a pert smirk.

P.S. To make you what amends I can for the good things which you lost by the blunders of my people, I have sent you a fat overgrown Turkey and Chine, which at this season this place is famous for.

BATH, *Novem:* 20th, 1765.

CXXXIII.

Avoid Argument, but maintain Strength of Opinion. —Good, bad, and low Company.

No. 5.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputative turn which too many people have, and some even value themselves upon in company, and when your opinion differrs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness and gentleness, but never be eager, loud, and clamerous, and when you

find your antagonist beginning to grow warm, put an end to the debate by some genteel *badinage*; for take it for granted, that if the two best friends in the world dispute with eagerness upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will for the time find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes upon any subject are a sort of tryal of the understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am very far from meaning that you should give an universal assent to all that you hear said in company, such an assent would be mean, and in some cases criminal, but blame with indulgence, and correct with *douceur*. It is impossible for a man of sense not to have a contempt for fools, and for a man of honour not to have an abhorrence of knaves, but you must gain upon yourself so, as not to discover either, in their full extent. They are, I fear, too great a majority to contend with, and their numbers make them formidable, though not respectable. They commonly hang together, for the mutual use they make of each other. Show them a reserved civility, and let them not exist with regard to you. Do not play off the fool, as is too commonly done by would-be wits, nor shock the knave unnecessarily; but have as little to do as is possible with either, and remember always as an undoubted truth, that whoever contracts a friendship with a knave or a fool, has something bad to do or to conceal. A young man especially at his first entrance into the world, is generally judged of by the company he keeps, and it is a very fair way of judging. And though you will not be able perhaps, to make your way at first into the best company, it is always in your power to avoid bad. It may be, that you will ask me, how I deffine good and bad company, and I will do it as well as I can, for it is of the greatest importance to know the difference. Good company consists of a number of people of a certain fashion (I do not mean birth) where the majority are reckoned to be people of sense and of decent characters, in short, of those who are universally allowed to

be, and are called, *Good company*. It is possible, nay probable, that a fooll or two may sneak, or a knave or two intrude into such company, the former in hopes of getting the reputation of a little common sense, and the latter that of some common honesty. But *ubi plura nitent*, like Horace, you must not be offended *paucis maculis*. Bad company is whatever is not generally allowed to be good company; but there are several gradations in this as well as in the other, and it will be impossible for you in the common course of life not to fall sometimes into bad company to a certain degree, but get out of it as soon and as well as you can. There are some companys so blasted and scandalous, that to have been with them twice, would hurt your character, both as to virtue and parts. Such is the company of Bullys, Sharpers, Jockeys, and low Debauchés either in wine or women, not to mention fools. On the other hand do not while young declame and preach against them like a Capucin. You are not called upon to be a repairer of wrongs nor a reformer of manners, let your own be pure, and leave others to the contempt and indignation they deserve. There is a third sort of company, which without being scandalous, is vilifying and degrading; I mean what is generally called low company, which young men of birth and fashion at their first appearance in the world are too apt to like from a degree of bashfullness, *mauvaise honte*, or lazyness, which is not easily rubbed off. If you sink into this sort of company for but one year, you will never emerge from it, but remain as obscure and insignificant as they are themselves. Vanity is also a great inducement to keep low company, for a man of quality is sure to be the first man in it, and to be admired and flattered, though perhaps the greatest fool in it. Do not think that I mean by *low company*, people of no birth, for birth goes for nothing with me, nor I hope with you; but I mean by *low company*, obscure, insignificant people, unknown and unseen in the polite part of the world, and distinguished by no one particular merit or talent, unless perhaps by soaking and sotting out their evenings, for

drinking is generally the dull and indecent occupation of such company. There is another sort of company, which I wish you to avoid in general, though now and then, though seldom, there may be no harm in your seeing it. I mean the company of waggs, witlings, buffoons, mimicks and merry fellows, who are all of them commonly the dullest fellows in the world with the strongest animal spirits. If from mere curiosity, you sometimes go into such company, do not wear in it, a severe Philosophical face of contempt of their illiberal mirth, but content yourself with acting a very inferior part in it. Contract no familiarity with any of the performers, which would give them claims upon you, that you could not with decency either satisfy or reject; call none of them by their Christian names, as Jack, Frank, etc., but use rather a more ceremonious civility with them than with your equals, for nothing keeps forward, petulant puppys at a proper distance so effectually, as a little ceremony.

BATH, *Nov: y^e* 25th, 1765.

CXXXIV.

The Best of all Good Company.—Courtesy and Attentions to Women.

No. 6.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

Bad company is much more easily deffined than good, for what is bad must strike everybody at first sight; folly, knavery, and profligacy, can never be mistaken for wit, honour, and decency. Bad company have *foenum in Cornu; longe fuge.* But in good, there are several gradations from

good to the best. Merely good is rather free from objection than deserving of praise. Aim at the best. But what is the best? I take it to be those societys of men, or women, or a mixture of both, where great politeness, good breeding, and decency, though perhaps not always virtue, prevail. Women of fashion and character (I do not mean absolutely unblemished) are a necessary ingredient in the composition of good company. The attentions which they require, and which are always paid them by well-bred men, keep up Politeness, and give a habit of good breeding; whereas men when they live together and without the lenitive of women, in company are apt to grow careless, negligent, and rough among one another. In company every woman is every man's superior, and must be addressed with respect, nay more with flattery, and you need not fear making it too strong. Such flattery is not mean on your part, nor pernicious to them, for it can never give them a greater opinion of their beauty or their sense than they had before. Therefore make the dose strong, it will be greedily swallowed. Women stamp the fashionable or unfashionable character of all young men at their first appearance in the world; bribe them then with minute attentions, good breeding and flattery, to make them give their vote and interest in your favour. I have often known their proclamation give a value and currency to base coin enough, and consequently will add a lustre to the truest sterlin. Women, though otherwise called sensible, have all of them more or less, weaknesses, singularitys, whims and humours, especially Vanity; study attentively all these failings, gratify them as far as you can, nay flatter them, and sacrifice your own little humours to them. Young men are too apt to show a dislike, not to say an aversion and contempt for ugly and old women, which is both unpolite and injudicious, for there is a respectfull civility due to the whole sex, besides the ugly and the old talk the most, having the least to do themselves; are jealous of being despised, and never forgive it; and I could suppose cases, in which you would desire their friend-

ship, or at least their neutrality. Let it be a rule with you never to show that contempt which very often you will have, and with reason, for any human creature, for it will never be forgiven; an injury is sooner pardoned than an insult.

BATH, *Decem: ye 4th*, 1765.

CXXXV.

Cheerfulness and good Humour.—Passionate Anger.

No. 7.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

If you have not command enough over yourself to conquer your humour, as I hope you will, and as I am sure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill humour is upon you. Instead of companys diverting you in those moments, you will displease and probably shock them, and you will part worse friends than you met. But whenever you find in yourself a disposition to sullenness, contradiction, or testyness, it will be in vain to seek for a cure abroad; stay at home, let your humour ferment and work itself off. Chearfullness and good humour are of all qualifications the most amiable in company, for though they do not necessarily imply good nature and good breeding, they act them at least very well, and that is all that is required in mixed company. I have indeed known some very ill-natured people who are very good humoured in company, but I never knew any body generally ill humoured in company, who was not essentially ill natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a chearfullness and ease in the countenance and the manners. By good humour and chearfullness, I am far from meaning noisy

mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the distinguishing characteristicks of the vulgar and the ill-bred, whose mirth is a kind of a storm. Observe it, the vulgar often laugh, but never smile, whereas well bred people often smile, and seldom or never laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter, it pleases only the mind and never distorts the countenance. A glaring absurdity, a blunder, a silly accident, and those things that are generally called Comical may excite a momentary laugh, though never a loud nor a long one among well bred people. Sudden passion is called a short lived madness; it is a madness indeed, but the fitts of it generally return so often in cholerick people that it may well be called a continuall madness. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate disposition, which God forbid, make it your constant study to subdue, or at least to check it. When you find your choler rising, resolve neither to speak to, nor answer the person who excites it, but stay till you find it subsiding, and then speak deliberately. I have known many people, who by the rapidity of their speech have run away with themselves into a passion. I will mention to you a trifling and perhaps you will think a ridiculous receipt, toward checking the excess of passion, of which I think that I have experienced the utility myself. Do everything in Menuet time, speak, think, and move always in that measure, equally free from the dullness of slow, or the hurry and huddle of quick time. This movement moreover will allow you some moments to think forwards, and the Graces to accompany what you say or do, for they are never represented, as either running, or dozing. Observe a man in a passion, see his eyes glaring, his face inflamed, his limbs trembling, and his tongue stammering and faulting with rage, and then ask yourself calmly whether you would upon any account be that human wild beast. Such creatures are hated and dreaded in all companys where they are let loose, as people do not chuse to be exposed to the disagreable necessity of either knocking down these brutes or being knocked down by them. Do on the

contrary endeavour to be cooll and steddy upon all occasions. The advantages of such a steddy calmness, are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflexion. If it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes, would be given us to very little purpose. As a proof of this I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of a quaker in a passion. In truth there is in that sect, a decorum, a decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other. Having mentioned the *Graces* in this letter, I cannot end it, without recommending to you most earnestly the advice of the wisest of the Antients, to sacrifice to them devoutly and daily. When they are propitious they adorn everything and engage everybody.—But are they to be acquired? Yes to a certain degree they are, by attention, observation, and assiduous worship. Nature, I admitt, must first have made you capable of adopting them, and then observation and imitation will make them in time your own. There are *Graces* of the mind as well as of the body; the former give an easy engaging turn to the thoughts and the expressions, the latter to motions, attitude and address. No man perhaps ever possessed them all; he would be too happy that did, but if you will attentively observe those gracefull and engaging manners, which please you most in other people, you may easily collect what will equally please others in you, and engage the majority of the *Graces* on your side, insure the casting vote, and be returned *Aimable.* There are people whom the *Precieuse* of Moliere, very justly, though very affectedly calls *les Antipodes des Graces.* If these unhappy people are formed by nature invincibly *Maussades* and awkward, they are to be pityed, rather than blamed or ridiculed, but nature has disinherited few people to that degree.

BATH, *Decem:* 12th, 1765.

CXXXVI.

The Quality of True Wit and its judicious Use.

No. 8.

My Dear little Boy.

If God gives you Wit, which I am not sure that I wish you, unless he gives you at the same time an equall portion at least of judgement to keep it in good order, wear it like your sword in the scabbard, and do not brandish it to the terror of the whole company. If you have real wit it will flow spontaneously and you need not aim at it, for in that case the rule of the Gospel is reversed, and it will prove, seek and you shall *not* find. Wit is so shining a quality, that everybody admires it, most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it unless in themselves. A man must have a good share of wit himself to endure a great share of it in another. When wit exerts itself in satyr it is a most malignant distemper; wit it is true may be shown in satyr, but satyr does not constitute wit, as most fools imagine it does. A man of real wit will find a thousand better occasions of showing it. Abstain therefore most carefully from satire, which though it fall upon no particular person in company, and momentarily from the malignity of the human heart, pleases all; upon reflexion it frightens all too, they think it may be their turn next, and will hate you for what they find you could say of them more, than be obliged to you for what you do not say. Fear and hatred are next door neighbours. The more wit you have the more good nature and politeness you must show, to induce people to pardon your superiority, for that is no easy matter. Learn to shrink yourself to the size of the company you are in, take their tone whatever it may be, and excell in it if you can, but never pretend to give

the tone; a free conversation will no more bear a Dictator than a free Government will. The character of a man of wit is a shining one that every man would have if he could, though it is often attended by some inconveniencys; the dullest Alderman even aims at it, cracks his dull joke, and thinks, or at least hopes that it is Wit. But the denomination of *a Wit*, is always formidable, and very often ridiculous. These titular *wits* have commonly much less wit, than petulance and presumption. They are at best *les rieurs de leur quartier*, in which narrow sphere they are at once feared and admired. You will perhaps ask me, and justly, how considering the delusions of self love and vanity, from which no man living is absolutely free, how you shall know whether you have Wit or not. To which the best answer I can give you is, not to trust to the voice of your own judgement, for it will deceive you. Nor to your ears, which will always greedily receive flattery, if you are worth being flattered; but trust only to your eyes, and read in the countenances of good company, their approbation, or dislike of what you say. Observe carefully too whether you are sought for, sollicited, and in a manner pressed into good company. But even all this will not absolutely ascertain your wit, therefore do not upon this encouragement flash your wit in people's faces a *ricochets*, in the shape of *bons mots*. Epigrams, smart repartées etc., have rather less, than more, wit than you really have. A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as within his income. Content yourself with good sense and reason, which at long run are sure to please everybody who has either. If wit comes into the bargain, wellcome it, but never invite it. Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit if you have any, but that nothing but good sense and good qualitys can make you be loved. They are substantial, every days wear. Wit is for *les jours de Gala*, where people go chiefly to be stared at.

I received your last letter which is very well writt. I shall

see you next week, and bring you some pretty things from hence, because I am told that you have been a very good boy, and have learned well.

BATH, *Decem.* 18th 1765.

CXXXVII.

Raillery, Mimicry, and Wags and Witlings.

No. 9.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

There is a species of minor wit, which is much used and much more abused, I mean Raillery. It is a most mischievous and dangerous weapon, when in unskilfull or clumsy hands, and it is much safer to let it quite alone than to play with it, and yet almost everybody does play with it though they see daily the quarrels and heart burnings that it occasions. In truth it implys a supposed superiority, in the *railleur* to the *raillé*, which no man likes even the suspicion of in his own case, though it may divert him in other people's. An innocent *raillerie* is often inoffensively begun, but very seldom inoffensively ended, for that depends upon the *Raillé* who, if he can not deffend himself well grows brutal, and if he can, very possibly his *railleur* baffled and disappointed becomes so. It is a sort of tryal of wit, in which no man can patiently bear to have his inferiority made appear. The character of a *Railleur* is more generally feared, and more heartily hated than any one I know in the world. The injustice of a bad man is sooner forgiven than the insult of a witty one. The former only hurts one's liberty or property, but the latter hurts and mortifys that secret pride, which no human breast is free from. I will allow that there is a sort of raillery

which may not only be inoffensive but even flattering, as when by a genteel irony you accuse people of those imperfections which they are most notoriously free from, and consequently insinuate that they possess the contrary virtues. You may safely call Aristides a knave, or a very handsome woman an ugly one; but take care, that neither the man's character nor the Lady's beauty, be in the least doubtfull. But this sort of raillery requires a very light and steddy hand to administer it. A little too rough, it may be mistaken into an offence, and a little too smooth, it may be thought a sneer, which is a most odious thing. There is another sort, I will not call it of wit, but rather of merriment and buffoonry, which is mimickry; the most successfull mimick in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an Ape is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformitys for which no man is in the least accountable, and in their imitation of them, make themselves for the time as disagreable and shocking as those they mimick. But I will say no more of these creatures, who only amuse the lowest rabble of mankind. There is another sort of human animals, called *waggs*, whose profession is to make the company laugh immoderately, and who always succeed provided the company consist of fools, but who are greatly disappointed in finding that they never can alter a muscle in the face of a Man of sense. This is a most contemptible character, and never esteemed, even by those who are silly enough to be diverted by them. Be content both for yourself, with sound good sense, and good manners, and let Wit be thrown into the bargain where it is proper and inoffensive. Good sense will make you be esteemed, good manners be loved, and wit give a lustre to both. In whatever company you happen to be, whatever pleasures you are engaged in, though perhaps not of a very laudable kind, take great care to preserve a great Personal dignity. I do not in the least mean a pride of birth or rank, that would be too silly, but I mean a dignity of character. Let

your moral character of Honesty and Honour, be unblemished and even unsuspected; I have known some people dignify even their vices, first, by never boasting of them, and next by not practising them in an illiberal and indecent manner. * * * * * If they loved drinking too well, they did not practise at least that beastly vice in beastly company, but only indulged it sometimes in those companys whose wit and good humour, in some degree seemed to excuse it, though nothing can justify it. When you see a drunken man, as probably you will see many, study him with attention, and ask yourself soberly whether you would upon any account, be that Beast, that disgrace to human reason. The Lacedemonians very wisely made their slaves drunk, to deterr their children from being so, and with good effect, for nobody ever yet heared of a Lacedemonian drunk.

Decem: *ye* 28th 1765.

CXXXVIII.

The Manners of a Coxcomb, and Those of a Modest Man.

No. 10.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY.

If there is a lawfull and proper object of Raillery, it seems to be a Coxcomb, as an usurper of the common rights of mankind. But here some precautions are necessary. Some wit, and great presumption constitute a Coxcomb, for a true Coxcomb must have parts. The most consummate Coxcomb I ever knew, was a man of the most wit, but whose wit bloated with presumption, made him too big for any company, where he always usurped the seat of Empire, and crowded out common sense. *Raillerie* seems to be a proper rod

for these offenders, but great caution and skill are necessary in the use of it, or you may happen to catch a Tartar as they call it, and then the laughers will be against you. The best way with these people is to let them quite alone, and give them rope enough. On the other hand there are many, and perhaps more, who suffer from their timidity and *mauvaise honte*, which sink them infinitely below their level. Timidity is generally taken for stupidity, which for the most part it is not, but proceeds from a want of education in good company. Mr. Addison was the most timid and awkward man in good company I ever saw, and no wonder, for he had been wholly cloystered up in the cells of Oxford till he was five and twenty years old. La Bruyère says, and there is a great deal of truth in it, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce que l'on veut valoir*; for in this respect, Mankind show great indulgence, and value people, at pretty near the price they set upon themselves, if it be not exorbitant. I could wish you to have a cooll intrepid assurance with great seeming modesty. Never *démonté* and never forward. Very awkward timid people who have not been used to good company, are either ridiculously bashfull or absurdly impudent. I have known many a man impudent from shamefacedness, endeavouring to act a reasonable assurance and lashing himself up to what he imagines to be a proper and easy behaviour. A very timid bashfull man is annihilated in good company, especially of his superiors. He does not know what he says or does, and is in a ridiculous agitation both of body and mind. Avoid both these extremes, and endeavour to possess yourself with coollness and steddyness. Speak to the King with full as little concern, (though with more respect,) as you would to your equals. This is the distinguishing characteristick of a Gentleman, and a Man of the world. The way to acquire this most necessary behaviour, is as I have told you before, to keep company, whatever difficulty it may cost you at first, with your superiors, and with women of fashion; instead of taking refuge as too many young people do, in

low and bad company, in order to avoid the restraint of good breeding. It is I confess, a pretty difficult, not to say an impossible thing, for a young man at his first appearance in the world, and unused to the ways and manners of it, not to be disconcerted and embarrassed, when he first comes into what is called the best company, he sees that they stare at him, and if they happen to laugh, he is sure that they laugh at him; this awkwardness is not to be blamed, as it often proceeds from laudable causes, from a modest diffidence of himself, and a consciousness of not yet knowing the modes and manners of good company; but let him persevere with a becoming modesty, and he will find that all people of good nature and good breeding will assist and help him out, instead of laughing at him, and then a very little usage of the world, and an attentive observation, will soon give him a proper knowledge of it. It is the characteristick of low and bad company, which commonly consists of waggs and witlings, to laugh at, disconcert, and as they call it Bamboozle a young fellow of ingenuous modesty. You will tell me perhaps that to do all this one must have a good share of vanity; I grant it, but the great point is, *ne quid nimis*, for I fear that Monsieur de la Rochefoucault's maxim is too true, *que la vertu n'iroit pas loin, si la vanite ne lui tenoit pas compagnie.* A Man who despairs of pleasing will never please, a Man who is sure that he shall always please, wherever he goes, is a Coxcomb, but the man who hopes and endeavours to please, and believes that he may, will most infallibly please.

Jan: 2nd, 1766.

CXXXIX.

Evil Mannerisms: Affectations and Insinuations.

No. 11.

My Dear Little Boy,

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature, but that, though the principal point is not quite enough, you must seem so too. I do not mean ostentatiously, but do not be ashamed, as many young fellows are of owning the laudable sentiments, of good nature and humanity which you really feell. I have known many young men, who desired to be reckoned men of Spirit, affect a hardness and an unfeelingness, which in reality they never had. Their conversation is in the decisive and minatory tone; they are for breaking bones, cutting off ears, throwing people out of the window, etc., and all these fine declarations, they ratify with horrible and silly oaths. All this to be thought men of spirit. Astonishing error this, which necessarily reduces them to this dilemma; if they really mean what they say, they are Brutes, and if they do not, they are fools for saying it. This however is a common character amongst young men. Carefully avoid this contagion, and content yourself with being calmly and mildly resolute and steddy, when you are thoroughly convinced that you are in the right, for this is true spirit. What is commonly called in the world, a Man or a Woman of Spirit, are the two most detestable and most dangerous Animals that inhabit it. They are wrongheaded, captious, jealous, offended without reason, and offending with as little. The Man of Spirit has immediate recourse to his sword, and the woman of spirit to her tongue, and it is hard to say which of the two is the most mischievous weapon. It is too usuall a thing, in many companys, to take the tone of scandal and defamation; some gratify their malice, and others

think that they show their wit by it. But I hope that you will never adopt this tone. On the contrary, do you always take the favourable side of the question, and without an offensive and flat contradiction, seem to doubt, and represent the uncertainty of reports, where private malice is at least very apt to mingle itself. This candid and temperate behaviour will please the whole uncandid company, though a sort of gentle contradiction to their unfavourable insinuations; as it makes them hope that they may in their turns find an advocate in you. There is another kind of offensiveness often used in company, which is to throw out hints and insinuations, only applicable to and felt by one or two persons in the company, who are consequently both embarrassed and angry, and the more so, as they are the more unwilling to show that they apply these hints to themselves. Have a watch over yourself never to say anything that either the whole company, or any one person in it, can reasonably or probably take ill, and remember the French saying, *qu'il ne faut pas parler de corde, dans la maison d'un pendu.* Good nature universally charms, even all those who have none, and it is impossible to be *Aimable* without both the reality and the appearances of it.

Jan: 10th 1765.*

CXL.

Egotism and Vanity.

No. 12.

My Dear little Boy,

The *Egotism* is the usuall and favourite figure of most people's Rhetorick, which I hope you will never adopt; but on the contrary most scrupulously avoid. Nothing is more

* 1765 here is evidently a clerical error for 1766.

disagreable nor irksome to the company than to hear a Man either praising or condemning himself; for both proceed from the same motive, Vanity. I would allow no man to speak of himself, unless in a Court of Justice, in his own deffence, or as a Witness. Shall a man speak in his own praise, however justly? No. The Hero of his own little tale, always puzzles and disgusts the company, who do not know what to say nor how to look. Shall he blame himself? No. Vanity, is as much the motive of his self condemnation, as of his own panegyrick. I have known many people take shame to themselves, and with a modest contrition confess themselves guilty of most of the Cardinal virtues. They have such a weakness in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved, with the misfortunes and miserys of their fellow-creatures, which they feell; perhaps more but at least as much as they do their own. Their generosity they are sensible, is imprudence, for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak though irresistible beneficence of their nature. They are possibly too jealous of their honour, and too irascible whenever they think that it is touched, and this proceeds from their unhappy warm constitution which makes them too tender and sensible upon that point. And so on, of all the virtues possible. A poor trick, and a wretched instance of human vanity, that deffeats its own purpose. Do you be sure never to speak of yourself, for yourself, nor against yourself; but let your Character speak for you. Whatever that says, will be believed, but whatever you say of it, will not, and only make you odious or ridiculous. Be constantly upon your guard against the various snares and effects of vanity and self love. It is impossible to extinguish them, they are without exception in every human breast, and in the present state of nature it is very right that they should be so, but endeavour to keep them within due bounds, which is very possible. In this case Dissimulation is almost meritorious, and the seeming modesty of the Hero or of the Patriot adorns their other virtues; I use the word of *seeming*, for their Valets de Chambre know

better. Vanity is the more odious and shocking to every body, because every body without exception has Vanity; and two Vanitys can never love one another, any more than according to the Vulgar saying, two of a trade can. If you desire to please universally men and women, address yourself to their passions and weaknesses, gain their hearts, and then let their reason do its worst against you.

Jan: 14th 1766.

CXLI.

Systematic Attention.—The Sense of the Fitness of Things.

No. 13.

My Dear little Boy,

I have more than once recommended to you, in the course of our correspondence *Attention*, but I shall frequently recurr to that subject, which is as inexhaustible as it is important. Attend carefully in the first place to human nature in generall, which is pretty much the same in all human creatures, and varys chiefly by modes, habits, education and example. Analyse, and if I may use the expression, Anatomise it. Study your own, and that will lead you to know other people's. Carefully observe the words, the looks, and gestures of the whole company you are in, and retain all their little singularitys, humours, tastes, antipathys and affections; which will enable you to please or avoid them occasionally as your judgment may direct you. I will give you the most trifling instance of this that can be imagined, and yet will be sure to please. If you invite any body to dinner, you

should take care to provide those things which you have observed them to like more particularly, and not to have those things which you know they have an antipathy to. These trifling things go a great way in the art of pleasing, and the more so from being so trifling, that they are flattering proofs of your regard for the persons, even to *minucies.* These things are what the French call *des attentions*, which (to do them justice) they study and practise more than any people in Europe. Attend to and look at whoever speaks to you, and never seem *distrait* or *rêveur*, as if you did not hear them at all, for nothing is more contemptuous, and consequently more shocking. It is true, you will by these means often be obliged to attend to things not worth any body's attention, but it is a necessary sacrifice to be made to good manners in Society. A minute attention is also necessary to time, place, and Characters. A *Bon mot* in one company, is not so in another, but on the contrary may prove offensive. Never joke with those whom you observe to be at that time pensive and grave; and on the other hand do not preach and moralize in a company full of mirth and gayety. Many people come into company, full of what they intend to say in it themselves, without the least regard to others, and thus charged up to the muzzle, are resolved to let it off at any rate. I knew a Man, who had a story about a Gun, which he thought a good one and that he told it very well; he tryed all means in the world to turn the conversation upon Guns, but if he failed in his attempt, he started in his chair, and said he heared a Gun fired, but when the company assured him that they heared no such thing, he answered, perhaps then I was mistaken, but however, since we are talking of Guns,—and then told his story, to the great indignation of the company. Become, as far as with innocence and honour you can, all things to all Men, and you will gain a great many. Have *des prevenances* to, and say or do, what you judge beforehand will be most agreable to them without their hinting at or expecting it. It would be endless to

specify, the numberless opportunitys that every man has of pleasing if he will but make use of them. Your own good sense will suggest them to you, and your good nature, and even your interest will induce you to practise them. Great attention is to be had to times and seasons, for example at meals, talk often but never long at a time; for the frivolous bustle of the servants, and often the more frivolous conversation of the Guests, which chiefly turns upon kitchen-stuff and cellar-stuff, will not bear any long reasonings or relations. Meals are and were always reckoned the moments of relaxation of the mind, and sacred to easy mirth, and social cheerfullness. Conform to this custom, and furnish your quota of good humour, but be not induced by example, to the frequent excess of gluttony or intemperance. The former inevitably produces dullness, the latter, madness. Observe the a *propos* in every thing you say or do. In conversing with those who are much your superiors, however easy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, preserve the respect that is due to them. Converse with your equals, with an easy familiarity and at the same time with great civility and decency. But too much familiarity, according to the old saying, often breeds contempt, and sometimes quarrels; and I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour than to fix due bounds to familiarity; too little implys an unsociable formality, too much destroys all friendly and social intercourse. The best rule I can give you to manage familiarity, is never to be more familiar with any body, than you would be willing, and even glad that he should be with you; on the other hand avoid that uncomfortable reserve and coldness, which is generally the shield of cunning, or the protection of dullness. The Italian maxim is a wise one, *Volto schiolto e pensieri stretti*; that is, let your countenance be open, and your thoughts be close. To your inferiors, you should use a hearty benevolence in your words and actions, instead of a refined Politeness, which would be apt to make them suspect that you rather laughed at them. For example,

you must show civility to a mere Country Gentleman in a very different manner from what you do to a Man of the world. Your reception of him should seem hearty, and rather coarse, to relieve him from the embarrasment of his own *mauvaise honte.* Have attention even in company of fools, for though they are fools, they may perhaps drop, or repeat something worth your knowing, and which you may profit by. Never talk your best in the company of foolls, for they would not understand you, and would perhaps suspect that you jeered them, as they commonly call it, but talk only the plainest common-sense to them, and very gravely, for there is no jesting, nor *badinage* with them. Upon the whole, with Attention, and *les Attentions,* you will be sure to please, without them you will be as sure to offend.

Jan : *y*^e^ 21st, 1766.

CXLII.

Affectations of Mind and Body.—Judgment and Decorum.—Elegance of Language in Conversation.

No. 14.

My Dear little Boy,

Carefully avoid all affectation either of mind or body. It is a very true and a very trite observation that no Man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No Man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel; and I have known many a man of common sense pass generally for a fool, because he affected a degree of wit that God had denyed him. A Ploughman is by no means awkward in the exercise of his trade, but would be exceed-

ingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a Man of Fashion. You learned to dance but it was not for the sake of dancing, but it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in your youth by bad examples and awkward imitations of other boys. Nature may be cultivated and improved both as to the body and as to the mind, but it is not to be extinguished by art, and all endeavours of that kind are absurd, and an inexhaustible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind must be at ease, to be agreable; but Affectation is a perpetual constraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage, or pleasing in his conversation. Do you think that your motions would be easy or gracefull if you wore the cloaths of another Man much slenderer or taller than yourself? Certainly not; It is the same thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fitt you, and that nature never intended for you. But here do not mistake, and think that it follows from hence that you should exhibit your whole character to the Publick because it is your natural one. No. Many things must be suppressed, and many occasionally concealed in the best character. Never force Nature, but it is by no means necessary to show it all. Here discretion must come to your assistance, that sure and safe Guide through life; discretion that necessary companion to reason, and the usefull *Garde-fou*, if I may use that expression, to wit and imagination. Discretion points out the *A propos*, the *Decorum*, the *Ne quid Nimis*, and will carry a Man of moderate parts farther, than the most shining parts would without it. It is another word for *Judgement* though not quite synonymous to it. Judgement is not upon all occasions required, but discretion always is. Never affect nor assume a particular character, for it will never fitt you but will probably give you a ridicule; but leave it to your conduct, your virtues, your morals and your manners, to give you one. Discretion will teach you to have particular attention to your *Mœurs* which we have no one word in our language to express exactly.

Morals, are too much, Manners too little, Decency comes the nearest to it, though rather short of it. Cicero's word *Decorum* is properly the thing, and I see no reason why that expressive word, should not be adopted, and naturalised in our language, I have never scrupled using it in that sense. *A propos* of words, study your own language more carefully than most English people do. Get a habit of speaking it with propriety and elegancy. For there are few things more disagreable than to hear a Gentleman talk the barbarisms, the solecisms, and the Vulgarisms of Porters. Avoid on the other hand, a stiff and formal accuracy, especially what the women call *hard words*, when plain ones as expressive are at hand. The French make it a study to *bien narrer*, and to say the truth they are apt to *narrer trop*, and with too affected an elegancy. The three commonest topicks of conversation are Religion, Politicks and News. All people think that they understand the two first perfectly, though they never studied either, and are therefore very apt to talk of them both, dogmatically and ignorantly, consequently with warmth. But Religion is by no means a proper subject for conversation in a mixed company. It should only be treated among a very few people of learning, for mutuall instruction. It is too awfull and respectable a subject to become a familiar one. Therefore, never mingle yourself in it, any farther than to express a universal toleration and indulgence to all errors in it, if conscientiously entertained; for every Man has as good a right to think as he does, as you have to think as you do, nay in truth he cannot help it. As for Politicks, they are still more universally understood, and as every one thinks his private interest more or less concerned in them, no body hesitates to pronounce decisively upon them, not even the Ladys; the copiousness of whose eloquence is more to be admired upon that subject, than the conclusiveness of their logick. It will be impossible for you to avoid engaging in these conversations, for there are hardly any others, but take care to do it very coolly and with great good humour; and

whenever you find that the company begins to be heated and noisy for the good of their country, be only a patient hearer, unless you can interpose by some agreable *badinage* and restore good humour to the company. And here I cannot help observing to you that nothing is more usefull either to put off or to parry disagreable and puzzling affairs, than a good humoured and genteel *badinage*. I have found it so by long experience, but this *badinage* must not be carried to *mauvaise plaisanterie*. It must be light, without being frivolous, sensible without being in the least sententious, and in short have that pleasing *Je ne sçay quoy*, which every body feels, and nobody can describe.

P.S.—I shall now suspend for a time the course of these letters, but as the subject is inexhaustible, I shall occasionally resume it, in the mean time believe and remember, that a man who does not generally please is nobody, and that constant endeavours to please, will infallibly please, to a certain degree, at least.

CXLIII.

The "Shining Thoughts" of Ancient and Modern Authors. Waller.

Wednesday Evening [May, 1766].

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY

I will cram you full of the most shining thoughts both of the Antients and the Moderns, in hopes that they will be (according to the Vulgar saying) all your own another day. Cicero has a great many of them, and particularly this, where he says to Caesar *tu qui oblivisci nihil soles nisi injurias*,* You

* Cic. pro Ligario, 35.

forget nothing but injurys. Christianity and morality both instruct us to forgive injurys, but to forget them shows a still more generous and nobler turn of mind. Why should not you be a young Caesar? You have I dare say, a better heart than he had, though it must be owned that for a Conqueror, he had great clemency in his nature. Now for some English, or, as the Pedants call it, some *Vernacular*, by which they mean one's common native language. Waller had made a Song, which a fine woman sung most incomparably to him, upon which he sent her the following verses.

Chloris yourself, you so excell,
  When you vouchsafe to breath my thought,
That like a Spirit with this spell,
  Of my own teaching I am caught.
That Eagle's fate and mine are one,
  Who on the shaft that made him dye,
Espyed a feather of his own,
  With which he used to soar so high.

Mind the simile of the Eagle, it is very just and very sublime. A sublime thought means a great and noble thought, in opposition to a vulgar, and obvious one. It should also be short, as is this sublime thought in Genesis, And God said, let there be light, and there was light.

CXLIV.

Silence and Envy.

Wednesday.

My Dear little Boy

Ovid has very many (perhaps too many) Epigrammatical turns, scattered through his works. For instance to show that old women love exceedingly to talk, he represents

one, who, though sacrificing to Tacita the Goddess of Silence, could hardly hold her tongue *

> Ecce Anus in Mediis residens annosa puellis,
> Sacra facit Tacitae ; vix tamen ipsa tacet.

In another place speaking of Envy whom he personifys he says,

> Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia Nil Lachrymabile Cernit.

She had looked all around her and lamented because she saw nothing lamentable. It is the nature of envy, to grieve at other people's happyness, and to find a pleasure in knowing of their distresses and misfortunes. It is a mean, base, and tormenting passion, to which I dare say your little heart is an utter stranger, and I hope always will be. A proof that it is the vilest, and the basest of all passions, is that no man ever yet owned having any, though he had ever so much in reality. People will often confess the most heinous crimes, and even glory in some, but no one man ever yet confessed himself to be envious.

CXLV.

An Epigram on Raphael and its Story.

My Dear little Boy.

I know that you love variety, and therefore I now send you an Epitaph instead of an Epigram, but it is so epigrammatical an Epitaph, that it may in a manner pass for an Epigram. It is an Epitaph of Raphael made by Cardinal Bembo.

> Hic situs est Raphael, timuit quo Sospite vinci
> Rerum magna Parens, et Moriente Mori.

* Ov. Fast. ii. 571.

Now for the story. You must know that Raphael was the greatest Painter that ever lived, since Zeuxis, Appelles, and the other great painters of Greece, who lived above two thousand years ago. He died in the year 1520, at the age of thirty-seven, when Cardinal Bembo celebrated his superior skill in his profession by the above mentioned Epitaph, which says, that while he lived, he excelled so much in copying Nature, that Nature was affraid of being herself excelled by him, and that when he died, she was affraid of dying with him, because nobody remained to do her Justice. If you would retain these little Latin compositions which I shall send you from time to time, write them in your paper book, which will imprint them more strongly in your little memory. I used to do so when I was of your age.

Tuesday.

To Master Stanhope.

CXLVI.

The Pleasure and Profit of Reading.

MON CHER PETIT ETOURDI,

Je vous appelle etourdi par habitude seulement, car je me flatte que vous ne l'étes plus, et aussi a l'age que vous avez, il vous sieroit fort mal de l'étre. Une dissipation frivole sent l'enfance, mais les gens raisonnables font ce qu'ils font de bon cœur, et avec attention. Le Docteur Dodd dit que vous serez toujours étourdi, et inappliqué, mais je ne veux pas l'en croire; detrompez le donc par vos soins et par votre attention, et obligez le d'avouer qu'il n'a jamais eu un écolier si diligent et appliqué que vous. Cela depend absolument de vous. En ce cas, en verité je vous aimerois trop.

Que faittes vous par exemple a vos heures perdues chez

vous? Prenez vous quelque bon livre, pour vous amuser ou pour vous instruire? On profite infiniment de cette lecture volontaire, parce qu'on s'y met avec goût. Vous avez de jolis livres, tant en Anglois qu'en François. Vous avez les Comedies de Moliere, qui valent bien touttes les autres comedies du monde, sans en excepter même celles de Terence. Vous avez le Roman Comique, qui est divertissant au possible. Enfin faittes toujours quelque chose, ou pour vous instruire, ou pour vous procurer quelque plaisir raisonnable, mais ne faittes jamais *des riens*. Ne prodiguez pas votre tems, car tout jeune que vous étes vous n'en aurez pas trop.

Plus inconstant que l'onde et les nuages,
Le tems s'envole, il en faut profiter.
Malgré la pente volage,
Qui l'oblige de nous quitter;
En faire usage
C'est l'arrétér.
Goutons mille douceurs, et si la vie n'est qu'un passage
Sur ce passage au moins sémons des fleurs.

Adieu mon cher enfant.
Mardi.

CXLVII.

The Story of Dido and Aeneas.

Wednesday.

My Dear little Boy.

I send you now an Epigram upon a Lady, whom at present, I believe you are not much acquainted with, but who will have the honor to be well known to you when you read Virgil. It is no less a person than Queen Dido who founded the famous city of Carthage. Her Majesty was very unfortunate in love, for when her first husband Sicheus died she

was obliged to leave her own kingdom, and take refuge upon the Coast of Africa where she founded the famous city of Carthage, which afterwards gave the Romans so much trouble to destroy. She had not quite completed her plan when unluckily for her, Æneas, a Prince of Troy, was drove by stress of weather into Carthage. She received him kindly, fell desperately in love, and had a very suspicious *tête a tête* with him soon after which he left her a little abruptly and sailed to Italy, where his posterity founded Rome. For grief of being thus forsaken, she burned herself. Her sad story gave occasion to the following Epigram.

Infelix Dido, nulli bene Nupta Marito,
Hoc pereunte fugis; hoc fugiente peris.

This is very closely and very prettily translated into French

Pauvre Didon où t'a reduitte
De tes maris le triste sort?
L'un en mourant cause ta fuitte
L'autre en fuyant cause ta mort.

CXLVIII.

An Epigram of Martial.—The Value of Memory.

My Dear little Boy

If you will exert your attention, I will take care to exercise your memory, so here goes another Epigram of Martial.*

Quid mihi reddat ager quaeris, Line, Nomentanus;
Hoc mihi reddit Ager; te, Line, non video.

You ask me Linus what my Nomentan Farm brings me in; it brings me in good profit, in my opinion, for I never see you there Linus.

* Mart. ii. 38.

Get this Epigram by heart for our next meeting, and from time to time recapitulate in your own mind what other verses, whether English or Latin, you have got by heart; for you must absolutely have a good memory, there is no going through the world without it. There is a vulgar saying, that Wits have short memorys, which is false; but the contrary is very true, that fools have no memorys at all.

Tuesday.

CXLIX.

The "Shining Thoughts" of Ancient and Modern Authors.

Wednesday.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY.

I am desirous to stock your little store-house, that is your memory, with the most shining thoughts of both the Antients and the Moderns, which if correctly retained and happily applyed, often stand in the stead of wit, and are very pleasing in company. I shall therefore continue to send you the brightest thoughts that I can collect from ancient and modern, from Latin, French, and English Authors, both in verse and prose. Take one Epigram more from Martial*.

Difficilis, Facilis, Jucundus, Acerbus es idem;
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

There are too many people of this variable and capricious character; sometimes extremely easy and good humoured, and sometimes sullen, sour, and froward. You will observe that this character is upon the whole a very disagreable one.

* Mart. lib. xii. ep. 47.

An even, good humoured, chearfull turn is the true turn for the world, and will please all mankind.

Now for some English poetry. Waller, who was our first genteel pretty poet, wrote the following verses upon a Lady's girdle which he took up in her dressing-room,

> That which her slender waiste confined,
> Shall now my joyfull temples bind;
> No Monarch, but would give his Crown,
> His arms might do what this has done.
> A narrow compass, and yet there,
> Dwells all that's lovely, all that's fair.
> Give me but what this ribbond bound,
> Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Observe here a great error in Astronomy, but it was the error of those times; for the Sun does not *go round* but it is the Earth that turns.

As upon the whole you are a very good Boy, I will send for you to dine with me next Sunday at one o'clock, if Dr. Dodd approves of it.

God bless you, and make you in time what I wish you.

CL.

An Epigram by Martial.

Wednesday morning.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY.

Here is some more exercise for your memory, which I would fain have as good as your stomach, that I never knew fail you.

> Vis te Sexte Coli: Volebam amare;
> Parendum est tibi; quod jubes coleris;
> Sed si te Sexte colo, non amabo.*

* Mart. Epig. ii. 55. But the last line ought to have been, "Sed si te colo, Sexte, non amabo."

This Sextus seems to have been a very proud fellow, and to have insisted upon being greatly respected, Martial therefore tells him very truly, that he will respect him since he requires it, but that then he cannot possibly love him. No body loves a proud man; he puts himself out of the reach of love, which requires a certain degree of proximity and equality.

Here enclosed is a letter from your Father, by which you will find how much he expects from you now that you are under the care of Dr Dodd. You will not, I hope disappoint him. God bless you.

CLI.

The Republic of Rome.—Le Cid et les Fables de La Fontaine.

MON CHER PETIT DRÔLE

Parlons Français presentement, car c'est une langue que vous devez parler non seulement correctement, mais meme élegamment. Elle est presque la langue universelle de l'Europe, et en la possedant parfaittement vous serez pour ainsi dire de tous les païs, comme en sachant l'Histoire a fond vous serez de tous les siecles. On parle plus ou moins Histoire dans touttes les bonnes compagnies, et il n'est pas permis a un honnête homme de l'ignorer. Appliquez vous donc soigneusement aux leçons de Monsieur Rustan, et servez vous de votre heureuse memoire pour les retenir. Il appuyera sans doute sur les grandes epoques, et vous fera remarquer particulierement les progres et la ruine des quatres grands Empires; et je vous conseille d'écrire deux ou trois mots sur chacun dans ce livre inestimable ou vous mettez vos remarques judicieuses. Comme par exemple, la Repub-

lique Romaine fut fondée par Romulus telle année avant l'Ere vulgaire, c'est a dire, avant la naissance de Jesus Christ, elle parvint au faîte de sa grandeur sous Auguste Caesar, et bientôt fut ruinée sous les Empereurs ses successeurs, dont la plus part etoient des Monstres qui deshonoroient l'humanité. Comme je sçais bien que *Varieté est votre devise*, Je vous envoye Le Cid, piece célébre du Grand Corneille, dont vous prierez Monsieur Rustan de vous faire lire une scene ou deux pour varier la matiere apres vos occupations plus serieuses. Il vous apprendra aussi a la lire comme il faut. Vous avez chez vous je crois les Fables de La Fontaine qui vous seront une delassement tres agreable et en même tems tres utile. La morale en est excellente, remarquez la. Au reste ne gâtez pas mon livre, et renvoyez le moy quand vous aurez fini le Cid; et je vous enverray le second volume qui contient Cinna, piece a laquelle bien des gens donnent la preference, meme sur le Cid. Adieu mon petit gaillard, je t'embrasse.

Lundi matin.

CLII.

Epigram on Vespillo, a Corpse-bearer.

My Dear little Boy.

I send you here a short Epigram of Martial, and shall from time to time send you others, both to whet your parts and exercise your memory, which must be kept in exercise, or it will grow useless and torpid like your limbs if you did not use them.

> Nuper erat Medicus, nunc est Vespillo Diaulus,
> Quod Vespillo facit, fecerat et Medicus.*

* Mart. Epig. i. 48.

Vespillo is a Corps-bearer, and this is the sting of the Epigram, that Diaulus had made no great change in his profession, because that as a Physician he had sent as many to their graves, as he now carried there. Get this Epigram by heart, for the next time we meet, which shall be tomorrow at dinner, if you can get Dr. Dodd's leave, and in that case, I will send my Coach or Chair for you about two o'clock.

Friday.

CLIII.

The Merits of Philip Stanhope's Sister.—Bishop Atterbury's Epigram upon a Fan.

BLACKHEATH, *Thursday* [1766].

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY.

I send you here inclosed two Letters, the one from your Father, the other from your Sister. You will see by the former what your Father expects, and by the latter what your Sister already performs. However I will tell you a secret which for your own sake I am sure you will not disclose. It is that I love you so well that I cannot love that little girl, because I plainly see that she will bring you to shame. Consider, a little girl, always bred in the country, and consequently could have no good Masters, who speaks French perfectly, writes finely, and knows a great deal of History, consider, I say with yourself that people will be very apt to make comparisons between you, and then ask yourself seriously, on whose side the advantage will be? And all this she has learned singly, by application and attention. Were I you, I would outdo her in both, or I would change cloaths with her, for ignorance is only pardonable in pettycoats. I have got you the letter case, and the Roman

Comique which you ordered me to provide for you the next time we met, for I dare not disobey you. Do you from time to time look over the English, French, and Latin verses you have learned by heart, or do you let them slip out of your memory as easily as they slipped into it, and perhaps more so? One may justly say of Memory, what the ordinary people say of legs, *Have legs and use legs. Have Memory and use Memory*, for it is certain that the best Memory in the world will be lost if not used. To keep yours in breath I send you now a pretty copy of Verses upon a Fan, written by Atterbury late Bishop of Rochester; it is Epigrammaticall as you will find by the two last lines.

Flavia the least and slightest Toy,
Can with resistless Art employ.
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An Engine of small force in Love;
But she with gracefull air and mien,
Not to be told nor safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
It wounds us more than Cupid's bow,
Gives coollness to the matchless Dame,
To every other Breast a Flame.

Observe that the opposition of *coollness* and *flame*, makes what is called both in Latin and Greek an *Antithesis*. All contrarys when set in opposition to each other, as great and small, black and white, heat and cold, etc., are so many Antitheses. You have I dare say, made many Antitheses without knowing them, as Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme was informed that he spoke Prose without knowing it. God bless thee.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr. Dodd's House at Westham in Essex.
By Penny Post.

CLIV.

Porsenna and Mutius Scaevola.

May ye 13th Tuesday [1766].

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

As you are a great lover of variety, I endeavour to hit your taste as well as I can by diversifying the subjects of my letters. Here then comes Martial again, whom we have left for some time. Porsenna, King of Etruria (now Tuscany) was at war with the Romans and a dangerous enemy. Mutius Scaevola, a young Roman, found means to get unobserved into the Tent of Porsenna, with an intent to stab him, but mistook and killed one of his courtiers instead of him; enraged at this disappointment, he held with intrepidity his hand in the fire that had by mistake defeated his purpose. Porsenna admiring this firmness of Mutius, generously sent him back unpunished to the Roman Camp. Mutius's intention of assassination was base, but his intrepid burning his hand, showed great resolution, and has immortalized him. Martial made the following Epigram upon it, which you will often hear quoted.*

> Major deceptae fama est et gloria dextrae;
> Si non errasset, fecerat illa minus.

That is he would not have been so famous, had he not mistaken, and punished himself for his mistake.

Que faittes vous avec Monsieur Ghirardi? Vous contrefait il toujours, et vous en fachez vous toujours? Mais sachez que c'est l'unique moyen de vous corriger, de ces mouvemens gauches, et de ces attitudes genées, que vous avez pris, Dieu scait ou. Il est absolument necessaire, qu'un Jeune homme de condition aye bon air, et les mouvemens agreables.

Adieu.

* Epig i. 22.

CLV.

Two Epigrams on a Miser.—Vauxhall and Ranelagh.

Vendredi 23 *Mai* [1766].

MON CHER PETIT GARÇON,

Revenons a notre François, car aussi bien il ne faut pas l'oublier; c'est une langue universélle a present, qu'il faut necessairement parler et écrire correctement, et même avec élégance. Je vous envoye donc une jolie Epigramme Françoise sur un Avare.

Que votre sort est malheureux
Avec Cent mille ecus de rente!
Eh quoi! pour en amasser deux,
A peine en depensez vous trente,
Mais vous aurez de quoy vivre apres votre mort:
J'en demeure d'accord.

C'est une Satyre fort juste sur les avares, qui se refusent pendant leurs vies le necessaire, pour mourir riches.

En voicy une autre sur le meme sujet, qui est aussi drôle.

Dorilas quand la nuit nous rend l'obscurité,
En paroit toujours attristé:
Mais ce n'est pas a cause d'elle,
C'est parceque le jour epargne la Chandelle.

Retenez ces jolies petites choses que Je vous envoye de tems en tems, tant en Latin qu'en François et en Anglois, elles sont bonnes a citer a propos, et donnent de l'enjouement a la conversation. Avez vous la conscience bien nette? J'espere que oui; car de tous les reproches, ceux de la conscience sont les plus cruels, parce que c'est par notre propre faute.

Quand vous irez a Vaux Hall, souvenez vous de regaler toutte votre compagnie, et offrez les de les regaler quelque

soir au Jardin de Ranelagh.* Le Docteur a deja payé pour vous à trois ou quatre comedies, et il ne faut jamais être en reste de politesse. Adieu mon petit Drôle Je t'aime.

CLVI.

Epitaph on a Wife, and Epigram on a Beautiful Mother and Child.

BLACKHEATH, *Mercredi* 4 *Juin* [1766].

MON CHER PETIT DRÔLE,

Ne négligeons pas le François, qu'il faut que vous sachiez parler et écrire corréctement et avec Elégance. Un honnête homme doit scavoir l'Anglois et le François également bien, l'Anglois parceque c'est votre propre langue, et que ce seroit honteux d'en ignorer même les minucies, et le François parceque c'est en quelque façon la langue universelle. Voicy donc un Epitaphe que fit un homme sur la mort de sa femme qui lui etoit fort incommode, et dont il etoit fort las.

Cy git ma femme, Ah ! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos, et pour le mien.

Voicy une jolie Epigramme faitte par le célébre Cardinal du Perron, sur une belle Dame, qui avoit un Enfant d'une beauté égale a la sienne, mais ils etoient tous deux borgnes.

Parve puer, quod habes lumen concede parenti;
Sic tu caecus Amor, Sic erit illa Venus.

* Horace Walpole writes in 1744 that Lord Chesterfield says he was so fond of Ranelagh that he had ordered all his letters to be directed there. H. Walpole's Letters, i. 309.

Thus translated into French.

Aimable enfant, croi moy, fais present a ta Mere
De cet œil qui te reste, et te privant du jour;
Tu nous retraceras l'aveugle Dieu d'amour,
Elle sera Venus, Deesse de Cithere.

Mon intention en vous envoyant touttes ces jolies bagatelles est de nourrir votre Esprit, et d'aiguiser votre Imagination; quand vous les lisez, songez en vous même a ce que vous auriez dit naturellement sur les memes sujets, et comparez vos Idees avec celles des autres. Cela vous apprendra a penser. Adieu pour ce coup.

J'espere que vous avez encore la conscience nette vis a vis du Docteur Dodd, et même vis a vis de Mr. Ghirardi.

CLVII.

After a Journey to Cambridge.—The Three Capitals of the World.—The Bearing of a Gentleman.

July [1766].

My Dear little Boy,

I congratulate you upon your safe arrival to Town after so long and dangerous a Journey. After all, London is the place for the residence of a Gentleman. St. Evremont a French writer of some merit, says that *un honnête homme* doit vivre et mourir dans une Capitale, et qu'il n'y a que trois capitales au monde qui sont Londres, Paris et Rome. I know you are impatient to have your bureau and book case in your new apartment; but be easy, for you shall certainly have them as soon as I come to stay in Town, or perhaps sooner. You know I promised you them, and I think, and I hope you do, that any man who does not perform what he has promised, is infamous. I will send to the two Masters

you mention to attend you again, the Writing Master till Christmas only, for you write tolerably well, only I do not like your *i i*, and the common *r r* are much better. As for your friend Mr. Gerrardi, you must certainly have him, though he should take the liberty of mocking you, for you walk very ill, and not like a Gentleman, but rather like your old acquaintance the Miller of Mansfield; and I am affraid that people may give you that name if you do not walk better, and hold yourself upright, with a good air. Even your friend Mrs. Dodd is forced to own that you have what she calls a slouching walk. A Gentleman's air in walking, sitting and standing, is one of those important little things which must be carefully attended to, for little things only please little minds, and the majority of little minds is very great. We will contrive to meet before it be very long. God bless my Boy.

Monday.

CLVIII.

After the Visit to Cambridge.

BLACKHEATH, *Saturday* [*July* 1766].

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY.

You have lately in your travels, seen so many persons, places, and things, that you put me in mind of that great Man mentioned by Homer, and afterwards by Horace, ***qui mores multorum hominum* vidit et Urbes***; for you have not only seen Cambridge, but also Clare Hall and Hockrel.† There is an Anticlimax for you, and if you do not know what an anticlimax is, Dr. Dodd, I believe, upon application to

* Really 'mores hominum multorum, etc.'

† Now known as Hockeril, a suburb of Bishop's Stortford, which lies on the road to Cambridge.

him will probably tell you. Do you know too, that you are a relation of the University of Cambridge, for she was my *Alma Mater*, and consequently must be akin to you. Your letter which I received three days ago, I will swear, was all your own, for it had all those Elegant inaccuracys *quas incuria fudit*; But I do not wonder at it, and I believe your mind will not be resettled till next week at soonest; as these therefore are not your *Mollia tempora fandi*, I will say no more but God bless you.

To Master Stanhope

CLIX.

Strict Honour the Characteristic of a Gentleman.— The Story of Fair Rosamond.

BLACKHEATH *July* 15th 1766.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

I think it a great while, as I hope and believe you do, since we met; We are near neighbours in a straight line, but there is a horrid Gulph between us, no less than the River Thames, that hinders our frequent interviews. I would not have you come here but on a fine calm day, for Eolus has been very busy of late; but when Dr Dodd and you find leisure, and good weather, I shall be very glad to see you both, Thursday next excepted. In the mean time, without personal examination of you, or inquiry from Dr Dodd, I will trust to your honour which you gave me, that you would behave and learn well in this interval. You know how essential strict honour is to the character of a Gentleman, as well as to the quiet of his mind, and I am persuaded that you will never forfeit it; but if upon any occasion you ever should, you will be the unhappiest Man in the world.

I have sent you from time to time a great many good verses, and as I know that you are a great lover of variety, I send you now a couple of very bad ones, by which you will see the ignorance and bad taste of those times, when they Rhymed their Latin verses, or, at least contrived to make them jingle. You must know then (for most idle stories begin so) that Henry the Second, King of England, who by the way conquered Ireland, had a Mistress who was called fair Rosamond, and whom he was exceedingly fond of; but unfortunately his Queen Eleanor was as jealous of her, and formed designs against her life. The King, on his part, to preserve his Mistress from the jealous rage of his Queen, concealed her in a Bower which he had made at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, the approaches to which were so intricate, that he thought that the Queen could never find the way to it. But he was mistaken, for fair Rosamond was murthered there. And this jingling quibbling epitaph was made upon her:

Hic jacet *Rosmunda*, quae fuit *Rosamundi*;
Non redolet sed *Olet*, quae *redolere* solet.*

Such was the barbarous taste of those times, and it prevailed from the subversion of the Roman Empire, till within these three or four last Centurys, till good learning and good taste were revived. God bless my little Boy.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr. Dodd's house at Westham in Essex.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

* The lines really ran thus—

Hic jacet in tumba Rosa Mundi, non Rosa Munda;
Non redolet sed olet, quae redolere solet.

This first line as given by Lord Chesterfield is a curious illustration of his ignorance of Latin quantity.

CLX.

The Qualifications of a Secretary of State.—Le Cid.

a BLACKHEATH, 20 *d'Aoust* [1766].

MON CHER PETIT GARÇON,

Revenons a notre François qu'il faut sçavoir en perfection, si vous voulez un jour être Secretaire d'Etat, comme vous dites que vous voulez l'être. Touttes les affaires publiques de l'Europe se traittent en François et ce vous seroit un grand desavantage de négocier dans une langue que vous n'entendriez pas à fond, et dont vous ne sçauriez pas touttes les finesses. Vous me demanderez peut-être, le moyen d'être Secretaire d'Etat. Je vous répondray qu'il ne tient qu'a vous de l'être, si vous avez une louable ambition. Coment l'ay'je été moy? Par l'attention et le travail. Et vous qui devez être moy un jour, pourquoy ne le seriez vous pas. Il faut du sçavoir, il faut écrire, et parler bien en publicq, et tout cela depend de vous, si vous le voulez. Pensez seulement comme le Cid, qui repond a un homme qui lui avoit reproche sa jeunesse.

> Je suis Jeune, il est vray, mais aux âmes bien nées,
> La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années;
> Mes pareils a deux fois ne se font pas connoitre,
> Et veulent pour coups d'essais avoir des coups de Maitre.

Mais qui est ce Cid? Je vous le diray. C'est le Heros d'une des plus belles tragedies de Corneille où il s'appelle Roderigue. Il est amoureux de Chimene, qui en est l'heroine. Don Diegue son Pere a une querelle avec Don Gormas le Pere de Chimene. Don Gormas donne un souflet a Diegue, qui est trop vieux et trop cassé pour se battre, mais il dit a son fils Roderigue de le vengér de cet affront, en donnant un deffy a Don Gormas; ils se battent et Roderigue tue Don Gormas. Que fera donc Chimene? Son amant a tué son

Pere; quel combat entre l'amour d'un coté, et le devoir de l'autre! Elle dit dans son desespoir:

> Pleurez, mes yeux, pleurez, et fondez vous en eau,
> Une moitié de ma vie a mis l'autre au Tombeau;
> Et il me faut immoler dans mon destin funeste,
> A celle que Je n'ay plus, celle qui me reste.

En attendant la decision de Chimene, Roderigue va a la guerre et bat les Maures qui etoient alors en Espagne, et fait tant de beaux exploits que le Roy lui même lui donne le titre du Cid, et lui promet de s'interresser aupres de Chimene, pour qu'elle l'epouse. Toutte la piéce est tres belle et tres intérréssante; Je vous la donneray quand nous serons en ville, en attendant rejouissez vous. Adieu.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's House at Westham in Essex.
Penny Post.

CLXI.

The Qualifications of a Secretary of State. Every Man the Architect of his own Fortune.

BLACKHEATH, 26th *Augst* 1766

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY.

Your French letter was a very good one, considering how long you have been disused to write in that language. There are indeed some few faults in it, which I will show you when we meet next, for I keep your letter by me for that purpose. One cannot correct one's faults without knowing them, and I always looked upon those who told me of mine, as friends, instead of being displeased, or angry, as people in general are too apt to be. You say that I laugh at you when

I tell you that you may very probably in time be Secretary of State. No, I am very serious in saying that you may if you please, if you take the proper methods to be so. Writing well, and speaking well in publick are the necessary qualifications for it, and they are very easily acquired by attention and application. In all events, aim at it, and if you do not get it, let it be said of you what was said of Phaethon, *Magnis tamen excidit Ausis.*

Every man of a generous noble spirit, desires first to please, and then to shine; *Facere digna scribi vel scribere digna Legi.* Fools and indolent people lay all their disappointments to the charge of their ill-fortune, but there is no such thing as good or ill-fortune. Every Man makes his own fortune in proportion to his merit. An ancient author whom you are not yet, but will in time, be acquainted with, says very justly—*Nullum Numen abest si sit prudentia, Nos te fortuna Deam facimus cœloque Locamus.* Prudence there means those qualifications and that conduct, that will command fortune. Let that be your motto, and have it always in your mind. I was sure that you would soon come to like your voluntary study, and I will appeal to yourself, could you employ that hour more agreably? And is it not better, than what thoughtless Boys of your age commonly call play, which is running about, without any object or design, and only *pour tuér le tems*? *Faire des riens*, is the most miserable abuse and loss of time, that can possibly be imagined. You must know, that I have in the main a great opinion of you; therefore take great care and pains not to forfeit it. And so, God bless you. *Non progredi est regredi.*

To Master Stanhope

at Dr Dodd's House at Westham Essex.

Penny Post.

CLXII.

Observation of Character.—Knowledge of the World.

a BLACKHEATH 1 *Septbre* 1766.

MON CHER PETIT DROLE

Eh! bien, comment vous plaisent Ragotin et Madame de Bovitton dans le Roman Comique? Ragotin c'est un petit bout d'homme sans merite, et qui pourtant s'en croit beaucoup. Il est colere et orgueilleux; deux des plus ridicules deffauts du monde. Il est fait pour s'attirer des disgraces, il est ce qu'un Autheur Ancien appelle *Opportunus injuriis*; il y invite Madame de Bovitton est une vilaine bête, qui voudroit bien être aimée en depit de la nature et de l'age. Vous trouverez beaucoup de ces caracteres dans le cours du monde; c'est pourquoy Je voudrois que vous commençassiez de bonne heure a observer les caracteres des gens que vous voyez. Cela vous sera tres utile dans l'usage du monde. Vous me demanderez peut-etre ce que c'est que l'usage du monde. C'est d'avoir frequenté differentes compagnies, surtout les bonnes, et avoir fait vos reflexions la dessus. On ne peut pas etre veritablement poli, sans un grand usage du monde; et cet usage chez bien des gens tient quelque façon lieu d'esprit. Il polit l'esprit, le langage, et les manieres. C'est l'alliance de la sincérité et de la politesse. Au moyen de cette alliance, la sincérité est sans dureté et sans imprudence, et la politesse sans fadeur et sans flatterie. Il faut vous rendre justice; vous étes passablement poli, et vous aimez a plaire; l'usage du monde vous en apprendra les moyens. Je reçois dans ce moment la cy-jointe lettre de votre Pere, que je vous envoye. Vous m'avouerez qu'il vous flatte beaucoup, mais c'est pour vous encourager a meriter a l'avenir, ce qu'il vous dit de trop a present. J'ay aussi eu une lettre de lui qui n'etoit remplie que des eloges de la petite campagnarde votre

sœur. Si ce qu'il en dit est vray, la campagnarde est un prodige de scavoir et d'attention, mais avec tout cela je ne l'aimeray pas si elle vous surpasse, et elle y travaille de toutte sa force. Je vous envoye la lettre meme. Prenez Garde a vous, car il y a du danger. Adieu mon cher.

CLXIII.

Blameless Conduct necessary to true Happiness.— Ovid and his Writings.

BLACKHEATH 17 *Septbre* 1766.

Eh bien, Mon Cher petit etourdi, comment va la Conscience? Est elle bien nette? Et le Docteur vous donneroit-il une attestation. Si cela est, vous etes heureux. Horace que vous ne connoissez pas encore, mais que vous connoitrez bien avec le tems, place le bonheur dans le *Nihil conscire sibi, nullâve pallescere culpâ.* Et il est certain qu'il n'y a pour l'homme qu'un veritable malheur, qui est de se trouver en faute, et d'avoir quelque chose a se reprocher. Ayez toujours cette verité fixée dans votre esprit. Tout votre bonheur dans cette vie, comme dans celle a venir en depend. Je ne crains pas du coté de votre cœur, car vous l'avez tres bon; Je crains seulement les mauvais examples, et les seductions que vous trouverez dans votre chemin quand vous serez plus repandu dans le grand monde. Là il faut des complaisances mais point de foiblesses. Il faut etre ferme, et vous resoudre a quelque prix que ce soit, de ne Jamais faire a autruy ce que vous ne voudriez pas qu'on fit a vous; et alors, tout ira bien. Et le Latin comment va t'il? Il faut le sçavoir a fond pour n'étre pas méprisé comme un ignorant dans le monde. Ovide, Je suis sur, vous amuse. Il conte

agreablement ces fables extravagantes des Payens, en vers exametres, c'est a dire de six pieds chacun. Vous ne feriez pas un de ses vers a present, mais tout au plus un Penthametre; c'est a dire de cinq pieds. Ovide etoit homme de qualité, et de beaucoup d'esprit; mais par quelque intrigue de Cour, L'Empereur le bannit au Royaume de Pont, d'ou il ne revint jamais a Rome. Il soutint son exil avec beaucoup de foiblesse, et fit touttes sortes de bassesse a Auguste, pour obtenir son pardon. Je n'ay pas oublié le bureau, mais sachez que les bureaus ne sont que pour les scavants, Que feroit un ignorant avec un bureau? Cela seroit trop ridicule. Adieu mon Poulet.

CLXIV.

Acceptance of a Dedication proposed by Philip Stanhope.

BLACKHEATH *Sept. 24th.* 1766.

MY DEAR LITTLE JULUS

Since you declare me your *Avunculus Hector*, I must own you for my little Julus. Julus or Ascanius which you please, was a good sort of Boy in his time, but to be sure, not to compare to you, for I have very good reason to believe, that he could not speak one word of French, and that he never red either Ovid or Justin. This might possibly proceed from his giddyness and inattention, for Virgil describes him as a lively one; or perhaps (for I would not wrong him) it might be owing to there being no such thing at that time, as French, Justin, or Ovid in the world, and this conjecture seems to me the most probable.

I thankfully accept of your dedication of your works, but pray remember to flatter me exceedingly in it; for I love flattery and own it, but not better than all the rest of Man-

kind, though they do not own it. We all carry a flatterer in our breasts; I mean self love, which deceives and flatters us more than the most fulsome dedication in the world. Truth is never regarded in a dedication or a Panegyrick, but the praises of the Patron, must be kept within the bounds of possibility. For instance, in your Dedication to me, I would not advise you to celebrate my military atchievements by sea or land, nor my Patagonian stature, for that would be too strong; but every thing short of that, will be extremely proper, then you may add, that you could say a great deal more to my honour and glory, but that you are affraid of offending my modesty, and conclude the whole with what Pliny says to the Emperor Trajan, *Cum jam omnis adulatio exhausta sit in alios, hoc tantum nobis superest ut de te silere audeamus.*

The inference from all this is that in the common intercourse of life you must to a certain degree flatter all those whom you would please.

God bless thee, my Julus.

CLXV.

Giddiness and Inattention.—Hoc age.—An idle Story of Caesar.

BLACKHEATH, *October 4th* 1766.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

Amoto quaeramus Seria ludo. I have often trifled with you in my letters, and there is no harm in trifling sometimes. Dr. Swift used often to say, *vive la bagatelle*, but everything has it's proper season and when I consider your age now, it is proper, I think, to be sometimes serious. You know that I love you mightily, and I find but one single fault with you. You are the best natured boy, you have good parts, and an

excellent memory; but now to your fault, which you may so easily correct, that I am astonished that your own good sense does not make you do it. It is your Giddyness and inattention which you confessed to me. You know that without a good stock of learning, you can never, when you are a Man, be received in good company; and the only way to acquire that stock, is to apply with attention and diligence to whatever you are taught. The *Hoc age* is of the utmost consequence in every part of life. No man can do or think of two things at a time, to any purpose, and whoever does two things at once, is sure to do them both ill. It is the characteristick of a futile frivolous Man to be doing one thing and at the same time thinking of another. Do not imagine that I would have you plodd and study all day long; no, leave that to dull boys. On the contrary, I would have you divert yourself, and be as gay as ever you please; but while you are learning mind that only, and think of nothing else; it will be the sooner over. They tell an idle story of Julius Caesar, that he dictated to six Secretarys at once, and upon different businesses. This I am sure is as false as it is absurd, for Caesar had too good sense to do any two things at once. I am sure that for the future you will attend diligently to whatever you are doing, and that for two reasons; the one is that your own good sense at eleven years old, will show you not only the utility, but the necessity of learning, the other is that if you love me, as I believe you do, you will chearfully do, what I so earnestly ask of you for your own sake only. When I see you next, which shall not be very long first, I flatter myself that the Doctor will give me a very good account of your close attention. Good night.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's House in Southampton Row* London.

* On the 6th September, 1766, Lord Chesterfield writes to Philip Stanhope's father: "The Doctor and he go at Michaelmas to settle in their new House in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, a very good wholesome air, open backwards to Hampstead and Highgate."

CLXVI.

A Riddle.

MY DEAR BOY.

I do not know how we shall meet in this weather, for I am too tender by having been kept too long, and you are too tender from not having been kept long enough yet. Tell Dr Dodd that I have nothing new to acquaint him with relatively to his own affair. It rests as well as I could wish it.

As I imagine you have very near the sagacity of Oedipus, I send you a riddle to unriddle. It is a pretty trifle of the riddle kind, for the best riddles are but the trifling amusements of trifling people.

> Quoyque Je forme un corps, Je ne suis qu'une Idée,
> Plus ma beauté vieillit plus elle est decidée;
> Il faut pour me trouver, ignorer d'ou Je viens,
> Je tiens tout de lui, qui reduit tout a rien.

Friday.

CLXVII.

The Pride of Rank and Birth.

BATH, *Nov. ye 5th*, 1766

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

See how punctual I am; I told you that I would write to you first from hence; I arrived here but yesterday, and I write to day. When I saw you last Sunday you assured me that you had a clear conscience, and I believe it, for I cannot suppose you could be guilty of so horrible a crime, as that of asserting an untruth. To say the truth I think you have but few faults, and as I perceive them, I shall make it my business to correct them, and assume the office of

Censor. If I mistake not, I have discovered in that little heart some lurking seeds of pride, which nature, who has been very kind to you, never sowed there, but were transplanted there by vulgar folly and adulation at Mansfield. You was there my Young Squire, and sometimes perhaps by anticipation, my Young Lord. Well and what then? Do not you feell that you owe those advantages wholly to chance and not to any merit of your own? Are you better born, as silly people call it, than the servant who wipes your shoes? Not in the least, he had a Father and a Mother, and they had Fathers and Mothers, and Grandfathers and Grandmothers and so on, up to the first creation of the human species, and is consequently of as Antient a family as yourself.* It is true your family has been more lucky than his, but not one jot better. You will find in Ulysses's speech for the Armour of Achilles, this sensible observation. *Nam genus et proavos, et quae non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*

Moreover you desire, and very laudably, to please; which if you have any Pride, is absolutely impossible, for there is not in nature so hatefull and so ridiculous a character, as that of a Man who is proud of his birth and rank. All people hate and ridicule him, he is mimicked, and has nick names given him, such as *the Sovereign*, *the Sublime*, *the Stately*, etc. I allow you to be proud of superior merit and learning when you have them, but that is not the blameable and absurd pride of birth and rank that I mean, on the contrary, it is a blameless and pardonable vanity, if not carried too far. Have but the quality which Lucretius assigns to Memmius,

quem tu Dea Tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

* There is a story illustrative of this passage and characteristic of Lord Chesterfield's humour. A picture of a man and woman and two boys with the Stanhope Arms in the corner was given by some one to Lord Chesterfield, as an evidence of family antiquity. He accepted the gift and wrote under it, "Adam Stanhope of Eden Garden and Eve Stanhope his wife, with their two sons Cain Stanhope and Abel Stanhope." See Mrs. Carter's Letters from 1741 to 1770, i. 32.

Be but Memmius and I allow you to be a little proud of so many virtues, nay more I shall be proud of you too. I would have you write to me every other Saturday, but intirely of your own inditing and spelling. I know very well that Dr Dodd can write very good letters, but I want to see, in your inditing, the progress of your own mind. Make my compliments to the Dr, and be as good a boy as you have been of late, and God bless you.

To Master Stanhope
at Doctor Dodd's house in Southampton Row London.
Free.
CHESTERFIELD.

CLXVIII.

Attention whilst Reading.—Addison on Physiognomy (86th Spectator).

BATH. *Nov*: 12*th* 1766

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY

As Boys go, you are a very good one, but you might be better if you would take a very little more trouble. For example, if you would mind more attentively whatever you read, and not run it over as an *opus operatum*, which makes your reading only a loss of time; for it is impossible to retain, or improve by what you huddle over in so perfunctory a manner. Think while you are reading, and when you have done, examine yourself about what you have red, and if you cannot answer that question, you have in truth not red at all. Thus, when you read any of your Latin Orations, consider what was the object of the Orator, and judge whether what he said was proper, for his purpose, and likely to persuade

and prevail. I know that you are very desirous to please, which is the chief step towards pleasing, and I have given you a little French book, *L'Art de Plaire dans la Conversation*, which is the prettiest book I know of that kind, and will assist you in your laudable desire of pleasing, but then you must read it with care and reflection. Every body you see gives you more or less an opportunity of practising that usefull art; even Molly, whom you keep upon so handsome an establishment is not below your desire to please; for to people so much your inferiours by fortune, but not by birth, the desire to please them is no more than common humanity and good nature, and I think you have a good fund of both. But to please those that you are most likely to live with in the world, *hoc opus hic labor est*; it depends upon the knowledge of mankind, and their characters, which I would have you begin an acquaintance with as early as is possible for you. Attend to what every body says in the company where you are, but attend still more to their looks and countenance. The tongue may say what it pleases, and consequently may deceive, but the looks, the air, and the countenance cannot easily deceive a discerning observer. One may be deceived by air and countenance, and I own I have been sometimes mistaken my self, but in truth very seldom. Every-body is a Physiognomist without minding or learning the rules of Physiognomy if such rules there are. There cannot be a prettier essay upon that subject than Mr. Addison's 86th Spectator, and as I dare say Dr Dodd has those volumes, I believe he will lend it you, and pray read it with attention. God bless thee, I love thee mightily.

To Master Stanhope

at Dr Dodd's House in Southampton Row. London.

Free

CHESTERFIELD.

CLXIX.

Attention.—The sporting Country Gentleman.—Philip Stanhope eleven years of age.

BATH, *Novem*: 17*th*, 1766.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

I am in this haste to answer your letter which I received but this morning, because I believe that my answer will give you almost as much satisfaction as your letter gave me. It was perfectly well, both as to the writing and the inditing part, the English was good, and the spelling correct. Go on so my dear Boy, and I will promise both myself and you, that you will *do* in that sphere of life to which I destine you. It is a common saying, that *ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*, but I see with pleasure that *ex tuo ligno fiet tandem Mercurius.* I am glad you saw my Lord Mayor's show, for I would have you see everything, that you may stare and wonder at nothing.

> Nil admirari prope res est una Numici,
> Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum.*

I take it for granted, that you see what you see and hear what you hear; which I can tell you many people do not, from an idle and inattentive dissipation of thought. If you ask them an account of what they have been seeing, they are apt to answer that they really did not mind that particular circumstance, which is saying in plain English that they minded nothing, and that in effect, they did not see, what they went to see. I know your young companion Mr Ernest very well, and am very glad that you have him with you, for he is a very well bred pretty Boy. I will tell you how you may make good use of him, and that is, by stealing

* Hor. Ep. I. vi. 1.

some of his German. If you ask him frequently, how do you call this, and how do you say that in German, he will, I am sure gladly tell you. I will have you know in time every modern language of Europe, which will be of very great advantage to you, in your course of life; for a Man that knows all languages is of all Countrys, as a Man who knows History is of all times. I find your Father enabled you to celebrate your Birthday magnificently. Eat as much Game as you please, but I hope you will never kill any yourself; and indeed, I think you are above any of those rustick illiberal sports, of guns, dogs, and horses, which characterize our English Bumpkin Country Gentlemen; who are the most unlicked creatures in the world, unless sometimes by their hounds. *A propos* of your birthday you are now turned of eleven—think of that. *A bon entendeur salut*, in Latin *Verbum sapienti sat est.* Make my compliments to Dr and Mrs Dodd, and tell him that I will answer his letter very soon. God bless you.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's House in Southampton Row London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CLXX.

Behaviour at Table and Good Breeding.

BATH, *Decem.* ye 2d 1766

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

I received by the last post a letter from my Sister, which was one continued panegyrick of you and of your good behaviour at dinner. This gave me the more pleasure, as the *Table* was the very article in which you used to fail the

most in point of good breeding. You sometimes leaned on your elbows upon the *Table*, and sometimes threw yourself so back upon your chair, that you lay almost *Horizontally*. (The Doctor will tell you what Horizontally means); then you crammed your mouth so full, that you could neither breathe nor articulate. But I now rejoyce to find that you have outgrown these *Mansfieldian* improprietys. Remember, that the perfection, *the gloss* of good breeding consists chiefly in those *minucies*, which mark out the Man of fashion, and distinguish him from even the civil Vulgar. Every man who is not a brute, nor drunk, means in general to be civil; but very many do not know how to be so in the best manner, from either a neglected education, or from not having kept good company. You will want none of those advantages, and as you have as natural a benevolence and **Philanthropy* as ever I knew any body have, which is the foundation of good breeding, I make no doubt of your being in time one of the best bred men in the kingdom; and that with the fund of knowledge you may have if you please, may probably make you one of the greatest.

As you are so good a Boy, let me know what you would have me bring you from hence, when I come to Town, and you shall have it. God bless thee.

*N.B. Philanthropy, is a Greek word signifying a love of mankind or of one's species. And therefore I think I may properly enough call you my little Philanthropos, instead of Philippos; which means in Greek, a lover of Horses, which I dare say you take no delight in.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's House in Southampton Row London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CLXXI.

The Debate in the House of Commons.— Mr. Stanhope's Third Marriage.

BATH, *Decem*: 6th 1766

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY

I was extremely pleased with your last letter, and the more so because the Dr assured me that it was all your own. I am glad you begin now to be sensible that what you read with attention, gives you the most pleasure; you will find that pleasure increase every day with your attention. Last week must have been a delicious week for you. A play, a debate in the house of Commons, and Court. What can mortal wish for more in one week? I believe you liked the debate in the House of Commons the best of the three shows, for it was quite new to you, and you are a great lover of novelty. It is in that house probably that you will first try whether you can rival Lord Chatham in oratory, as you tell me you intend to do. Always intend it, and who knows but it may do? At least it is in your power, by application and labour. Those speakers whom you heared, were none of the best, except Mr Yorke, who has taken a great deal of pains to be so, but they have been well rewarded by the figure he makes in Parliament. Fix this truth in your mind that no man can be considerable in this Country, without distinguishing himself as a speaker in one or other House of Parliament. Should your Father be so imprudent as to marry for the third time, and especially a young girl, which will certainly be the case if he does marry, I promise you, you shall be no loser by it, but perhaps a gainer. I have heard nothing from him of this intended *Iteration of Nuptials*, as Lady Wishfort expresses it, in the Way of the World, but to say the truth,

I greatly suspect it, for I have generally observed that those who marry twice, be they men or women, will marry twenty times if they live long enough, and much good may it do them. How goes Justin? How goes Ovid? and how go the *Selectae Orationes*? What think you of translating into the best English, one of the shortest of those *Orationes*, and surprising the Dr with it, who would correct your little inaccuracys? I fancy you could do it tolerably well. There are also in Ovid* two very fine characteristical speeches of Ajax and Ulysses, for the Armour of Achilles, which are very well worth your reading, and getting by heart. That of Ajax speaks the blustering brutal soldier, who has nothing to reccommend him but intrepid animal courage. That of Ulysses is all art and insinuation, by which he carrys his point with the Judges and gets the Armour; upon which Ajax runs mad.

Good night my little Phil-anthropos.

My compliments to Dr and Mrs Dodd.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's House in Southampton Row London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CLXXII.

The Importance of a Knowledge of the French Language.

MY DEAR BOY.

I send you here enclosed a letter from your Father, which both duty, and decorum oblige you to answer in due time. If you have not already sent for Monsieur Rustan, I would have you do it immediately, for French is as necessary

* Ov. Metam. xiii.

for you as English, and you should speak and write them both with equal purity and elegance. English is only the language of England, but French, though perhaps not so rich, is the language of all Europe. All the affairs of the several powers in Europe are transacted in French, and as you may probably be engaged in negotiating some of them, you would negotiate to great disadvantage, if you did not know with precision the import and strength of all French words. The more languages a gentleman knows the better, for though they are not all equally necessary, they are all ornamental, and occasionally usefull.

God bless you.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr. Dodd's House in Southampton Row London.

CLXXIII.

The Letters of Le Comte de Bussy and of Madame de Sévigné.

Lundi Matin.

MON CHER PETIT ETOURDI

Je vous parlay l'autre jour des lettres de Monsr le Comte de Bussy et de Madame la Marquise de Sévigné, comme des modeles dans le genre Epistolaire et je vous en envoye a present le premier volume. Monsieur Rustan aura la bonté de vous en faire lire deux ou trois chaque fois qu'il viendra chez vous, pour vous delasser apres votre étude de l'Histoire. On peut dire que ces lettres sont du *Bon Ton.* C'est le style de gens de qualité et d'esprit; il est noble sans etre guindé, et naturel sans etre vulgaire. Elles vous formeront le goût

dans ce genre d'écrire, surtout avec les remarques que Monsr Rustan vous fera faire en chemin faisant. Vous sentez bien qu'un honnête homme est dans la necessité presqu'a tout moment d'écrire des lettres, soit sur des affaires, soit pour entretenir l'amitié, ou soit d'un agreable badinage. C'est pourquoy vous devez vous former de bonne heure un bon goût Epistolaire qui vous deviendra insensiblement habituel. Au reste je veux que vous vous appliquiez sérieusement a vos études avec Monsieur Rustan, tant pour la matiere que pour le langage; car un jeune homme de qualité, pourroit egalement bien ignorer l'Anglois comme le François, le premier n'etant que la langue de ce Païs exclusivement et le dernier l'est de toutte l'Europe polie. Declamez aussi de tems en tems quelques tirades des Tragedies de Corneille ou de Racine, dont Monsieur Rustan vous donnera le veritable ton. Corneille plus grand plus sublime, Racine plus tendre et plus touchant. Enfin, je voudrois que vous fussiez un petit composé de tout ce que les Anglois et les François ont de mieux; surtout de la politesse, des manieres et de l'enjouement des Francois. Dieu te bénisse, sans cela tout le reste est inutile.

CLXXIV.

Shining Passages of Ancient Authors.

My Dear Boy *Tuesday.*

You gave me your orders to send you some paper, and *mihi jussa capessere fas est.* Accordingly I send you here two quires, one of gilt, and one of plain, and also a blank book, of which you may, and I wish you would, make a little commonplace book. I do not mean yet, such a one as Mr Locke's, but only to contain, the most shining passages of any authors,

but especially the Roman. I will from time to time send you such as I can recollect. For example, Cicero says to Caesar in his oration pro Ligario, Nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus quam ut possis; nec natura tua melius quam ut velis conservare quam plurimos. The same Orator makes another very pretty compliment to the same Hero, when he says, tu qui nihil oblivisci soles praeter injurias. Though in my mind he might have made the compliment still greater, by telling Caesar, that though he remembered injurys, he always forgave them, which I hope you will always do; for it is one of the principal Christian and moral dutys, not to mention that it is a sure proof of a great and generous mind. In another place the same great Orator says to Caesar, Homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando. Such extracts from the best Authors both ancient and modern, will give you to a certain degree a habit of thinking like them, that is, with spirit and justness. All that I have said, is in the supposition of your being near a Man, which it is high time that you should now be, and no longer a mere boy. Your way of thinking, your behaviour, your carriage, should at least have a resemblance of Manhood. God bless you.

CLXXV.

Sallust: Catiline's Conspiracy.—The Duty of Life to deserve well of One's Country.

MON CHER PETIT DROLE,

Vous avez donc entamé Salluste. Cela s'appelle une entreprise hardie, a onze ans, mais on vient a bout de tout par le travail et la perseverance. Aussi Salluste le dit dans l'exorde de son Histoire de la conspiration de Catilina, car il

dit; Omnis homines qui sese student praestare caeteris Animalibus, summa ope niti decet, ne vitam silentio transeant veluti pecora, quae natura prona et ventri obedientia finxit*. Cela est si vray, qu'un homme qui ne cherche pas a se distinguer parmi les hommes par les qualitéz du cœur et de l'esprit, semble inferieur a un chien ou a un singe un peu moriginéz †. Il dit un peu plus loin, Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere et frui anima videtur, qui, aliquo negotio intentus, praeclari facinoris aut artis bonae famam quaerit. Evertuez-vous donc pour vous tirer du pair entre vos pareils, et par votre application aux belles lettres, mettez vous en état de servir un jour votre Patrie et vos amis. Remarquez les deux belles harangues en Salluste, de Caesar et de Caton, au sujet des conjurez de Catilina, dans l'affreuse conspiration, dont il etoit le Chef, pour boulverser la Republique. Caton opine pour une punition vigoureuse et exemplaire, Caesar au contraire se contente de les exiler; c'est qu'au vray Caesar avoit trempé un peu lui-même dans la conspiration. Au reste ces deux harangues sont tres belles, et vous ne pourrez pas mieux employer votre excellente memoire, qu'en les apprenant par cœur. Appliquez-vous aussi mon cher enfant a tout ce que Monsieur Rustan vous enseigne, car l'Histoire et le Français sont d'une necessité absoluë pour un honnete homme. Je viendray un jour cette semaine pour voir vos profondes reflexions sur la conduitte de Coriolan. Adieu Je t'embrasse.

Lundi.

* Bell. Catil. I.

† un peu moriginé; slightly educated.

CLXXVI.

Shining Thoughts of Ancient and Modern Authors.

Saturday morning [*January* 1767].

MY DEAR BOY

This severe weather will not allow my old carcase to go to you, nor your young one to be brought to me, one or other, or probably both might be the worse for it. Tell Dr Dodd that I hope he will not think me an insolvent debtor, upon account of this delay.

I send you a Book which I think must gratify your love of variety. It is a Collection of the most shining thoughts both of the Antients and of the Moderns, compiled by the famous Pere Bouhours, a Jesuit, a man of great parts and sound judgement. I endeavour to stock your mind with the most ingenious thoughts of other people, in hopes that they may suggest to you materials for thinking yourself; for an honest man will no more live upon the credit of other people's thoughts, than of their fortune. When, therefore, you dip into this Book, and that any thought pleases you much, ask yourself why it pleases you, and examine whether it is founded upon truth and nature, for nothing else can please at long run. Tinsel false thoughts, may impose upon one for a short time, like false money, but sterlin coin alone, will always, and everywhere pass current. God bless you and make you both an honest and an able man, but the former above all things.

CLXXVII.

Avarice and Ambition.

Monday morning [*March* 1767].

My Dear Boy,

I was very glad to hear that in one of your late Essays, you preferred ambition to avarice, and indeed there is hardly any comparison between them. Avarice is a mean, ignoble, and dirty passion; I never knew a Miser that had any one great or good quality; but ambition, even where it is a vice, is at least the vice of a Gentleman. Ambition according to its object is either blameable, or commendable. Tyrants and Conquerors, who ravage and desolate the world, and trample upon all the rights of Mankind to gratify their ambition, are doubtless the greatest and most dangerous of all criminals. But an ambition to excell others in all virtuous and laudable things is not only blameless, but highly meritorious, and should extend from the least, to the greatest objects. You may, and I hope have, that ambition in your little sphere. I remember that when I was of your age, I had a strong ambition to excell all my co-temporarys in whatever was praiseworthy. I laboured hard to outstrip them in learning, I was mortified if in our little plays, they seemed more dextrous than I was; nay I was uneasy if they danced, walked, or sat, more genteelly than myself. Those little things are by no means to be neglected, for they are of more use in the common intercourse of life, than you imagine them to be, especially in your profession, which is speaking in publick. I say in your *profession*, for you must excell in that, or you will be no body. You guess, I am sure, that I mean speaking well, both in Publick assemblys, and in private conversation. Cicero speaks of Eloquence, as the principal object of a laudable Ambition, and asserts it to be the chief dis-

tinction between Man and Beast.* Quam ob rem quis hoc non Jure miretur, summéque in eo elaborandum esse arbitretur, ut, quo uno homines maxime bestiis praestent, in hoc hominibus ipsis antecellat. This is one kind of ambition whose object is pleasure, and publick utility, and consequently meritorious. O! what exquisite Joy must it give an honest Man (you see I endeavour to imitate your florid Eloquence) to see Multitudes hang upon his tongue, and persuaded to adopt his opinion, instead of their own, if they had any, for very often they have none, and If they have, it is probably an erroneous one. I send you herewith an excellent collection of Cicero's thoughts upon various subjects, the Latin on one side, and the French translation by L'Abbé d'Olivet on the other, which French translation will enable you to understand the original Latin, better than can be expected at your age. I have marked what he says upon Eloquence, read it with attention. God bless my Boy.

To Master Stanhope.

Omnium Puerorum facile Principi, et Clarissimo
Histrioni etc:

CLXXVIII.

Cicero on the Clemency of Caesar.—Martial on a Plagiarist.

My Dear little Boy,

Cicero who of all Authors, is the Author whom I would have you best acquainted with, says to Caesar in his Oration for Ligarius, *Nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis; nec natura tua melius, quam ut velis conservare*

* Cic. de Orat. I. viii.

quam plurimos *. There cannot be a more pleasing nor a greater compliment paid to a generous mind, and such was Caesar's, than this, when he tells him that his nature inclined him, as much as his fortune enabled him, to show mercy to so many people. Caesar's clemency did him more honour with all good men, than his victorys, the former was all his own, but in the latter his troops had the greatest share. I think I need not recommend good nature to you, for you have a good share of it now, but I exhort you never to let it be corrupted, or soured, by ill examples or custom.

Now for another subject to comply with your love of variety. Martial says to a Man who red his verses, and wanted to put them off for his own

> Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine libellus,
> Sed male cum recitas incipit esse tuus †.

And it is very true that the best verses ill recited will appear to be but very indifferent ones. They must be recited in my favourite Menuet time at quickest and with all the Graces of proper emphases, and just cadences. The Romans were so nice in this respect, that when Gracchus spoke in publick he had a Man behind him with a little pipe, to give him the right tone, and keep him to that pitch. I submitt to you whether Mr. Ghirardi's little fiddle to which he makes you beat time, may not be very useful to you. But that shall be as you please. Adieu my Boy.

Tuesday evening.

To Master Stanhope.

* Cic. pro Ligario, 38.
† Mart. lib. I. ep. xxxix.

CLXXIX.

The Dramatic Performance at Dr. Dodd's.

Monday morning [23 *March* 1767].

MY DEAR BOY.

You performed your different parts so well last Saturday, and with so much applause, that you may well bear to hear the trifling articles in which you failed, and which you can easily correct another time. In the first place you wore your hat ill most part of the time, for it did not cover your eye-brows, which gives an awkward and country air; whereas whenever your hat is upon your head, remember that it must cover your eye-brows. In the next place you often stooped, which has always a very ill effect, and seems to imply a lazy negligence, which is injurious to the company who love to observe a strong desire of pleasing in every particular. In the last place you did not always look your part in Don Sebastian, and I believe you was tired with the length of it, for you looked *off* to the audience, you played with and twirled the hilt of your sword which you then had in your hand, and upon hearing a coach rattle by, you had a great mind to look out of the window to see whose it was. Observe Garrick and you will find that throughout his part, he never has a look, nor a motion, but what is strictly relative and necessary to it. These are all, I confess, little deffects; but little things, that seem separately but trifles, become in the aggregate objects that deserve attention. You have seen over the curtain at Drury Lane this motto, *Totus mundus agit Histrionem*; and it is very true, for we are all Actors upon the great Theatre of the World, though of very different parts. Those, whom Nature, Education, and application have conspired to adorn, act the great parts; but they are but few, compared to the herd of mankind, who though usefull in their way are but the candle-snuffers and scene-shifters of

the universal theatre; you may act a distinguished part upon it, if you will take pains; and your late attempts upon your little theatre, may in some degree contribute to it. Your great object must be speaking in publick assemblys, elegantly, eloquently, and *gracefully*. Have this important object always in your thoughts, and let all your study and endeavours tend to it. I said *gracefully*, for without the advantages of gracefull action and elocution, the greatest eloquence of composition, will be but lame. Socrates one of the wisest men that ever lived, inculcated into all the young men who approached him to sacrifice to the Graces. Θυε Χαριστι, I think it was, but if I am out in my Greek, you will set me right. May the Graces adorn you and may God bless you.

To Master Stanhope.

CLXXX.

Pride of Family.—The Graces of Elocution.

Monday.

My Dear Boy

I dare say you know that I love you mightily, but perhaps you do not know why. Do not think, that it is because you are of my Name and Family. No; I supremely despise that *Posteromania*, but it is because you have a good heart, good parts, and of late a good share of application; but should you hereafter, by the contagion of bad example, or by any other accident, be tainted or corrupted by the opposite vices, I should hate and detest you more than I love you now, and that is saying a great deal. I like your ambition to distinguish yourself in laudable things, for a Man who does not desire praise, never deserves it. I approve too of your Theatrical exercitations, and look upon you already,

as a growing Roscius. They will teach you to speak properly and distinctly, and will by degrees qualify you to act and speak well on a much greater Theatre, one of the two houses of Parliament; let that be your great object; always have in your thoughts, the purity and elegancy of your diction, and the engaging graces of Elocution. At present you speak a little too quick in your common conversation; I would wish you to speak but a very little slower, just so much as to be distinctly understood; for common conversation should not be in the slow and solemn movement of declamation, as if you were listening to yourself, and seeking your own applause. Though I cannot hope to live to see it, I flatter myself that my little Roscius, will in ten or a dozen years grow up to be upon a more shining Theatre, Cicero the friend of Roscius. That will be your sphere, in which you must either shine or stink. You may choose which. God bless my Boy.

P.S.—You have set one the example of writing usefull and explanatory notes, and though I cannot inrich mine with any Hebrew as you can yours, I will tell you that the *Posteromania* means in humble Greek, that very silly pride of Family and Posterity, which silly people are apt to be infected with.

To Master Stanhope.

CLXXXI.

Dr. Dodd's Book of Poems.

Thursday Evening.

My Dear Boy.

I here return you Dr Dodd's book of Poems which I have red with very great pleasure. You have not, I believe, yet invoked the Muses; you are too young to be their favourite, for they like most other Ladys do not relish infancy nor

caducity. Make my compliments to the Dr, and tell him that I shall be very glad if he and both his capital Actors would dine with me next Saturday, but tell him at the same time that there must be no ceremony between him and me, and that if he has any other business or amusement that day, I desire that he would not come. Shall I send my Coach for you, or will you all three come in the Doctor's Chariot? Send me word by the bearer. Jubeo te bene Valere.

CLXXXII.

Neglect of the Minor Talents.

Thursday.

MY DEAR BOY.

Yesterday morning your dancing Master who is going to France for two or three months, came to take leave of me. I was sorry to hear him complain so grievously of you. He said that you would not learn, that you [were] impatient to have your lesson over, and that when he mimicked your awkwardness, you mimicked his mimickry. Is this so? I hope not, though your stooping and slouching carriage seems to justify Mr. Ghirardi's accusation. I will not positively endure it. If you despise the little talents of a gracefull address, genteel motions, and occasionally a good menuet, you have not the good sense which I thought you had; for they are of infinite consequence to a gentleman, they recommend him at his first appearance in company, and by pleasing the eye, often engage the heart. Why do you desire to have handsome cloaths? Goat's and sheep-skins, would keep you as warm as the finest laced cloaths, but then you would shock the eyes of all civilized people. Handsome cloaths with an awkward slouching carriage, are a Burlesque *Travesti*, like

Nell Jobson's the Cobler's wife in the comical transformation, who cannot help laughing at herself when she sees herself drest like a woman of quality. Beware of ridicule, for it will stick a great while, and fine cloaths with an awkward rustick air, may very possibly fix upon you the ridiculous appellation of the *Bumpkin travesti.* In short, I will have you mind your air and motions, or we shall quarrel; and moreover Mrs Dodd will be ashamed of carrying you into any company.

Tell Dr Dodd that I shall be extremely glad of his company with Master Ernst, and yourself at dinner next Saturday.

To Master Stanhope.

CLXXXIII.

Learning united to Politeness. The Manners of the Youth of the Day.

My Dear Boy.

You know that I applauded you for having behaved like a Gentleman last Sunday sevenight, and I had the pleasure of hearing you commended for the same thing by many of the company who dined with me again last Sunday. This success should make you resolve to behave yourself at all times and in all companys like a gentleman and not like a boy. Two things are absolutely necessary for every young Man who has a laudable ambition to make a figure in the world. They are *learning*, and *politeness*, and they should always go together; for learning without politeness makes a disagreable Pedant, and politeness without learning makes a superficial frivolous Puppy. I am sorry to say that in general the Youth of the present age have neither. Their

manners are illiberal, and their ignorance is notorious. They are sportsmen, they are jockeys, they know nor love nothing but dogs and horses, racing and hunting. They seem even affraid of being taken for gentlemen and therefore dress themselves like blackguards. This gives you a fine opportunity of distinguishing yourself among your growing cotemporarys, and should you even fall short of perfection, you will still shine; for you know the French saying, *que dans le Royaume des aveugles un borgne est Roy.*

Give me your *cogitations* upon these two characters, Verax et Mendax. The turpitude of the latter, and the beauty of the former will make a fine *Contraste* for your eloquence to display itself upon.

CLXXXIV.

Visit of Philip Stanhope to his Father at Mansfield.

LONDON, *June 4th*, 1767.

MY DEAR BOY,

I daresay you arrived yesterday safe and sound at Mansfield, for you are a sturdy rogue, and do not mind fateague nor weather. I am persuaded too that you have scrupulously observed my instructions, as you gave me your word and honour that you would; and I know that you are a boy of truth and honour, otherwise I should hate and despise you, as much as I now love and esteem you. Behave yourself so as to give all the gentlemen of Nottinghamshire you may happen to see, a good impression of you; for you probably may one day or other have a good deal to say in that County; and you who deal so much in texts of Scripture, know that a good name is a precious ointment. I hope

you have no idle hours at Mansfield, for idleness is not fit for you, nor you for idleness; when you have nothing to do, you dwindle from twelve to six years old. Consider, you are now something more than half a Man, for when you shall have doubled your present age, you will be quite a Man. You will, I dare say, find your Sister quite a woman in behaviour and knowledge. I cannot imagine what Mrs Dodd and Molly will do without you, the Dr. owns that his sermons will not be near so good during your absence. The fiery Cassius too, laments the loss of his calm stoical friend Brutus.

God bless you.

To Master Philip Stanhope
at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CLXXXV.

Itinerary of the Journey to Mansfield.—The importance of dating Letters.

BLACK-HEATH *June ye* 8th 1767.

MY DEAR BOY.

The famous Itinerary of Antoninus, is not to be compared to yours. In all probability he never passed through Hatfield, Stevenage, Bugden, etc., at least he makes no mention of any of those places, and moreover he wrote his in Latin, which few English readers can understand, whereas yours is in your *Vernacular*, and consequently adapted to the meanest English reader. Seriously my Boy, I was extremely pleased with your letter; it was very clear, methodical, good English, good speiling, and well wrote even to the end, which between you and me was a little extraordinary, *pour*

votre etourderie. I do not believe that you would have done so much for any other body. I hope you do not neglect to translate your Master, Cicero, for I look upon you as his apprentice, and by diligence you will in time be able to set up for yourself, and carry on his trade. It is the best trade in this country. I am glad that your Sister meets with your approbation; I never doubted but that she would, for *you love application* wherever you find it, and she has a great deal, consequently a great deal of knowledge. I have been settled here these four days, but till yesterday and to-day I have not been able to run about, and play, the weather has been so bad. Make my compliments to all your relations at Mansfield, and write to me once more by next Saturday's post. God bless thee.

N. B.—Your letter had no date. You should always date your letters, the first thing you do, when you sit down to write.

To Master Philip Stanhope
at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CLXXXVI.

The Postponement of a Visit.

BLACK-HEATH, *Friday morning* [*July* 1767].

MY DEAR BOY,

Though I am impatient to see you and to hear the narrative of your late travels, I write this to prevent your coming to me to-morrow, as perhaps you may have intended, for I have so much company to-morrow, that I could not en-

joy yours, though I should like it much better. But any day next week, the Doctor, your friend Cassius, and yourself, will be extremely wellcome. My compliments to the Dr. and desire him, whenever he comes here, to bring the quarter's account with him.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr. Dodd's House in Southampton Row London.

CLXXXVII.

Suaviter in Modo, Fortiter in Re.—Roughness an Affectation of the Age.

BLACKHEATH *July 27th* 1767.

MY DEAR BOY

I received with great pleasure your and Mr. Gason's thoughts upon the subject which I had given you. I cannot decide between them, but allowing weight for inches, as they do at Newmarket, I like them both best, as children love their Father and Mother. Your distinction between *cogitare* and *sentire* is a very just one, and I think you would do very well to teach it Dr Dodd to whom perhaps it has never occurred. You lay great stress upon a good education, and you are in the right of it, but then reflect that a known good education gives the publick great claims upon the person so educated, which if he does not fully answer, he will be so much the more despised. For example, I know a boy of about twelve years of age, who has had the best Education possible, and from whom therefore a great deal is expected; but if those just expectations should be disappointed, he will be an object of indignation and ridicule. But I believe he

will do very well, because he has sense enough to know that otherwise he cannot appear in company. I send you now another subject, which is an admirable rule to follow in every part of life. It is, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* I own that the *suaviter* must in some degree be born with one, but in a great degree too, it may be acquired by care and pains, and one cannot take too much, for so valuable an acquisition. Cicero strongly recommends the *Suavitas morum*, and all the French writers inculcate *la Douceur* as a most necessary accomplishment. I think Providence has been kind enough to give you a natural gentleness of temper; cherish it thankfully and improve it, and do not let ill example or passion impair it. I cannot say that this *suavitas* is in general the growth of this country, and the young men of this age, seem to affect a roughness and hardness of manners, which they most erroneously imagine looks manly and decisive. A very ingenious French author says upon this subject—*Par la douçeur* nous faisons du bien aux autres, et nous souffrons moins du mal qu'ils nous font; ainsi elle contribuë doublement à notre bonheur. Nous leur plaisons, et ils nous aiment. Ils nous plaisent, et nous les aimons. Beaucoup de raison et beaucoup de *douceur*, c'est un Caractère parfait, pour la Société. Your intimate friend Master Ernst has a very pleasing *Douceur* in his air and manners. Make my compliments to Mr. Gason, and return him my thanks for the favour of his letter. God bless you.

CLXXXVIII.

Philip Stanhope Twelve Years of Age.

BATH, *Nov*: *9th*, 1767

MY DEAR BOY

I cannot forward the enclosed from your Father upon your Birthday, without adding two or three words of my own. May you joyn to your present acquisitions, the more valuable ones of virtue and good manners, and you will stand fair for being one of the first men of your country; but if you do not, you will (considering your education) be hated and despised, and by no body more so, than by me.

My compliments to Dr Dodd.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's House in Southampton Street London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CLXXXIX.

The Endeavour to attain Perfection.—The Influence of Sporting Tastes.

BATH, *Nov. 17th*, 1767.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY.

Your last letter was so good a one, that had it not been for Dr Dodd's attestation that it was all your own, I should have thought it a translation of one of Cicero's, or Pliny's, those two acknowledged standards of Epistolary perfection. However go on, and strive to attain to absolute perfection, in writing, as in every thing else that you do; for though

absolute perfection is denied to human nature, those who take the most pains to arrive at it, will come the nearest to it. The famous disturber and scourge of mankind, Charles ye 12th of Sweden, in his low camp style used to say that by resolution and perseverance a man might do everything * * * * *. I own I cannot intirely agree with his Swedish Majesty; but so much I will venture to say, that every man may, by unremitting application and endeavours, do much more, than at the first setting out, he thought it possible that he ever could do. Learn to distinguish between difficultys and impossibilitys, which many people do not. The silly and the sanguine look upon impossibilitys to be only difficultys, as on the other hand, the lazy and the timorous, take every difficulty for an impossibility. A greater knowledge of the world, will teach you the proper medium between those two extremes. I approve greatly of your Father's method of shooting his game with his pen only, and heartily wish that when you have game of your own you may use no other. For my part I never in my life killed my own meat, but left it to the poulterer and butcher to do it for me. All those country sports as they are called, are the effects of the ignorance and idleness of country esquires, who do not know what to do with their time, but people of sense and knowledge never give in to those illiberal amusements. You make me fair promises in your letter of what yóu will do; but remember that at the same time, you give me great claims upon you, for I look upon your promises to be engagements upon the word and honour of a gentleman, which I hope you will never violate upon this or any other occasion. I have long ago and often repeated to you *qu'un homme d'honneur n'a que sa parole.* God bless you.

My compliments to your whole house.

To Master Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's House in Southampton Row London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CXC.

Philip Stanhope's First Verses.

Cedite Romani Scriptores, Cedite Graii ;

Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, and all the lyrick tribe, are now no more, since you touch the tunefull lyre. I presume you will not deal much longer in easy Anacreonticks, but soon strike the Lesbian lyre, and do justice, by an incomparable English version to the tender and unfortunate Sappho.

Do not be concerned, as you seem to be, at the expense you put me to in Masters, for it is in your power to pay me with interest, as a Man of honour should do ; I do not mean in money, but in improvement, and in learning all that they can teach you ; But I must remind you, that having had a better education than most boys, I shall expect, and so will the world, that you shall turn out a better man than most men. Remember that to whom much is given, from him much will be expected. Your reputation is at stake. Make my compliments to Dr and Mrs Dodd, and to your Pylades, Master Ernst. The first time we meet, I will pay your immense account. I am glad you read Voltaire's Universal Modern History. It is an History wrote by a man of sense, for the use of other men of sense. He passes over all minute and trifling details, and only dwells upon important events, such as the great Revolutions of Empires, the manners of the times, and the progressions of human reason, arts, and sciences.

God bless thee my little Lyrick.

Wednesday.

To Mr Stanhope
at Dr Dodds, at Whitton, near Twickenham in Middlesex.

Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CXCI.

On Good Breeding and the Treatment of Inferiors.

BLACK-HEATH, *Tuesday.*

MY DEAR BOY

You behaved yourself last Saturday very much like a gentleman, and better than any boy in England of your age would or could have done. Go on so, and when you are a Man you will be, with more acquaintance with the world and good company, what I most earnestly wish you to be, the best bred, and consequently the best liked Gentleman in England. Good breeding and a certain *Suavitas morum*, shines and charms in every situation of life, with relation to all sorts and ranks of people, as well the lowest as the highest. There is a degree of good breeding towards those who are greatly your inferiors, which is in truth, common humanity and good nature; and yet I have known some persons who in other respects were well bred, brutal to their servants and dependents. This is mean and implys a hardness of heart, and is what I am sure you never will be guilty of. When you use the Imperative mood to your servants or dependents, who are your equals by nature (and only your inferiors by the malice of their fortune) you will add some softening word, such as *pray do so and so*, or *I wish you would do so*. You cannot conceive how much that *suavity* of manners will endear you to everybody, even to those who have it not themselves. In high life there are a thousand *minucies* of good breeding, which though *minucies* in themselves, are so necessary and agreable, as to deserve your utmost attention and imitation. As for instance what the French call, *le bon ton* or *le ton de la bonne compagnie*, by which is meant the fashionable tone of good company. This consists of many trifling articles in themselves, which when

cast up and added together, make a total of infinite consequence.

Observe and adopt all those little graces and modes of the best company. Suppose two Men of equal abilitys employed in the same business, but one of them perfectly well bred and engaging, and the other with only the common run of civility, the former will certainly succeed much better and sooner than the latter. I am sure you are convinced that Dr. Dodd and I love you, and I really believe that you love us; what then is the natural inference, which your own good sense must draw from these premisses? Why, that we are more capable of advising you well, than you can be at your age, of conducting yourself. *Ergo*, to chop logick a little, you will follow our advice. Do so my dear Boy, for three or four years more only, and then go alone, and may God bless you.

CXCII.

Quarrel between Philip Stanhope and his Father.

My Dear Boy.

I send you here inclosed the letter which I received yesterday from your Father, you will see by it that he is seriously angry at you, therefore be sure you write to him next Tuesday, and excuse yourself as well as you can. You know that your Father has the misfortune, and I do not [know] a greater, to be passionate; and if he should think, that your dependance upon me, makes you slight him, he may for aught I know, send for you away from Dr Dodd and me, and make you the young Squire of Mansfield, which I believe we should neither of us like. I wrote to him as soon as you was gone, and instead of excusing you, which I could

not well do, I sent him your last Anacreontick by way of atonement, in which I told him that I believed he would find above five righteous lines; and indeed they are almost all so. God bless thee.

Sunday Morning.

CXCIII.

The Quarrel appeased.—The Duty of Filial Piety.

Tuesday.

My Dear Boy.

All is come right again between you and your Father, as you will find by the enclosed letters. Now take care to keep it so, by writing a respectfull letter to your Mother-in-law, and sending her that *inestimable* locket of your hair as soon as you can. In some cases it is criminal, and in all cases imprudent, to neglect the common dutys of social life. Filial piety is a most essential one. In China it is the principal religious, and moral duty. Even amongst common acquaintances, negligence is a kind of an insult. It is a capital part of a Panegyrick in France, to say of a man, *qu'il est occupé de ses devoirs*, which implys a great deal more, than a mere perfunctory discharge of them. Whenever you are a little wanting in attentions, let it be only to me, for I think you and I are so well together, that we shall reciprocally forgive little inadvertencys. *Hanc Veniam damus petimusque vicissim.** Seriously you are a very good Boy, and why should not I love you?

* It should run: "hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim." Hor. Ars Poet. 11.

CXCIV.

The Gift of a Locket to Mrs. Stanhope of Mansfield.

My Dear Boy.

I here return you the inestimable Locket, with my extreme approbation. It is equally a pledge of friendship or of Love, and if it had been for any Lady but your Mother, I do not doubt but that you would have accompanied it with an Anacreontick, or a tender and genteel little Wallerian Poem. But what Muse will sing for a Mother? If Dr Dodd, your friend Ernst, and yourself have nothing else to do next Saturday, why should you not dine with me? Adieu.

CXCV.

Addison on Cheerfulness and Good-nature.

Black-heath *June* 28th 1768

My Dear Boy.

Mr. Addison in the 243d 'Spectator' says very truly that the two great ornaments of Virtue are chearfullness and good-nature, to which I will add that they are not only the ornaments but the effects of virtue. He adds that a man cannot be agreable who is not easy within himself. This truth I am sure you have felt in your own little experience. Recollect those days when you have not done what you should do, and have been rebuked by Dr Dodd, have you been easy or chearfull? Or rather have you not felt an uneasy consciousness, and an awkward gloomyness? On the

contrary when you have done your business well, and received the Doctor's applause, have you not found yourself remarkably chearfull and lightsome. These sentiments you will experience upon a much larger scale when you are grown to be a Man, and have a more extensive power of doing good; and I am so convinced of the goodness of your little heart, that I am sure as it grows bigger it will only be the fuller of benevolence. Nay, I will venture to prophecy that you will reckon those days, the happiest of your life in which you have done the most good. Those feellings are exquisite, and a Man who would lead a life of pleasure, will despize all others. Titus, who is known by the name of the good Emperor, used to say that he had lost a day when he had done no good in it; for this he was justly styled, *Deliciae humani generis*, and was the only ruler that ever I red of, who deserved that glorious title. You may if you please, and I verily believe you will, be called *Deliciae societatis humanae.* When you see any person in company pensive, dark, gloomy, and taking no part, except sometimes a snarling one, take it for granted, that all is not right within. Some mean passion, such as envy, avarice, or hatred, engrosses his breast, and leaves no room for the agreable social feellings. *Nihil conscire sibi nullâq: pallescere culpâ,** is a sure receit for good humour, which in the common intercourse of life is not only usefull but necessary, especially when you come to be in great business; It gives graces to favours and softens refusals; it prevents those disagreable *Absences* or *Distractions*, which many people are apt to fall into, for it gives the heart and the mind their full play. God bless thee.

To Mr. Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's at Whitton, near Twickenham, in Middlesex.

* "Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa." Hor. Epist. I. i. 61.

CXCVI.

The False Pride of Rank.

BLACK-HEATH *July* 16th 1768.

I daresay you know and perhaps too well that in time probably you will have a title and a good estate, but I dare say you know too that you will owe them merely to chance, and not to any merit of your own, be your merit never so great. Whenever you come to the possession of them, there will be people enow mean and absurd enough to flatter you upon them. Be upon your guard against such wretches, and be assured that they must think you a fool, and that they have private views to gratify by such impudent adulation. The most absurd character that I know of in the world, and the finest food for satyr and ridicule, is a sublime and stately Man of quality, who without one grain of any merit, strutts pompously in all the dignity of an ancient descent *from a long restive race of droning Kings*, or more probably derived to him from fool to fool. I could name many men of great quality and fortune, who would pass through the world quietly, unknown and unlaughed at, were it not for those accidental advantages upon which they value themselves, and treat their inferiors as they call them, with arrogance and contempt. But I never knew a Man of Quality and fortune, respected upon those accounts, unless he was humble with his Title, and extensively generous and beneficent with his fortune. *My Lord* is become a ridiculous nick-name for those proud fools; *see My Lord comes*; there's *My Lord*; that is in other words, *see the puppy, there is the Blockhead.* I am sure you would by all means avoid ridicule, for it sticks longer even than an injury, and to avoid it, wear your Title as if you had it not; but for your estate, let distress and want, even

without merit feel that you have one. I remember four fine lines of Voltaire upon this subject.

> Repandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
> Même aux moins vertueux ne les refusez pas;
> Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
> Il est grand, il est beau, de faire des ingrats.

By these virtues you may dignify your title, when you have one, but remember that your title without them can never dignify you. Nothing is more common than Pride without dignity. A Man of sense and virtue will always have dignity; but a fool if shuffled by chance into great Rank and Fortune, will be proud of both. There is as much difference between Pride and Dignity, as there is between Power and Authority. Power may fall to the share of a Nero or a Caligula, but Authority can only be the attendant of the confidence Mankind have in your sense and virtue. Aristides and Cato, had Authority.

I would not write such serious letters to any other boy of your age, but Dr Dodd has taught you to think, and to distinguish the various shades of the same things. God bless thee.

CXCVII.

The Strict Veracity of a Gentleman.

BLACKHEATH, *July ye* 30th 1768.

MY DEAR BOY.

My two objects in your Education are and always have been to give you learning enough to distinguish yourself in Parliament, and manners to shine in Courts. The former is in the best hands, Dr Dodd's; but the latter department I shall undertake myself, from my long experience and know-

ledge of the ways of the world. I am sure you would be a Gentleman, and I am as sure that I would by all means have you one. *A gentleman* is a complex term, answers exactly to the French word *Honnete homme*, and comprehends Manners, Decorum, Politeness, but above all strict Veracity; for without that all the accomplishments in the world avail nothing. A Man who is once detected in a lye, and every lyar is sooner or later detected, is irrecoverably sunk into infamy. No body will believe him afterwards even upon his oath. To tell a man that he lyes is the greatest affront that can be offered him, and according to the mad but indispensable custom of the world, can only be washed off by blood. If a Man gives another the lye though ever so justly, what must the lyar do? He must fight him, and so justify one crime by (if possible) a greater; a chance of murdering or of being murdered, and this is what every one who deviates from truth, is sooner or later exposed to. Besides all this there is a moral turpitude in a lye which no palliatives can excuse, and a plain proof of the infamy of this practise is, that no Man, not even the worst Man living will own himself a lyar, though many will own as great crimes. Some people excuse themselves to themselves, by only adding to and embellishing truth in their narrations, but falsehood never can be innocent, for it can only be intended to mislead and deceive. But I am sure I have dwelt too long upon this subject to you, who I am persuaded have a just horror for a lye of any kind, or else I should have a horror for you.

I have often recommended to you the good breeding and the manners of a Gentleman, and to my great comfort, not without success, for you are in general civil and wellbred; the article in which you fail the most is at meals. You eat with too much avidity, and cram your mouth so full, that if you were to speak you must sputter the contents of it amongst the dishes and the company. You sometimes eat off of your knife, which is never to be done, and sometimes you play with your knife, fork, or spoon, too like a Boy. These

are but little faults, I confess, but however, are better corrected than persevered in. In the main it goes very well and I love you mightily. God bless you.

To Mr Stanhope

at Dr Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham Middlesex.

Free

CHESTERFIELD.

CXCVIII.

The Speech of a Youth of Thirteen.

BLACK-HEATH, *Augst ye 3d* 1768.*

MY DEAR BOY

I thank you heartily for the concern you express for my health in your letter which I have just now received, and I believe your concern was real, for I think I am tolerably well with you. I am a great deal better now, and in two or three days hope I shall be quite well. My Brother brought me this morning a speech intended for the House of Commons upon the affairs of Corsica, composed as he assured me, by a Young Gentleman about thirteen years of age; if when the Parliament meets they should see this speech, I think there can be no doubt, but they will decree some premature honours, to such premature talents, as the Senate of Rome did formerly to young Papirius.

I hear you give a dinner to-morrow in the Apollo,† as

* Boswell's Account of Corsica was published in the year 1768.

† This would seem to be the Apollo Club (Devil Tavern), Fleet Street. It is to be presumed that Doctor Dodd was with his pupils.

Lucullus did to a few friends, which cost him only fifteen hundred pounds.

My compliments and thanks to all at home for their good wishes, and God bless thee.

To Mr Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham Middlesex.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CXCIX.

On the Je Ne Sçay Quoy.

BLACK-HEATH *Augst yt 9th* 1768.

MY DEAR BOY.

I daresay you have heared and red of the *Je ne sçay quoy*, both in French and English, for the expression is now adopted into our language; but I question whether you have any clear idea of it, and indeed it is more easily felt than deffined. It is a most inestimable quality, and adorns every other. I will endeavour to give you a general notion of it, though I cannot an exact one; experience must teach it you, and will, if you attend to it. It is in my opinion a compound of all the agreable qualitys of body and mind, in which no one of them predominates in such a manner as to give exclusion to any other. It is not mere wit, mere beauty, mere learning, nor indeed mere any one thing that produces it, though they all contribute something towards it. It is owing to this *Je ne scay quoy* that one takes a liking to some one particular person at first rather than to another. One feels oneself prepossessed in favour of that person without being enough acquainted with him to judge of his intrinsick merit or talents, and one finds oneself inclined to suppose him to have good sense, good nature, and good humour. A genteel address, gracefull motions, a pleasing elocution, and elegancy of style, are powerful ingredients in this compound. It is in

short an extract of all the *Graces.* Here you will perhaps ask me to define the Graces, which I can only do by the *Je ne scay quoy*, as I can only define the *Je ne scay quoy* by the Graces. No one person possesses them all, but happy he who possesses the most, and wretched he who possesses none of them. I can much more easily describe what their contrarys are. As for example a head sunk in between the shoulders, feet turned inwards instead of outwards, the manner of walking or rather waddling of a Mackaw, so as to make Mrs Dodd very justly call you her *Mackaw.* All these sort of things are most notorious insults upon the Graces and indeed upon all good company. Do not take into your head that these things are trifles; though they may seem so if singly and separately considered, yet when considered aggregately and relatively to the great and necessary art of pleasing, they are of infinite consequence. Socrates the wisest and honestest Pagan that ever lived, thought the Graces of such vast importance that he always advised his Disciples to *Sacrifice to them.* From so great an authority, I will most earnestly recommend to you to sacrifice to them. Invite, entreat, supplicate them to accompany you, in all you say or do; and Sacrifice to them every little idle humour and lazyness. They will then be propitious and accept, and reward your offerings. The principal object of my few remaining years, is to make you perfect, if human nature could be so, and it would make me happy if you would give me reason to say in time of you, what Lucretius says of Memmius.

Quem tu Dea tempore in omni,
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

Turn out your right foot, raise your head above your shoulders, walk like a Gentleman, if not I know not what Mrs Dodd intends to do to you. God bless thee.

To Mr Stanhope
at Doctor Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham Middlesex.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CC.

Garrick and his Acting.—The Study of Foreign Languages.

a BLACK-HEATH, *ce* 20me *d'Aoust* 1768.

MONSIEUR

J'ay reçeu la lettre dont vous m'avez honoré du 19^{ieme} avec la requête ỳ jointe; le pauvre Ministre est a plaindre, d'avoir tant fait d'enfants, sans avoir de quoy les nourir; dans le tems de la republique Romaine il en auroit été recompensé par le droit *trium Liberorum*, qui etoit un grand avantage. Le Docteur Dodd vous dira ce que c'etoit que le *Jus trium Liberorum.* Vous avez donc vu en même tems le petit Roy de Dannemarck, et le petit Garrick; Je crois que ce dernier jouë son role bien mieux que le premier, qui est a ce qu'on dit un franc pollisson. Nous sommes tous des acteurs, et la providence a donné a chacun un role a jouer. Heureux ceux qui s'en acquittent bien! Vous aussi vous avez votre petit role a jouer. Ce role deviendra plus fort tous les jours, et a la fin peut-être, il ne sera pas petit. En attendant preparez vous y. Ce n'est pas sans peine que Garrick est parvenu a jouer si bien, car d'abord c'etoit un tres mediocre acteur, mais son esprit joint a son application l'a rendu tel qu'il est. Il est vray que votre role sera plus relevé, mais par cela meme il exige plus de soin et d'attention. Il vous faut du sçavoir, des manieres, une politesse brilliante, le ton de la bonne compagnie, et les mœurs d'un honnête homme, et surtout une verité scrupuleuse. En effet, ne seroit ce pas honteux pour vous, qui jouez si bien les roles d'autruy, de ne pas jouer votre propre role dans la derniere perfection? Il ne tient a vous que de le faire, vous avez bien de quoy. Je vous renvoye votre lettre corrigée par rapport au Francois, vous verrez qu'il y avoit tres peu de

fautes, mais enfin il est bon d'etre tres correct en quelque langue qu'on parle ou qu'on écrive; puisqu'un homme paroit toujours etre audessous de lui-même, qui parle une langue qu'il ne possede pas parfaittement; et comme selon touttes les apparences vous aurez affaire avec les gens de tous les païs de l'Europe, il faut necessairement que vous en sachiez touttes les langues. C'est pourquoy je vous donneray cet hyver un Maitre de langue Allemand que vous apprendrez facilement avec le secours de votre cher ami Ernst. Apres cela vous apprendrez l'Italien, et avec le secours de votre Latin et de votre François, vous en viendrez a bout facilement dans un hyver. Pour l'Espagnol vous l'entendrez pour lire, sans l'apprendre, et cela suffit, car hors de l'Espagne on ne la parle pas. Avec touttes ces langues vous serez un homme de tous les païs, et avec l'histoire vous serez un homme de tous les tems. Adieu mon petit.

P. S. Priez Madame Dodd de ne vous plus appeller son Mackaw; car si on le scavoit, ce Nom vous resteroit pour toujours. Mais je ne crois pas qu'elle vous le prommettra, jusqu'au que ce pied droit aye pris une differente tournure.

To Mr Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham Middlesex.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CCI.

The indecent Ostentation of Vices.

BLACK-HEATH, *Sept: y* 3d 1768.

MY DEAR BOY.

You are now near that age, in which Imitation is not only natural, but in some degree necessary. You are too young to be able to form yourself, and yet you are of an age when you should begin to be forming. Your greatest

difficulty will be to chuse good Models to work from, and I am sorry to tell you that there are at least twenty very bad ones to one good one, especially amongst the Youth of the present times. Their manners are illiberal and even their vices are degraded by their indecent ostentation of them. When you come more into the world, be very cautious what model you chuse, or rather chuse no one singly; but pick and cull the accomplishments of many, as Apelles or Praxiteles, I have forgot which, did to form his celebrated Venus; not from any one beauty, but by singling out and uniting the best features of a great many. When you hear of any young man, of an universal good character, observe him attentively, and in great measure Imitate him; I say in a great measure, for no man living is so perfect as to deserve imitation in every particular. When you hear of another whose good breeding and address are generally applauded, form yourself upon his model in those particulars. Ill examples are sometimes useful, to deterr from the Vices that characterise them. Horace tells us that his Father trained him up to virtue, by pointing out to him the turpitude of the vices of several individuals. Observe in all your words and actions that propriety and *Decorum* which Cicero lays so great a stress upon, in his twenty seventh chapter de Officiis, in these words. Sequitur ut de una reliqua parte honestatis dicendum sit, in qua verecundia et quasi quidam ornatus vitae, Temperantia et modestia omnisque sedatio perturbationum animi, et rerum modus cernitur. Hoc loco continetur id quod dici Latine *Decorum* potest. Graecè enim πρεπον dicitur. Hujus vis ea est, ut ab honesto non queat separari. Nam et quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet.* Here you see that Cicero places the Decorum amongst some of the capital virtues. I hope it will be amongst yours, and I the rather believe that it will, because it is certain that no man wants decency, that does not at the same time want sense. When

* De Off. i. c. 27.

you hear any young man, of what rank soever, swearing, cursing, talking obscenely, and even boasting of the vices he ought to be ashamed of, put him down for a fool; *Longe fuge*, for he has *fœnum in Cornu*. Have no communication with such contemptible wretches. They will soil and dirty your character if you ever rub against them. But I think you have too much good sense to be infected by the contagion of such examples, for it is certain that all vices, and impropriety of conduct, proceed from a want of true good sense. God bless you.

To Mr Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham Middlesex.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CCII.

The Art of Letter-Writing.

BLACK-HEATH, *Septr yr 15th*, 1768.

MY DEAR BOY,

I send you enclosed a letter from your friend young Mr. Chenevix, which you should answer in about a month. Politeness is as much concerned in answering letters within a reasonable time, as it is in returning a bowe, immediately. *A propos* of letters, let us consider the various kinds of letters, and the general rules concerning them. Letters of business must be answered immediately, and are the easiest either to write or to answer, for the subject is ready and only requires great clearness and perspicuity in the treating. There must be no prettynesses, no quaintnesses, no Antitheses, nor even wit. *Non est his Locus*. The letters that are the hardest to write, are those that are upon no subject

at all, and which are like *Small Talk* in conversation. They admit of wit if you have any, and of agreable trifling or *badinage*. For as they are nothing in themselves, their whole merit turns upon their ornaments; but they should seem easy and natural, and not smell of the lamp, as most of the letters I have seen printed do, and probably because they were wrote, in the intention of printing them. Letters between real intimate friends are of course frequent, but then they require no care nor trouble, for there the heart leaves the understanding little or nothing to do. Matter and expression present themselves.* There are two other sorts of letters, but both pretty much of the same nature. These are letters to great Men your superiors, and *Lettres galantes*, I do not mean love letters, to fine women. Put flattery enough in them both, and they will be sure to please. I can assure you that men, especially great men, are not in the least behind hand with women in their love of Flattery. Whenever you write to persons greatly your inferiors, and by way of giving orders, let your letters speak, what I hope in God, you will always feell, the utmost gentleness and humanity. If you happen to write to your *Valet de Chambre*, or your Bailif, it is no great trouble to say *Pray do such a thing*, it will be taken kindly, and your orders will be the better executed for it. What good heart would roughly exert the power and superiority, which chance more than merit has given him over many of his fellow creatures? I pray God to bless you, but remember at the same time, that probably he will only bless you in proportion to your deserts.

P. S. I have left a Dictionary in two volumes of German, French, and English, for you at Dr Dodd's house in London, but notwithstanding that, I flatter myself that I shall win my wager of you next Lady Day.

* Lord Chesterfield had probably in his mind, though he did not quote it, the Horatian precept: "Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur."

CCIII.

Education, Good Manners, and the Talk of Good Society.

a BLACK-HEATH, 24 *Sept*: 1768.

MON CHER ENFANT.

Vous occupez entierement mon esprit, et a l'exclusion de tout autre soin. Je vous considere comme mon Fils adoptif, et je ne pense qu'aux moyens de vous rendre aussi parfait que la Nature humaine le permet. Votre fond est bon, et je voudrois le broder avec tout ce qu'il y a de solide et de brilliant. Mais aussi nous avons encore bien du chemin a faire. Je voudrois vous rendre egalement respectable et aimable. Respectable par votre vertu et votre sçavoir, aimable par vos manieres douces et engageantes. C'est pour remplir ces deux objets que je vous donne tant de Maitres, et que je vous écris tant de lettres. Mais il faut de votre coté que vous me secondiez; point de paresse, un desir ardent de vous distinguer dans le monde, et de briller. Pensez toujours comme Caesar pensoit a ce que dit Lucain. Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.* Ne croyez jamais que vous avez assez acquis, et apprenez toujours, car il y a toujours a apprendre. C'est là qu'une ambition demésurée est louable. Apprenez egalement le solide du Dr Dodd, et la danse de Monsieur Desnoyers que vous aurez bien tôt pour maitre. Voila les deux extremes du Solide et du frivole, mais pourtant ce frivole la est absolument necessaire a un homme du monde. Il y a aussi de certaines phrases et expressions du bon ton auxquelles il faut vous accoutumer. Comme par example il faut dire aux honnêtes gens tant hommes que femmes, J'ay eu l'honneur

* "Nil actum credens nisi quid superesset agendum." Luc. Phars. ii. 657.

de vous voir, J'ay l'honneur de boire a votre santé, etc., au lieu de dire tout cruement, Je vous ay vu, Je bois a votre santé, etc. Quand vous parlez a des gens de grande condition, ou a des Dames, et toutte Dame est egale aux hommes du premier rang, Monsieur ou Madame J'ay tâché de vous faire ma cour hier, ou permettez moy de vous faire ma cour chez vous, ou de vous rendre hommage. Tout cecy il est vray, peut s'appeller du clinquant, mais ce clinquant est necessaire puisqu'il est d'usage. Pourquoy porte t'on des habits brodez et gallonnez? Parceque c'est l'usage, la mode, et qu'on se rendroit ridicule en s'habillant en Quakre.

Je viendray en Ville pour y rester Mercredi, prochain, et en quinze jours apres, je feray mon voyage anniversaire a Bath, pour m'y radouber un peu. Dieu te benisse.

To Mr Stanhope
at Dr Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham Middlesex.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CCIV.

The Education of a Polished Gentleman.—Harlequin, et l'Amour des Belles-lettres.

LONDON, *Oct: ye* 5th 1768.

MY DEAR BOY.

The thoughts which you showed me upon bad company the last time I saw you, were so just, that they have given me a desire to see the thoughts of the same Author upon good company. I want to know what constitutes good company. What effects result from keeping good company? And what accomplishments are the most necessary to qualify a man to keep good company? Answer all these questions *et*

eris mihi magnus Apollo. I take this leisure time of yours for these demands, for after you come to Town, Masters will crowd upon you. Monsieur Rustan for French and History, both absolutely necessary for you, and the great Desnoyers for dancing, not to mention the excellent German Master who is in the House with you. I would fain have you be *Omnis homo, Homme Universel,* I mean only as to the *Belles Lettres,* and all the other accomplishments of a Gentleman. I would have you understand Greek and Latin as well as Graevius,* Gronovius, † and Gruterus ‡ ever did, but at the same time I would have you dance and dress better than I am apt to think they did. I would have you know History and Modern Languages perfectly, but I do by no means require of you to be a subtil Logician, a sublime and unintelligible Metaphysician, or a profound Mathematician. Providence has given you great powers of thinking and speaking, the point is to do both well, which nothing will contribute more to, than a perfect knowledge of *Les Belles Lettres. A propos* of the *belles-lettres,* Harlequin in a French Farce is to be hanged for clipping; and as in Clipping it is impossible not to cut off some part of the Inscription, he complains grievously, and says, it is very hard to be hanged, *pour l'amour des belles-lettres.*

Pray desire the Doctor to have his account ready next time we meet, for I shall go to the Bath tomorrow, sevenight, and shall not be easy if I go there in debt. God bless you, and never be in debt for it is not honest.

To Master Stanhope

at Doctor Dodd's, at Whitton, near Twickenham, Middlesex.

Free

CHESTERFIELD.

* Graevius or Greffe, 1632–1703. He was born in Saxony; and held distinguished office in the University of Utrecht.

† Gronovius, 1645–1716, when he ended a distinguished career in a professorial chair at Leyden.

‡ Gruterus or Gruter, 1560–1627, a Dutch scholar whose chief work lay in the department of Inscriptions, and who was Librarian in the University of Heidelberg.

CCV.

Cervantes and Don Quixote.—The Knight Errantry of Spain.

BATH *Oct*: 17th 1768.

MY DEAR BOY.

I owe you at least a letter, in return for your visit at Hownslow. My Valet de Chambre told me afterwards that Mr Gason was in company with you, and your other self Mr. Ernst, but I did not see him, and pray tell him so, and that if I had known he was there, I would certainly have made him my compliments. I arrived here the next day, in tolerable health, and not much fateagued, which is pretty well for seventy-five.

I have ordered a French Don Quichotte in six small volumes to be left for you at Dr Dodd's in Southampton-row. It will entertain you at your leisure hours; but that you may taste it the better, it will be necessary to apprise you a little of that fashionable folly or rather the frenzy of those times, which Cervantes so admirably ridicules in the character of Don Quixot. The Spaniards were a strange mixture of different nations, first the native *Iberi*, then the Romans who were drove out by the Visigoths, who in their turn were subdued by the Moors of Africa, who were some time afterwards beaten and expelled in the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabel, about three hundred years ago. The Visigoths a barbarous people introduced the brutal fashion of single combat. The Moors a brave and amorous people adopted that custom, but added gallantry to it. Then Knight Errantry gloriously frantick, prevailed; every knight devoted his sword, and his atchievements to the service of some real or imaginary Princess, for whose sake he ran about doing all the mischief he could; he encountered Giants, stormed

enchanted Castles, and invited to single combat whoever would not allow the fair object of all his wishes, to be the paragon of Beauty, superior to all other Princesses. Such, and a thousand other extravagancys provoked Miguel de Cervantes to ridicule them in his Don Quixot, which he has done so ably and successfully, that since his time those follys have in a great measure ceased.

Make my compliments to all at Whitton.

God bless you.

To Mr. Stanhope

at Doctor Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham Middlesex.

Free

CHESTERFIELD.

CCVI.

Persons of Title and Their Style of Address.

A BATH *ce* 22*d d'Oct*: 1768.

MON CHER ENFANT.

Je reçois dans ce moment votre lettre, qui est tres bien ecritte, mais vous m'y faittes un honneur qui ne m'appartient pas, puisque vous m'y donnez *le Monseigneur.* Il est vray que Monseigneur est une traduction litterale de *My Lord.* Mais en France on ne donne *le Monseigneur* qu'aux Princes du Sang, aux Cardinaux, aux Evêques, et aux Ministres d'Etat, et a tout le reste du monde, simplement *Monsieur.* Il est vray que depuis quelques années les François quand ils écrivent a un Seigneur Anglois ont adopté notre mot de *Milord.* In English we have but two appellations in writing, which are *Sir* or *My Lord.* Sir is

given to the King, and to every man in England who is not a Lord. But then it must be plain Sir, and not *Honourable*, nor *Honoured Sir*, which is never used by people of fashion. If you write to a Duke, you must only call him at the top of your Letter *My Lord*, and not as the Vulgar often say, *May it please your Grace.* When you address yourself directly to him in the body of your letter, you must say *your Grace*, and also at the conclusion, I am Your Grace's most obedient etc. Touttes ces choses il est vray sont des minucies, mais aussi ce sont des minucies qu'un honnete homme ne doit pas ignorer, sous peine de passer pour n'avoir pas frequenté la bonne compagnie. Dans la plus part des choses du monde c'est la coutume qui gouverne, et il s'y faut conformer quand il n'y a rien contre la morale ou les bonnes mœurs. Il faut l'avouer il y a des coutumes bien ridicules qui ont été inventées par des sots, mais auxquelles les sages sont obligés de se conformer pour eviter le ridicule d'une singularité affectée. Vous dites que vous regretterez Whitton, au lieu que je croyois que vous seriez bien aise d'aller en ville, parceque là vous aurez deux Maitres de plus, Monsieur Rustan et le grand Monsieur Désnoyers. Adieu mon Enfant.

Mes compliments *a tutti quanti* ce qui veut dire a tout le monde chez vous.

To Master Stanhope
at Doctor Dodd's house at Whitton near Twickenham
Middlesex.

CCVII.

Dancing and Dress, the Agreeable Trifles of a Well-bred Man.—Philip Stanhope Thirteen Years of Age.

BATH, *Novem.* 9th 1768

MY DEAR BOY

This morning I received a very good letter from you, though you could not find a pun to conclude it with; you judged very right that I did not like anything forced from you, especially wit, which must present itself spontaneously or it is worth nothing. Even a pun, which is far from being true wit, must come naturally, or it is not to be borne with. Read Mr Addison's Spectators upon the different sorts of wit. You will find them by looking in the index. I find that you are resolved to do wonders with Desnoyers, and I am glad of it, for dancing is no trifle in a Gentleman, however trifling it may seem when philosophically considered. Cicero says, *Nemo sobrius saltat*, and reproaches Clodia with dancing better than a modest woman should. But with the utmost submission to so great an authority, I will maintain that dancing with its concomitant graces is an agreable and necessary trifle for a Gentleman. I have often advised you to strike the senses of everybody; that is their eyes and their ears, and their hearts will follow, for who is guided by mere reason? Learn to distinguish between trifles and trifles; some are necessary, some agreable, and some utterly despicable, in the common intercourse of life. For instance *dress* is undoubtedly a trifle in itself, too great accuracy in that trifle, forms a Fop, too much negligence a Sloven; bad extremes both, but *in medio tutissimus ibis*. Conform to the common fashion, which is in general equidistant from each. Do you go on successfully with your Anacreonticks, or

do you deal at present in tenderer Sapphicks? When you publish any of your Poetical Works, I put in for the Dedication. You may find a short account of the life and unhappy death of the too tender Sappho in the Spectators under the article of Cape Leucate, or the *lover's leap*. The Sapphick measure is in my mind the prettiest of all the ancient odes, and the short *Adonick* verse which consists only of a Dactyl and a Spondee, animates the stanza. If I mistake not your birthday draws very near, or is perhaps now past. Thirteen years old, is an important epocha in life, and people will draw conclusions of what you will be hereafter, by what you are at present. I will not say to you what a flatterer said to Augustus Caesar at the Secular Games, which were exhibited but once in a hundred years, *Multos et felices*. But I will pray that my Dear Boy may live and be happy as long as he deserves it, and no longer.

To Mr Stanhope
at Doctor Dodd's House in Southampton Street London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CCVIII.

The German Language.—Virgil.—The Rosicrucians.

BATH, *Novem.* 17th 1768.

MY DEAR BOY.

You are now of an age to be consulted, as well as taught, and therefore I desire that you will write me your sentiments upon a subject which I am not clear in myself; it is this, Learning I know makes a man esteemed, Virtue and honour makes him respectable, but what are in your opinion, the accomplishments that make him *Aimable*? For that gives the last polish and finishing stroke to all

other qualitys. To a certain degree you must be amiable, for you are beloved, and I daresay will endeavour to be more and more so every day, but what I want to know is, how you bring it about.

Lady Chesterfield received this morning your German letter, which she assures me is in very good German and very well writt. She added that you was either a very quick scholar, or had an excellent Master; I told her that I believed both, for that I believed your friend was your master, and that I knew you could soon learn whatever you would. She will answer you soon in the same language. Remember the good servant who doubled the five Talents with which his Lord had trusted him; he was praised and rewarded, while the slothful one who wrapped up his talent and made no use of it, was rebuked and brought to shame. I take it for granted that by this time you are in the sixth book of Virgil, which is the finest of the whole Aeneis. There is more invention, and what the criticks call machinery, than in any other. If you do not know what is Machinery in an Epick Poem, Dr Dodd can tell you better than I can. There was no machinery in the first edition of Pope's Rape of the Lock, but in his subsequent editions of that poem, he has very judiciously introduced the machinery of Sylphs and Gnomes, etc., the imaginary beings of the mad Rosicrucians which are mentioned by the Comte de Gabalis. If you would see a short account of the Rosicrucians with whom hitherto I believe you have not the honour to be acquainted, you will find it in the Spectator. It is the most extravagant stuff, that ever was entertained by the human mind, and that is a bold word. God bless you, I love you mightily and hope to make something considerable of you, but you must co-operate.

My compliments to *tutti quanti.*

To Mr Stanhope

at Doctor Dodd's House in Southampton Row London.

Free

CHESTERFIELD.

CCIX.

Good Humour and Good Nature.—"Ex Pede Herculem" and "Pedarii Senatores."

BATH, *Novem*: 27th 1768.

MY DEAR BOY

Your letter which I received yesterday was so pretty a one that I hope you kept a copy of it to show to Dr Dodd, who I daresay will be extremely pleased with it. I have upon my word, a greater regard for your decisions than for the decrees of the Pope's and Oecumenical Counsels. I shall therefore from time to time apply to you for your opinion, where I have any doubts myself. As for instance pray tell me where is the difference between good nature and good humour. They seem to have some ressemblance to each other, and yet not to be convertible terms. Can an ill-natured man be good-humoured, or a good-humoured man be ill natured? I am not clear in that point, and wait for your opinion. I return my compliments to your right foot, and congratulate it upon having taken a righter turn of late. Mr Desnoyers is the Priest of the Graces, who will offer them your sacrifices, and make them propitious to you. The foot is a more material part than perhaps you are aware of, for you know that Hercules was known by his foot, *Ex pede Herculem*; which I presume was a very large one, though none of the *veteres codices* mention whether he turned it inwards or outwards. It is in Ancient History an *hiatus valde deflendus.* Physicians observe that there is a mutual and quick communication between the head and the feet, so that who knows but that a wrong turn in the foot, may produce a wrong turn in the head, which would be a *capital* misfortune. In the Roman Senate there were many senators, who were only known by their feet, and for that reason called *Pedarii Senatores*, for they never spoke, and only

manifested their opinions by walking on one side, or the other of the Senate House. Many such are stirring at this day. I will only add upon this subject, that in either Politicks or Love, it is reckoned a great point gained, to have got *the length of the party's foot.* Having thus proved to you by serious and solid arguments the great importance of that Basis of the human structure the foot; I recommend yours to your attention, and Monsieur Desnoyer's care, and so heartily bid you farewell till the next time.

To Mr Stanhope

at Doctor Dodd's house in Southampton Row London.

Free

CHESTERFIELD.

CCX.

An Invitation.

Vendredi Matin.

SEIGNEUR

Si le Docteur Dodd, votre intime ami Ernst, et vous, n'avez rien de mieux a faire demain, pourquoy ne priendriez vous pas la soupe chez moy? Je ne vois point de raison au contraire. Dieu te benisse mon cher Enfant.

A Monsieur

Monsieur Stanhope.

CCXI.

A Proposal.

Thursday.

My Dear Boy.

Do you go with the Doctor next Sunday to Greenwich, or do you preach in his stead at Charlotte Chappel? In either case have you anything to say to me or my Coach? Your orders whatever they may be, shall be obeyed. God bless you.

To Mr Stanhope
at Doctor Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham.

CCXII.

Philip Stanhope's Verses: Translation of Anacreon.

London, *Saturday* [1769].

My Dear Boy

Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana? that is at Whitton? Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat, an tacitum Sylvas inter reptare salubres? That is, are you going to excell Pope, in your immortal lays, and make Whitton rival Twickenham, lately the seat of Pope and the Muses. As those nine Virgins seem to have had very little to do of late; who knows but four or five of them may straggle to welcome your rising Genius to Whitton. I own I expect great productions from your rural retreat. I showed yesterday to Lord Lyttelton your translation of Anacreon's Ode of Cupid and the Bee; he was delighted with it, and

protested that he could not alter one word in it for the better. That is praise enough for so young a beginner as you are.* Remember however that Poetry is not solely and exclusively the province of the Muses, for it extends to other Arts and Sciences, as the following Epigram of Ausonius will show you.

Eidyllium 20

Clio gesta canens, transactis tempora reddit.
Melpomene tragico proclamat mœsta boatu.
Comica lascivo gaudet sermone Thalia.
Dulciloquos calamos Euterpe flatibus urget.
Terpsicore affectus Citharis movet, imperat, auget.
Plectra gerens Erato saltat pede, carmine vultu.
Carmina Calliope libris Heroica mandat.
Urania Cœli motus scrutatur et Astra.
Signat cuncta manu, loquitur Polyhymnia gestu.

You should therefore make your court to more than one of those Ladys, and I would recommend to you more particularly Clio the Muse of History. My eyes will not let me go on farther, than God bless you.

CCXIII.

Philip Stanhope appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Nottingham.

My Dear Boy,

I find that I judged right, when I supposed you to employ your country retirement in the same manner in which Horace supposed his friend Tibullus to do; do not forget

* George the first Lord Lyttelton—born in 1709 and died in 1773—was a man distinguished both in politics and letters among the many distinguished men of his generation. He was for a short time Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1755.

another line of that same Epistle,* *Curantem quicquid dignum Sapiente bonoque est.* I am extremely pleased with your translation of Xenophon, and of Ausonius's Epigram; for the latter I believe you are a little obliged to Pope's sacred Grotto which you say you visited, where the *Genius Loci* helped to inspire you. Our English Popedom is now vacant as well as the Roman, and as we have no Cardinal Poet except yourself to fill that *Sede Vacanti*, therefore I do not see why you should not be a candidate for it; for as Poets go now you are *Papabile*, as the Italians say of those Cardinals who are capable of being elected Popes; for all Cardinals are not eligible, either because they are not Italians or because some of the great Catholick Powers give them the exclusion. However this may turn out, I can tell you of an honour actually done you which I believe you little expected. Know then, that you are appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Nottingham in a new Commission issued out a few days ago for that County; so that you are now your Worship, and equal to your Father, and in time may be of the Quorum. I heartily wish you joy of this dignity, but hope at the same time that it will not make you too proud, for, *ut tu fortunam sic nos te Celse feremus*† ?

God bless you my Dear good Boy.

London, Saturday.

My compliments to *tutti quanti.*

To Master Stanhope

at Dr. Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham.

* Hor. Ep. I. iv. 5. † Hor. Ep. I. viii. 17.

Collotype. *Oxford University Press.*

PHILIP STANHOPE.

From a Painting by J. RUSSELL. 1769.

CCXIV.

Description of the Picture of Philip Stanhope by Russell.

Thursday [1769].

MY DEAR BOY,

You cannot imagine what pleasure I have in giving you deserved commendations, and to do you justice you often deserve them. You behaved yourself at dinner and in a numerous company as much like a Gentleman as any one at table. You was neither improperly forward, nor had you the awkward bashfullness and *mauvaise honte* of a Country Esquire. You mingled with ease and propriety in the conversation, and at the same time with that decent modesty that becomes a young man. If you chuse to dine with me next Sunday after Charlotte Chappel, you may either walk it as you did last Sunday, or I will send my coach for you, wherever you shall order it, and it shall carry you in the evening to Southampton Row. I have bespoke of Mr. Russel, a picture of you singly, in the same dress, but with the attributes of a man of learning and taste; Anacreon, Horace, and Cicero lye upon your table, and you have a Shakespear in your hand, to suit with your dress. You are now known and advantageously distinguished, but whether that is the better or the worse for you, the seven or eight next years of your life must discover. The world has great expectations of you; which, if not fully answered, you will sink the more below your real level. I own I have very sanguine hopes of you, do not disappoint them, but take care to be, what you may be if you please. God bless you.

To Mr Stanhope
at Doctor Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham.

CCXV.

The Art of Public Speaking.—The Eloquence of Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Chatham.

My Admirable Boy.

Though I dare say that when you come to speak in any publick assembly you will speak well, I would have you speak better than well, that is, Elegantly and Eloquently; and that is easily in your power. You already speak more correctly than any Boy of your age, and you are bred at the feet of Gamaliel for speaking. Your own care and attention are alone needed to complete you in that noble art, by which Cicero says that Men chiefly excell Brutes. Use yourself then from hence forwards to think of your style, seek for elegant and expressive words, and when you are in doubt about any, ask Dr Dodd, *is this a good word* S^r, or *do you know a better, is this phrase well turned*, or *is there a better way of turning it?* By using yourself thus early to study your style, you will arrive insensibly at Eloquence, and it will become habitual to you, as it did by the same means to the late Ld Bolingbroke, and the present Lord Chatham. I asked the former how it was possible that he could always speak with so much extempore Eloquence even in private conversation, without it's smelling of the Lamp; he answered, that, if he deserved in any degree what I flattered him with, he had earned it by his care and attention to his diction from the age of twelve or thirteen. That he was sensible even at that age of the importance of Eloquence in all countrys, but particularly in this, that it was always the chief object of his care and study. Lord Chatham to my knowledge thought the same, and studyed the Art of Speaking, more or less every day these last thirty years. Go thy ways and do so too. God bless thee.

Would you have the Coach to morrow?

Fryday 21 April [1769].

CCXVI.

The Rational Pleasures of Youth.

My Dear Boy.

The oftener I read your verses inscribed to Dr Dodd, the better I like them; there are people who could write better, but there are hardly any who would be ashamed of adopting yours. They do honour to your heart as well as to your head, by expressing your gratitude to Dr Dodd for the great care he has taken of you. Were there an exhibition of Boys as there has been lately of Pictures * the Doctor and I would exhibit you as our show Boy. You are known, you are spoken of advantageously, your dawn is promising; but consider that if your noon-tide should not prove shining how great your disgrace would be. You have given mankind great claims upon you, and if you [do not] satisfy them their disappointment would be attended by their indignation. And if I should live till you are a Man, what a cruel blow would it not be to me, to hear that like most of the young men of the present time, you passed yours in frivolous dissipation, losing your time, your money, and your character, at the Macaronies or Almacks. But I hope for better things from you. Don't from this imagine that I proscribe the pleasures of youth, on the contrary I recommend them to you; but then let them be the decent and rational pleasures of a Man of parts and a gentleman.

Shall I send my Coach for you to Charlotte Chappel next Sunday as I did the last, or will you come upon yourself (as the Scotch call walking), or will you not come at all? Do as you like. God bless you.

Thursday, June ye 8th [1769].

* It is interesting to observe in reference to this allusion by Lord Chesterfield that the Royal Academy was constituted December 10, 1768.

CCXVII.

The Desire of Fame.

BLACK-HEATH *Aug*st 15th 1769.

MY EXCELLENT BOY

Though you flatter me in verse, I do not flatter you in prose when I call you my excellent Boy, for such you are, and if you go on improving the next ten years in the same proportion as you have in the last three, you will be all that I can wish. Some people tell me that I shall turn your head by commending you so much, but I think just the contrary, and am of opinion that due praise is an incitement to endeavour to deserve more; and no body ever deserved praise, who did not desire it, and those who despise it, despise virtue too. Tacitus who knew human nature full as well as either of us says that in his days, which indeed were very flagitious, *contemptu famae contemni virtutes.* Every man living desires fame of some kind or other. Wise men desire it as the rewards of their good and great actions, fools desire it for foollish things, and for foollish reasons; Nero desired it as a fidler and a piper, and many of our young nobility push for it by driving a Chaise and four, or a Tim Whiskey*. Hudibras says that Fame has two Trumpets, an upper and an under one. * * * * Take care to engage the upper one in your favour, you may secure it if you please. The eyes of all Etherupe are now upon you. It is not your learning, your prose or your verse that will satisfy them all, it must be your manners, which every body can judge of;

* "Tim Whisky. A light one-horse chaise without a head." Halliwell's Archaic Dictionary.

observe Mr Elliss, no body has better. I am as you left me, but by no means as you wish me. God bless thee.

My compliments to *tutti quanti* with you.

No rapidity.

To Mr Stanhope
at Sir William Stanhope's House at Etherupe in Bucks.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CCXVIII.

On the Treatment of Inferiors.

BLACK-HEATH, *Augst* 29 1769.

MY DEAR BOY

You did the honours of the Town extremely well to your family, but to tell you the truth, I am glad they are gone, for they cost you a fortnight's idleness and dissipation, at a time when you cannot well spare a day from your serious studies. When you shall be seventeen or eighteen, your pleasures and dissipation, both which I allow you, though of the latter the less the better, will seldom leave you time to turn over Grammars, Lexicons, Commentators, etc. So that what Classical learning you wish to be master of, you must seize by the forelock now; for *Post est occasio Calva.**

It gave me great pleasure to observe the indignation which

* This was a common proverb. De Foe, for instance, quotes it in his "Shortest Way with Dissenters"; but I think that Lord Chesterfield must have had in his mind Phaedrus' Fab., lib. v. 8:—

"Cursu volucri, pendens in novacula,
Calvus, comosa fronte, nudo corpore,
Quem si occuparis teneas; elapsum semel
Non ipse possit Jupiter reprehendere,
Occasionem rerum significat brevem."

you expressed at the brutality of the Pacha, you lately dined with, to his servant, which I am sure you are and ever will be incapable of. Those Pachas seem to think that their servants and themselves are not made of the same clay, but that God has made by much the greatest part of Mankind to be the oppressed and abused slaves of the superior ranks. Service is a mutual contract, the Master hires and pays his servant, the servant is to do his Master's business; but each is equally at liberty to be off of the engagement, upon due warning. Servants are full as necessary to their Masters, as their Masters are to them, and so in truth is the whole human Species to each other; God has connected them by reciprocal wants and conveniencys, which must, or at least ought to create that sentiment of universal benevolence or good will which is called *humanity*. Consider were you the only living creature upon this globe, what a wretched miserable being you must be. Where would you get food or cloaths? You are full as much obliged to the Ploughman for your bread, as the Ploughman is to you for his wages. In this state then of mutual and universal dependence, what a monster of brutality and injustice must that Man be; who, though of the highest rank, can treat his fellow creatures even of the lowest, with insult and cruelty, as if they were of a different and inferior species. But this exhortation is not necessary to you, for I thank God he has given you a good and tender heart, but I would have your benevolence proceed equally, from a sense of your duty both to God and Man, as from the compassionate sentiments and feelings of your heart. Say often to yourself, *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.* I will incroach no longer upon Dr Dodd's province, who can and will explain the whole duty of Man to you, much better than I can, so God bless you my Dear Boy.

To Mr. Stanhope

at Dr Dodd's at Whitton near Twickenham by way of London.

Free

CHESTERFIELD.

CCXIX.

"Bucks," "Bloods," and Bad Language.

BLACK-HEATH, *Sept. ye 6th*, 1769.

MY DEAR BOY.

You engross my thoughts, and I often reflect with pleasure upon what I hope and believe you will be when you are grown up; but on the other hand I cannot help sometimes reflecting with horror, upon what you may be, if you should fall into ill company or follow ill examples. I shall therefore, as I have done for sometime past, point out to you good and bad characters for your imitation or abhorrence. There are now two sorts of young fellows about Town, who call themselves *Bucks* and *Bloods*. They are very like one another being equally the sons of riot, and ill manners. They are perpetually engaged in scrapes, assaults and batterys; they frequent infamous houses, and often pass their nights in the round house. The choicest figures of their rhetorick are oaths and curses, and their favourite curse is *Damn you*. All things whether animate or inanimate, that they dislike are *damned* things. Who gave these puppys authority to damn anything but themselves, which they are indeed in a fair way of doing? So that their curses, thank God, are as absurd as they are wicked. Were I about the Town now as I used to be, I would swear the Peace against these scoundrels, bring them before Justice Fielding, and have them bound over to their good behaviour. Such wretches I am sure you will carefully shun and sincerely abhorr. There are a thousand societys of such fools, as the advertisements in the Newspapers daily inform us, but none of them profess the disturbance of publick peace and decency, but the *Bucks* and the *Bloods*. Let it be a rule with you never to engage in any connections, societys, or clubs, where the object is not commendable, and

where the individuals are not people of sense and parts. I admitt that all people of parts do not always behave as they ought to do, but if they have real good sense and parts, at bottom, they will come about right sooner or later. Do you, my Dear Boy, set out right, go on right, and want no conversion. God bless thee.

To Mr Stanhope
at Doctor Dodd's House at Whitton near Twickenham
by way of London.

Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CCXX.

Pride of Rank and Birth.

BLACK-HEATH, *Sept.* 12th 1769.

MY DEAR BOY

After my death, Sir William's, and your Father's you will be in a situation that would make a fool proud and insolent, and a wise man more humble and obliging. I therefore easily judge of the effect, which it will have upon you. You will have a pretty good estate, and a pretty antient Title. I allow you to be glad of both, but I charge you to be proud of neither of those merely fortuitous advantages, the attendants of your birth, not the rewards of any merit of yours. Your Title will enable you to serve your Country, your estate to serve your friends, and to realise your present benevolence of heart into beneficence to your fellow creatures. The rabble, that is at least three parts in four of Mankind, admire riches and Titles so much, that they envy and consequently hate the possessors of them; but if, (which too seldom happens) those riches are attended by an extensive beneficence, and the Titles by an easy affability, the possessors

will then be adored. Take your choice, I am sure you will not hesitate. There is not in my mind a finer subject for ridicule, than a man who is proud of his birth, and jealous of his rank; his civility is an insolent protection, his walk is stately and processional, and he calls his inferiors only *fellows.* I remember a silly Lord of this kind who one day when the House was up, came to the door in Palace Yard, and finding none of his servants there, asked the people who stood at the door, where are my Fellows; upon which one of them answered him, your Lordship has no fellow in the world. All silly men are not proud, but I averr that all proud men are silly without exception. Vanity is not always pride, but pride is always a foollish ill-grounded Vanity. Vanity that arises from a consciousness of virtue and knowledge is a very pardonable Vanity, but then even that vanity should be prudently concealed. Upon the whole, the greater your rank, the greater your fortune may be, the more affability, complaisance, and beneficence will be expected from you, if you would not be hated, or ridiculous. But I need not I am sure have treated this subject, for your own good sense and good heart, would have suggested to you all I have said, and more. God bless you.

CCXXI.

The Bad Manners of "Bucks, Bloods and Bumpkins" at Bath.

BATH, *Oct*: 10th 1769.

MY DEAR BOY

You ordered me to write to you as this day, so that you might receive my letter next Thursday. You see that you have only to order, and *mihi Jussa capessere fas est.* I arrived here on Sunday last, the second day's journey, not much

fateagued, and rather the better for the journey. I really believe that you love the *Old Fellow* well enough to be pleased with this account.

Here is as usual, a strange mixture of company, here are Bucks, Bloods and Bumpkins. The two first are offensive by their ill manners, the latter sort are only ridiculously awkward. They hunt all the morning, and appear, often in the Publick rooms, in their boots and spurrs, their leathern caps and Deerskin waittescoats, which are commonly the *Opima Spolia* of their mornings atchievements. How glad am I, to be convinced that you will never appear anywhere, in any of those ridiculous and offensive characters, and to know that you have already, a just contempt for them all. You would laugh if you were to see the dancing in the Ball rooms, where of twenty Menuets there are at least nineteen ridiculous ones, performed by people who had either very bad dancing masters, or who were so invincibly awkward as to baffle the care and pains of the best. As every Gentleman may occasionally be obliged sometimes to dance a Menuet, I recommend next to your other masters, application to the great Mr. Desnoyers, both for dancing, and walking without waddling. I know that Cicero says in his Offices, which you are now reading, *Nemo sobrius saltat*; but he only means being a noted dancer, and employing a great deal of his time in that frivolous amusement, for otherwise a Gentleman should do whatever he does at all, well. Do not think that you do anything unless you do it well, for imperfect and unsuccessfull attempts, furnish matter only for ridicule. My compliments to Dr and Mrs Dodd.

God bless you.

CCXXII.

The Rules of Polite Conversation.—The Persistent Story-teller.

BATH, *Oct*: 15th 1769.

MY DEAR BOY.

I received your letter with the enclosed translation from Abbé Trublet. It is very well translated except a very few, and immaterial inaccuracys, but like Horace *ubi plura nitent non ego paucis offendar maculis.* The Abbé has treated the affair of conversation very judiciously and truly, and it is a subject that very well deserves your utmost attention, it occurrs every day, and all the day, and men are and will be judged of according to the part they act in conversation: It is to little purpose to know the rules, if one does not pay the utmost attention to them. Time, place, characters, and propriety are strictly to be observed. Many people come into company, full of what they intend to say themselves, and resolved to let it off properly or improperly no matter. This is particularly the case of narrators or story tellers, who fond of some storys which they think good ones, and that they tell well, will torture the Conversation in order to introduce their story. I formerly knew a Gentleman, not a fool neither, who had a favourite story of a Gun, which he always tryed to bring in if he could; but if all his endeavours proved ineffectual, he would start on a sudden, and being asked why he started, used to answer, I thought I hear'd a Gun go off very near us. No we heared nothing like a Gun—Well, however since you talk of a Gun, I will tell you a very good story that I recollect of one. Next to long and tedious story-tellers, absent people, *les distraits*, are the most provoking and shocking, their inattention is an insult to the whole company. Be upon your guard always against that; observe every word that is said, and even every look; no absence; *point de distraction.*

You mistook my meaning with regard to Dr Dodd's House rent, and what I gave him last Lady day, and shall give him next Lady day was intended as an alleviation of the rent he pays for his present house, which is if I mistake not £140, and to reduce that to what he would pay for a lesser if he removed; however I love you the better, for showing that warm concern for Dr Dodd, to whom I am sure you have very great obligations. God bless thee.

CCXXIII.

"La Délicatesse et les Finesses de la Langue Universelle."

a BATH, *ce 22d Octobre* [1769].

MON CHER ENFANT

Vous faittes fort bien de m'écrire de tems en tems en François, puisqu'il est necessaire d'etre aussi correct et aussi élegant, dans cette langue, que dans la votre. Le François est a present presque la langue Universelle, et il n'est pas permis a un honnête homme d'en ignorer la delicatesse et les finesses. Vous ne la possedez pas a present, comme vous ferez un jour. Par exemple vous dites que votre ami le Capitaine à été fait Aide-de-Camp du General en chef par *l'interet* de Monsieur Ellis; cet interet est un Anglicisme, il falloit dire par *le credit* de Monsieur Ellis. On dit fort bien en Anglois, *by the interest of such a one*, mais en François par le credit, ou a la recommandation d'un tel. Je suis tres persuadé que mon frere vous aime tendrement, mais sachez que ce n'est pas pour vos beaux yeux, mais c'est pour vos attentions et vos manieres polies vis a vis de lui, et c'est ce qui vous fera toujours aimer partout où vous serez. Le

grand Art de plaire vaut bien tous les autres Arts. Il n'est pas necessaire de vous dire a present, que cet Art consiste dans la douceur, la complaisance, les attentions que le bon sens donne et que l'usage de la bonne compagnie perfectionne. Priez Mr Rustan de vous faire lire un livre que je vous ay donné il y a quelque tems, c'est la Maniere de bien penser dans les ouvrages d'esprit, par le Pere Bouhours, le critique le plus juste et le plus poli qu'il y ait. Vous y verrez les plus belles pensées tant des Anciens que des Modernes, avec des remarques, sur leur justice ou sur leur faux brillant. Enfin je ne connois pas de livre si utile pour vous former un goût juste et delicat. Vous avez aussi un livre que je vous conseille de lire par amusement a vos heures perdues, c'est un petit Roman intitulé La Princesse de Cleves, écrit par Monsieur le Duc de La Rochefoucault et Madame de La Fayette, les deux plus beaux esprits de France. Le Langage en est pur et élégant, et les sentimens delicats sans les sottises ordinaires dans les Romans de Géans et d'enchanteurs.

Bon soir Mon cher Enfant, Dieu te benisse.

CCXXIV.

Knowledge and Manners.—A Lottery Ticket.

BATH, *Nov.* ye 2^d^ 1769.

MY DEAR BOY.

You tell me in your last that you regret the sweets and tranquillity of Whitton; this Philosophy is very edifying at your age, but I am apt to suspect that trapball and cricket had some share of your regret, and I hope that the Theatres and Publick shows will make up in some degree for that loss.

I heared of you by this day's Post from my Sister with whom and Sir William Stanhope you dined last Monday. I find that you are in fashion, and begin to be talked of. Be more and more so every day, it is a great advantage; but remember that unless you still improve in proportion with your years, you will be worse than out of fashion. Ask yourself why you have been applauded hitherto, and you will find that it has been upon account of your Knowledge, and manners; therefore it will be expected that you should improve a great deal more in proportion in the next three years than you did in the last. Mind your History with Monsieur Rustan; and take short notes of the remarkable *aeras*. There is hardly any Polite conversation which some Historical point does not make part of. Cicero your favourite author, justly calls History, *Nuntia Temporis*, and *Lux Veritatis*, etc. And he requires of an Historian two qualitys very difficult to be met with; *Ne quid falsi dicere audeat et ne quid veri non audeat.* I have left money with Strickland for you to buy me a Tickett in the Lottery, as I look upon you to be a most lucky young rogue. You will stand a very good lay, for if it is a prize it shall be yours, if a blank, mine. This is what the Boys when they toss up call, *Heads you win, tails I lose.* You will give me leave to inquire how your right foot does, has it taken a righter turn of late than it had formerly? It would be more pardonable in your left foot, for when you have a mind to put the best foot foremost, it would be very awkward to present your left; not to mention that it would be (I know you love a pun) a *sinister* omen of your carriage. I will conclude with this shining period after which anything else would seem flat. God bless you.

To Mr Stanhope at Doctor Dodd's House in Southampton Row
London.

Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CCXXV.

Philip Stanhope's Verse and Prose.—The Proper Study of Mankind is Man.

BATH, *Nov*: 2d 1769.

MY DEAR BOY.

Yesterday I received your letter, with some more of your immortal works in Verse and Prose, *Quae nec Jovis Ira, nec Ignis, nec Edax poterit abolere Vetustas.* Seriously they are both good in their kind, and at least use you to think, which Descartes gives as a proof of his existence; *Cogito ergo sum.* Upon this principle how many people do not exist. I hope you have signifyed to Dr Dodd your intire approbation of his sermon against gaming, which may perhaps encourage him to preach against all other Immoralitys which I hope may have that preventive effect upon you, which you assure me that his late discourse against gaming has had. All vices are criminal, but without considering them in that light, they are all degrading and blasting in the eye of the world, and notwithstanding the indulgence of the age to some of the most common ones, there is not one, but what is a blemish in the best character, and will make a man contemptible sooner or later. Trublet is a most sensible writer, and though he has not the wit and spirit of La Rochefoucault or La Bruyere, he may perhaps be read with more utility than either. I love all those writings that treat of the several movements of the human heart and understanding which are so various, that new discoverys are always to be made. Let that be your pursuit, instead of a poor hare or a stag; hunt the human heart and mind thro' all their doubles and windings. That is the becoming and rational Study for Man. God bless thee. Desire

Monsr Desnoyers to give due correction to your left shoulder which is apt to exalt itself too much, and therefore should be abased. There is likewise a certain Waddle that must be cured.

CCXXVI.

Philip Stanhope Fourteen Years of Age. "Multos et Felices."

BATH, *Novem*: 16th 1769.

MY DEAR BOY.

I have this moment received your letter with the inclosed *Opuscula*. Horace and Trublet are both obliged to you for doing them Justice, and yet without surpassing them; which Authors never forgive. I endeavoured to celebrate your late natal day in Metre, as you did mine; I invoked the Muses but in vain, they would not listen; I believe they do not love old fellows, for though they are two or three thousand years old themselves, like other old Ladys, they have a strong predilection for young fellows. You must therefore content yourself with my warmest wishes in humble prose. A good Courtier wished Augustus *Multos et Felices*, at the Secular Games which were celebrated only once* in a hundred years; I will not make you the same compliment, because I think it next to impossible that you should live two or three hundred years more; but this I most sincerely wish and pray for, that you may live long and happy; that is, virtuous, for without virtue there can be no real happyness; and may you make as considerable a figure in the world by your knowledge and abilitys, as by your morals and manners. You must think of something to send your friend Ernst in return

* As a matter of fact the Secular Games were not celebrated with absolute regularity.

for the kind presents he has made you, but as perhaps you may not have ready cash enough for that purpose, I will when I come to Town, advance you the money, without any other security than your word, which at present is as good as your Bond, and I hope always will be so. A Banker's credit depends in a great measure upon his supposed riches, but a Gentleman's upon his untainted and unsuspected character. I hope to see you in about a fortnight in Town. God Bless thee.

To Mr Stanhope
at Doctor Dodd's House in Southampton Row London.
Free
CHESTERFIELD.

CCXXVII.

The Happiest State of Man: the Consciousness of Doing Good.

BATH, 24th *Novem*: 1769.

MY DEAR BOY,

I am very glad to write you a piece of news which perhaps you will be as glad to read; it is, that barring accidents I shall be in Town next Tuesday the 28th, and as I am impatient to see my Boy, I will send my Coach the next day (Wednesday) at noon to bring you to dinner; and if you can persuade Dr Dodd to come with you, it will be so much the better. I am almost sure that I shall find you with a clear conscience, but I shall know it with certainty when I look at your countenance and the Doctor's; for there is something in Guilt that will manifest itself in spite of the most artful dissimulation. *Nil conscire Sibi, nullaque pallescere culpâ*, is upon the whole and at long run the easiest state; I

don't say the happiest state of Man, but the consciousness of doing a great deal of good, is infinitely superior to it, and if I do not mistake you, your nature will incline you, and your fortune in time enable you to enjoy that supreme happiness. I am sensible that I have by no means done all the good which I might and ought to have done to my fellow creatures; but I give you my word that whenever I have done what I ought to do in that respect, I have felt more real and solid pleasure, than in all the (commonly called) pleasures of dissipation. *Apropos* of dissipation, this place I take to be the seat of it, from morning till night, breakfasting, dancing, gaming, sauntering, crowds of men and women looking busy for want of something to do. *Operosé Nihil agunt.* But I forget that you are not one of those, and that I probably interrupt [you ?] from the company of Sophocles, Cicero, and Horace, etc. So that I may not wrong the Publick by taking up too much of your precious time, God bless you.

To Mr. Stanhope

at Doctor Dodd's House in Southampton Row London.

Free

CHESTERFIELD.

CCXXVIII.

An Invitation to Chesterfield House.

MY DEAR BOY

You will see by the enclosed that Miss Clara Broade is happily arrived in Town, and, no doubt, languishes to see you. But seriously you should go to see her to-morrow and offer her your service during her stay in Town; if she has a mind to see your house, which is commonly called mine, tell her that you will attend her whenever she pleases.

Collotype. *Oxford University Press.*

It is the character of Country Ladies to be exceptious, and suspicious of slights, so that one must be doubly civil, and even a little ceremonious with them.

Have you any commands for my Coach on Saturday next? Have you touched your tunefull Lyre since I saw you? Or have you soared to the Sublimer Strains of the Epick? Or has the eloquence of Cicero engrossed your time and your thoughts? God bless you, and make you what I wish you to be.

CCXXIX.

An Invitation.

As your Pegasus cannot yet fly, and as he is by no means used to draw a carriage, shall I send mine for you and Co., at the usual time tomorrow?

If the Doctor and you approve of it, you may bring Miss Clara Broade with you, but this, I leave wholly to you.

Friday morning.

CCXXX.

Theatrical Performances at Lord Harrington's.— The Play of Cato.

Friday morning.

My Dear Boy.

Well what or who are you to be at Lord Harrington's Theatre in the Play of Cato? Marcus Portius or Juba? It is indifferent to me, and I suppose to you, which of those

three parts. But I would by no means have you appear in the character of Sempronius or Syphax, because I know you could not act them tolerably; for they are vile, treacherous, lying characters, which I am sure you could not with propriety assume, even for an hour. A knave with parts may simulate virtue for a time, but a man of honesty and honour, cannot adopt a vicious character for a moment. He must abhorr it, and consequently he must represent it very awkwardly. Could any Gentleman act the part of a Thief or a Lyar well? I put the two characters upon the same foot. Though for my own part were I to make my option, I think I should rather chuse to be the thief. The thief gets something by his thefts, the lyar nothing but disgrace and infamy; he is avoided by all those who have any regard for their characters, and sure to be kicked some day or other out of company. If my conscience would let me lye, which thank God it will not, my common sense and prudence would not allow me to lye; for a lye once detected, and every lye is sooner or later detected, would irreparably destroy my character, and make me for ever infamous. *Mendacem si dixeris, omnia dixeris.* It is the completion of infamy. I could not sleep if I thought that my word would not be reckoned as good as my oath. The character of a man of honour will swear for him, and requires no other asseveration but *his word.* But enough of this to you, who I am sure are sensible of the truth and importance of it.

Will you, Mr. Ernst, and the Doctor dine with me tomorrow, if you have no avocation either of business or pleasure? And shall I send my Coach for you, or will you make use of the Doctor's? Send me two words of answer by the Bearer. God bless you.

CCXXXI.

The Death of Philip Stanhope's Father.

Sunday. [*March* 1770.]

MY DEAR BOY.

As by your Father's only will yet found, Mr. Hewett and Sir George Savile are appointed Joynt Guardians with me of you and your Sister, it is proper that you should pay your Court to them, and therefore I will call upon you to-morrow at one o'clock and carry you to their doors, and from thence bring you to dine with me. Those two worthy Gentlemen, think you so well in my hands, that they will not interfere in the least with me with regard to your education but leave you wholly to the care and direction of your adoptive Father; which I believe you will not dislike, for though you have lost your natural Father, *Uno avulso non defficit Alter* while I live. God bless you.

CCXXXII.

The Art of Pleasing: Cheerful Complaisance.

LONDON, *April* 30th 1770.

MY DEAR SON.

I have always thought (and have very seldom been mistaken) that good humour was the result of a good conscience, for a heart that is gnawed by Envy, engrossed by Avarice, or inflamed by boundless Ambition, can never long together wear the mask of chearfullness and good humour. A wicked man may sometimes have a momentary flow of

spirits from strength of Constitution, or wine, but that will never last long, and the consciousness of his own breast soon sinks him into his natural gloomyness and ill humour. How unpardonable then would it be in you who really have a very good heart to wear the outward appearances of a bad one? The first principle in the great art of pleasing is a cheerfull and good humoured complaisance, and I would much rather at your age, that you were cheerfully a little *trop etourdi* than gravely captious and testy. Keep your thoughts to yourself as close as you please, but let your countenance be open, and your manner easy and cheerfull, according to that very sensible Italian saying, *Vuolto Schiolto ed i Pensieri Stretti*, that is, close thoughts and an open countenance. I suppose you will think that my frequent exhortations and admonitions are rather teazing, but consider that this is perhaps the most critical period of your life, and though in this your Spring, you have put forth very good shoots, yet if Dr Dodd and I (your two best friends) should not train them well, and give them the proper direction, they would run luxuriantly wild, and bear no fruit. Attend then my Dear Child to our advice and remonstrances, in which we can possibly have no interest but yours. The Doctor and I have done, and will continue to do all we can for your good; if you do not profit by our advice, who of us three do you think will be blamed? We both desire to guide you to the highest pitch of perfection, that imperfect human nature will allow, and if in this view, we are sometimes obliged to correct and reprimand you, we can each of us say with the strictest truth, *Non quod Odio habeam sed quod Amem.* If you do not now acquire, and practise the art of pleasing you will never be quite Master of it; for when you grow older, and lament, which you will do, the want of it, all your endeavours to have it, will be stiff and awkward, and have *un air emprunté.* Horace says very justly, Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa diu. Your clay is yet soft and mouldable, but it will not be so long; and whatever shape you or I could

wish to give it must be given it within the next two or three years. The Doctor and I have good moulds for you, if you will take their impression. *Periculum in mora*; you have no time to lose. *Your good or ill*, your all, depends on this important NOW. God bless you.

To Mr Stanhope
at Dr Dodds House at Ealing near Acton Middlesex.

CCXXXIII.

The Perfection of Politeness of Manner.

LONDON, *June* 7th 1770.

MY DEAR SON.

I shall go tomorrow to Blackheath for good*, as the vulgar say, that is for the summer. Our interviews therefore will be less frequent than usuall, and our letters more so. I hope and believe that you will employ the leisure which your stay at Ealing will give you, in close application to your learning, especially your Greek, which so few Gentlemen know any of, that it is a more shining ornament to those who do. Horace advises, *vos exemplaria Graeca Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ* †. Greek was in those days much more easily, and consequently less meritoriously learned, than it can be now; it was then a living language, and the great intercourse between Rome and Athens made the acquisition of it very easy; it was to the Romans, what French is now to us. A man should always endeavour to distinguish himself by doing something more and better, than the generality of

* July 5, 1711, Swift wrote (Journal to Stella): "This day I left Chelsea for good (that's a genteel phrase)."

† Hor. Ars Poet. 268.

people of his own rank and situation in the world commonly do. There is another way by which you may, and I hope will distinguish yourself most advantageously among your fellows, the young nobility; and that is by the Politeness of your manners and address, by the *το πρεπον* of the Greeks, the Urbanity and Decorum of the Romans, the *Scavoir vivre*, and the *Art de Plaire* of the French, in which it must be owned they greatly surpass us. Thus you may be a happy compound of the best ingredients of three great nations. God send that you may, and may he bless you. Tell the Dr and Mrs Dodd that whenever they have nothing else to do, they will be extremely wellcome at dinner at Blackheath.

CCXXXIV.

A Remittance and an Invitation.

Thursday Morning.

My Dear Boy.

Not being sure that you have cash sufficient by you to pay the Doctor's account for the last quarter, I lend you the enclosed Bank bills, which I expect to be repaid in Greek, Latin, Verse, and Prose, which I will gladly accept of as Legal Payment.

Will the Doctor and you, or either of you dine with me tomorrow, and shall both, or either of you want my Coach? Vale.

CCXXXV.

Gambling and other Vices.

Tuesday.

My Dear Son.

I send you here enclosed, an article of news that I cut out of the Publick Advertiser yesterday for your use. It relates to the Earl of Carlisle, who you see sets out in the world with an *advantageous character*, notwithstanding his parts and learning. My comfort with relation to you is that, if seven years hence you should give occasion to future newswriters to insert such an article concerning you I shall not be alive to read it. You have read, and I hope you remember what Sallust says of, futile frivolous people, whom he justly compares to Beasts, *Quae Natura prona atque ventri obedientia finxit*, and concludes with this undoubted truth, *Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere et frui anima videtur, qui aliquo Negotio intentus artis bonae famam quaerit.* A wicked character excites horror, a shining one admiration; a frivolous and futile one contempt and ridicule. A vicious character may and will alter if there is good sense at bottom, but a frivolous one is condemned to eternal ridicule and contempt because it is the result of a want of understanding. Avoid Contempt as you would Death, or rather more; hatred cannot be always avoided, for private pique, envy, jealousy, and various passions excite it; but a certain dignity of Character and manners, will effectually and eternally secure you against ridicule and contempt. God bless thee My Boy.

'The whole of the Estate of a certain Earl, *who is lately come of age*, which is said to amount to £24,000 per ann. is entailed upon his heirs male so that neither Hazard nor Balls can make beggars of his Posterity.'

[*Printed slip attached.*]

CCXXXVI.

The Last of the Letters.—The Training completed. —The Snares and Dangers of Life.

Tuesday, 19th, *June* [1770]*.

My Dear Boy.

From the time I took you under my care, I loved you, because I thought that I saw in you a good and benevolent heart. I then wished that your parts might be as good, and they have proved so; they have not only answered my hopes, but my most sanguine wishes; I esteem, I admire you, and you are esteemed and admired by others, in your now little sphere. But the more I love you now the more I dread the snares and dangers that await you the next six or seven years of your life from ill company and bad examples. Should you be corrupted by them what a fall would that be! You would *fall like setting Stars to rise no more.* When you see young fellows, whatever may be their rank, swearing and cursing as senselessly as wickedly, * * * * drunk and engaged in scrapes, and quarrels, shun them, *Foenum habent in Cornu, longe fuge.* You can only get disgrace and misfortunes by frequenting them. Do not think that these exhortations, are the formal preachings of a formal old fellow; on the contrary, they are the best proofs I can give you of my tenderness. I would have you lead a youth of pleasures; but then for your sake, I would have them elegant pleasures becoming a Man of sense and a Gentleman; they will never sully nor disgrace your character. Keep the best company both of Men and Women, and make yourself

* This letter, as far as I can decide, is the last of the letters; and Tuesday, 19 June, as determined by the chronological tables, indicates the year 1770. It is a fitting close to the series.

an interesting figure in it. Have no *mauvaise honte*, which always keeps a man out of good company and sinks him into low and bad company. I really believe that these exhortations, and dehortations are unnecessary to your good sense; but however, the danger is so great from the examples of the youth of the present times, that I shall frequently return to the charge, with my preventives. Mithridates (I think it was) had used himself so much to antidotes, that he could not bring it about when he wished to poison himself. What would I not give for such an antidote to administer to you? God bless you my Dear Boy. Whenever you want my Coach draw a bill upon me for the same.

I am extremely pleased with your Miscellaneous works in verse and prose which you sent me last.

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